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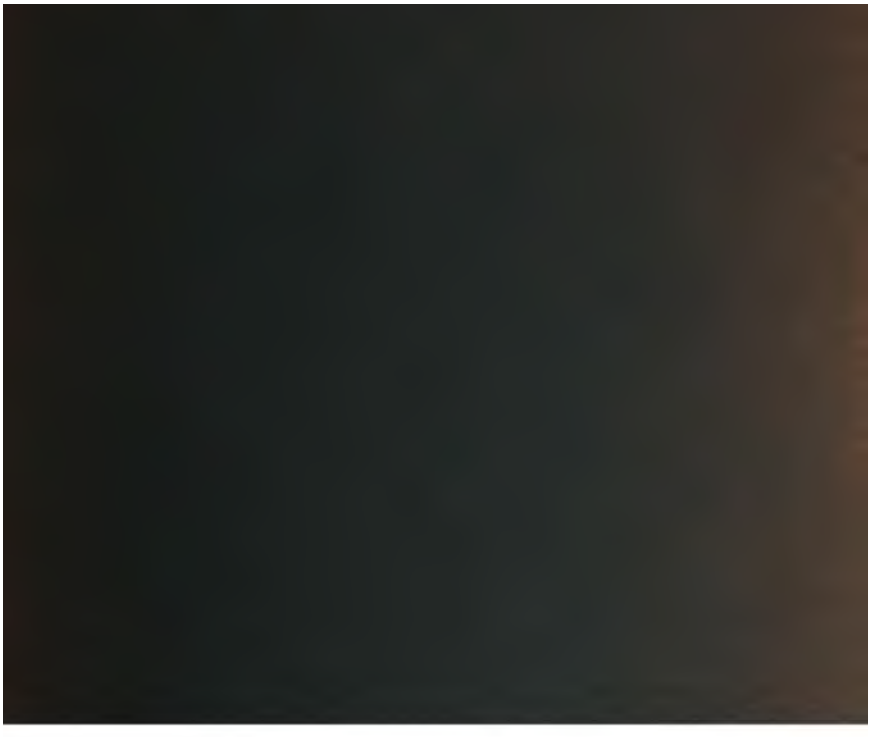

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First Principles. By HERBERT SPENCER. London. 1862.

Lay Sermons. By T. H. HUXLEY, LL.D., F.R.S. London. 1870.

Fragments of Science for Unscientific People. By JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D., F.R.S. London. 1871.

Essays on the Use and Limit of the Imagination in Science. By JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D., F.R.S. London. 1871.

ALTHOUGH the portentous catastrophes which at intervals befall nations, as well as their gradual disintegration and decay are always predominantly, as well as ultimately, due to moral evil, it is none the less certain that intellectual defects often exercise a powerful influence in intensifying the former and in accelerating the latter. This is especially the case when such defects occasion a wide-spread popular misapprehension of terms and epithets, parts of the meanings of which strongly appeal to most powerful social instincts.

The results of such misapprehension (fatal miscarriages of philanthropic effort) form some of the most depressing and disappointing phenomena which mark critical epochs in the evolution of the political and social condition of the civilized world.

In spite of the gross immorality and the profound irreligion which dominated that movement of the North German mind, misnamed the Reformation, it cannot be doubted but that ignorant well-intentioned zeal contributed to its advance. Ignorance of the essentially Papal character of the Christian Church, and want of appreciation of the deadly nature of Erastianism, were necessary precursors of that miserable Lutheran heresy, the moral consequences of which its wretched author was one of the first to deplore, while politically it resulted in that thirty years of war the devastating and disintegrating effects of

which, on Germany, only ended through the sharp cautery of the Napoleonic invasions, if even through that.

The most notable example which the world has ever produced of social and political disappointment of the kind above referred to, is, perhaps, that great political and social transformation—the French Revolution.

In spite of wide-spread moral corruption, and the ravages of Voltairean unbelief, never perhaps was a people more moved by aspirations after social regeneration or philanthropic action, more eager and energetic, than in the France of that period.

The privileged classes, on the memorable 4th of August, 1789, divested themselves of their time-honoured distinctions with an eagerness of which it is impossible not to admire the generosity, while lamenting the precipitancy and imprudence. From the unhappy king downwards, a strong desire prevailed that henceforth the nation, having secured freedom for all, should march forward in peaceful "progression," guided by the light of an "emancipated reason." Yet the result of all these well-meaning efforts was that unprecedented series of horrors, the faint reproduction of part of which appalled us in the past year. In the name of "liberty" the first conditions of freedom were made impossible for at least three generations—as the event has shown.

The deeply-seated causes of political crises generally escape detection by contemporaries. In the latter part of the 18th century the promoters of the movement as little dreamed of the true nature of their labour, as did the democratic tyrants of its culmination imagine that they were not destroying, but rather intensifying, the evils of the *ancien régime* itself. With passionate invocations of liberty the last feeble barriers against utter despotism were levelled to the ground, and the germinating seeds of freedom still left in the provincial assemblies were torn up in the interest of a bureaucracy yet more centralized than that which existed under the Bourbon kings.

For a calm and judicial investigation of the causes of such a miscarriage of effort, society is (as now is generally admitted) pre-eminently indebted to the labours of Alexis de Tocqueville. In his work on the *ancien régime* he has most conclusively demonstrated how fatal to real reform, and to the social amelioration so much desired, were the destruction of the nobility and the confiscation of all ecclesiastical landed property; to say nothing of that violent warfare against all religion, resulting in a moral degeneracy, the fatal effects of which France is even now reaping; and but too probably has still to reap.

"Du dix-huitième siècle et de la Révolution, comme d'une *source commune, étaient* sortis deux fleuves; le premier con-

dnisait les hommes aux institutions libres, tandis que le second les menait au pouvoir absolu." At its close: "Les Français se trouvèrent plus loin de la liberté qu'ils ne l'avaient été à aucune époque de l'histoire."*

These memorable results were in no slight degree due to widespread misapprehensions as to the true meaning of the phrases adopted as the favourite Shibboleths of the period. In this way the unlimited despotism of the dominant party came to be taken as synonymous with "freedom," the degradation of all superiority as "equality before the law," the brutalities of a profane mob as "religious liberty." Freedom, legal equity, and the liberty of religion—worthy objects of aspiration indeed—thus, through confusion of thought and expression, lent their powerful aid (as stimuli to generous emotion) to the perpetration of acts directly opposed to the real objects which those emotions favoured.

Had it been possible to make the leaders of the movement, or the mass of the nation, apprehend clearly the true signification of their favourite watchwords, the results would probably have been widely different. Unhappily that great nation—claiming to be yet at the head of the world's civilization—still suffers from the poison of that fatal period; and its further decay and corruption are certain, unless it possesses sufficient recuperative energy (sufficient moral force and religious faith) to expel at last the virus.

Hardly anything can be more important to a nation, in a period pregnant with social or political changes, than that it should clearly apprehend the real objects aimed at; for misapprehension may so pervert the action of generous emotions as to cause it to miscarry, and produce results the very opposite to those originally intended.

After a long period of comparative tranquillity, or of changes which have been almost exclusively political, signs are not wanting to warn us that we ourselves are entering upon an epoch of active social transformation.

In England, at the present moment, we find ardent aspirations and efforts in favour of the elevation and improvement of the lower classes, a wider distribution of comfort and happiness, and an equitable adjustment of public burthens. Social changes may easily produce consequences greater than any resulting from merely political transformations. The latter modify, indeed, the structure of the political fabric, but the former may

---

* *Speech of M. de Tocqueville in the Chamber of Deputies, 28th May, 1840.*

directly affect the source of energy itself, or even the very coherence of its particles.

Warned then by the past and instructed by the example of France, it becomes not only desirable, but necessary, carefully to avoid fatal misunderstandings, so that no verbal ambiguities may induce destruction where the real aim was to edify.

The estimable aspirations of our philanthropists have chiefly manifested themselves in two sets of actions. One of these has consisted of endeavours to promote the greater welfare of the masses by exhortations and publications, and by material means, such as the erection of baths and washhouses, model lodging-houses, &c. The other set (which, of late, may be said to have become *the movement* of the day) has been made up of measures and proceedings intended to diffuse and improve popular education. In a word, the objects aimed at by the present movement are (in the ideas and intentions of very many) nothing less high than the promotion of "truth" and "godliness" as included and implied in the "amelioration of the conditions of life."

It becomes, then, supremely important for the influential masses of our fellow-countrymen to ascertain accurately what is and what should be meant by "amelioration," and what *is* and should be meant by "education."

The prevailing direction of intellectual effort at any one period cannot but modify its various aims and modes of action. The external manifestation of sanctity by a S. Bernard at the epoch of the Crusades, and that exhibited by a S. Francis of Sales at the period of the *renaissance*, are as diverse as might be expected from the intellectual contrast between the two centuries.

Moreover, if the results of such efforts are both dazzling as to their success, and unquestionable as to their utility, the influence must be greatly intensified. No wonder then that at the present day, conceptions as to "amelioration" and "education" are deeply coloured by the influence of the physical sciences, the wonderful progress of which during the last two centuries is the commonplace of our popular literature. We might expect *à priori* that *physical* welfare and *physical* truth would enter largely—often almost exclusively—into contemporary conceptions of those objects, deemed the most worthy of pursuit, as tending directly to promote "truth" and "well-being."

Side by side with this physical aspect of contemporary teaching we yet find in England that there is now an increasing *tendency to idealism* in philosophy, which, if it only continues *and augments, will* (in spite of its errors and dangers), to a cer-

tain extent, modify the one-sided effects of physical predominance, and will so far do good, as it forces upon general recognition the fact that there *is* science which is *not* physical, and that, to say the least, it is to this *non*-physical science that precedence must be yielded even by the professors of physical science themselves. This is largely exemplified by the more recent teaching of Professor Huxley, as also by that of Mr. Herbert Spencer, Professor Tyndall, and Dr. Bence Jones.

Nevertheless, this idealism is as yet far from popular and widespread, and, in view of the rapid march of events, no time should be lost in forcing on the attention of the middle class in this country the great importance of forming a correct estimate of what share physical science can justly claim in social amelioration and education, lest by its hypertrophy a corresponding atrophy of other knowledge and of other yet more important well-being than the merely physical, should ensue.

Now it is undeniable that we not seldom meet with certain ambiguous popular phrases which are intended to express such aspirations as have been spoken of above, after "goodness" and "truth."

Thus there is a strong desire that education should be more "scientific," and as much as possible "unsectarian." The amelioration of the masses is to be accomplished by increasing their "welfare," aided by the promotion of "morality" not based on "theological dogmas," while, above all, those persons and those measures are to be encouraged which are found ticketed with the euphemistic title "liberal."

On the other hand, it is not expressly denied that a nation is in some sense an organic whole—not a mere herd of individuals. It is not denied that the merely animal wants of men are unfitted to be the highest object of desire for each, nor that the lowest mental processes are not the most deserving of cultivation. Again, it is not expressly denied that to act under a strong sense of God's supervision, and in accordance with what is believed to be His will, is the supreme duty, and, moreover, calculated to serve the highest interest of each citizen and of the entire nation.

Nevertheless we are convinced, and think we can make it plain, that the logical result of much popular teaching and the utterances of more than one popular leader of high standing and deserved eminence in certain fields, tend inevitably to reduce the nation to a herd, or rather chaos, of self-seeking units; tend to discourage self-denial, and to make willing subordination seem a Quixotic imbecility; tend to deprive moral aspiration at one *and the same time of its highest* aim and its highest sanction; *tend to make men regard* the gratification of their animal

wants as the "summum bonum"; while as to their reasoning faculties, they tend to dwarf the highest power of the intellect by the undue stimulation of its lower powers and activities.

We are also convinced, and also think we can make it plain, that these results are mainly, or in great part, owing to the misapprehension of the full meaning of terms, the generous instincts in the meantime urging on vigorous and immediate action, which cannot but more or less entirely fail of its aim, and produce dire mischief, in spite of the best intentions, owing to those very misapprehensions.

The modes of intellectual action at present employed to promote the good ends aimed at, are mainly three:—1. Magazine and newspaper articles; 2. Popular lectures to adults, and especially to working men; and, 3. The direct teaching given to children.

Neglecting for the present the teaching of the young, let us note certain utterances of popular teachers of high standing which appear to have met with a very wide acceptance.

Professor Tyndall, in his treatise on "The Constitution of Nature" (reprinted in his collected essays), to the question, "Was space furnished at once, by the fiat of Omnipotence, with these burning orbs?" replies:—

> To this question the man of science, if he confine himself within his own limits, will give no answer, though it must be remarked, that in the formation of an opinion he has *better materials to guide him than anybody else.* ("Fragments of Science," p. 6.)

In his address to the students of University College, he tells them that the poet of the future

> Ought to be the interpreter of that power which, as "Jehovah, Jove, or Lord," has *hitherto filled and strengthened the human heart.* (Ibid., p. 106.)

Again, in his paper on "Vitality," he remarks:—

> The most advanced philosophers of the present day declare that they ultimately arrive at a single source of power, from which all vital energy is derived; and *the disquieting circumstance is* that this source is *not the direct fiat of a supernatural agent*, but a reservoir of what, if we do not accept the creed of Zoroaster, must be regarded as inorganic force. (Ibid., p. 436.)

Moreover, all this shallow dogmatism is unaccompanied by one word of explanation as to the absence of any real, necessary conflict between the action of evolution itself and the conception of its results being absolutely and primarily due to the "fiat of a supernatural agent."

Once more, in his little work on the "Use and Limit of the Imagination in Science," he expresses himself thus:—

> *Whence come we; whither* go we? The question dies without an answer

—*without even an echo*—upon the infinite shores of the Unknown.* Let us follow matter to its utmost bounds; let us claim it in all its forms to experiment with and to speculate upon. Casting the term, "vital force" from our vocabulary, let us reduce, if we can, the visible phenomena of life to mechanical attractions and repulsions. Having thus exhausted physics and reached its very rim, the real mystery still looms beyond us. We have, in fact, made no step towards its solution. And thus it will ever loom—ever beyond the bourne of knowledge—compelling the philosophers of successive ages to confess that

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

Finally, this popular physicist says of the theory of evolution:—

> Many who hold it would probably assent to the position that at the present moment all our philosophy, all our poetry, all our science, and all our art—Plato, Shakespeare, Newton, and Raphael—are potential in the fires of the sun. We long to learn something of our origin. If the evolution hypothesis be correct, even this unsatisfied yearning must have come to us across the ages which separate the unconscious primeval mist from the consciousness of to-day. ("Fragments of Science," p. 163.)

What then is the creed, what are the lessons likely to be learned by young or inquiring minds amongst non-Catholics from this scientific catechism? What will be gathered from such passages as those referred to (which are not elsewhere retracted or explained away by their author), from that which they inevitably imply, as well as from that which they actually express? For while religious belief retains its social power in any country, those who attack it will mostly, more or less (like the infamous Voltaire), veil their hostility, and seek by implication, insinuation, or studied silence, to produce an effect far exceeding that openly aimed at by their express words.

As far as can be gathered from Professor Tyndall's words—and we are anxious to state his views with the utmost fairness, his authoritative teaching may be thus formulated:—

I. The professors of physical science, who are to be the supreme pontiffs† of the future, are better qualified "than any-

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* It may not unreasonably be asked, how, if they are *unknown*, those shores can be *known* to be infinite.

† Professor Tyndall has the honour of having the irrepressible M. Gambetta (M. Thiers' *fou furieux*) for a colleague in this promulgation. That eminently "liberal" politician *exclaimed*: "*Faisons* appel aux savants; qu'ils prennent l'*initiative; ce sont eux qui peuvent hâter le plus puissamment* notre restauration *morale et nationale.*" (*Speech delivered* at Bordeaux on the 26th June, 1871.)

body else" to judge the highest questions of philosophy and religion, though the actual interpreters of the unknowable are to be the poets.

II. The duly instructed can no longer have their "hearts strengthened" by the conception of the First Cause as "Jehovah," or even as "Lord."

III. The Patres Conscripti, or rather the Pontifices Maximi, have dogmatically defined and decreed that there is one "single source of power, from which all vital energy is derived"—an "inorganic force."

IV. The inquiry as to the origin and the end of human life is fruitless, and therefore the effort to discover our proper aim is an endeavour to solve what is hopelessly insoluble.

V. Nevertheless we do come from a fire such as that of the sun, and love that charity which "thinketh no evil"; humility, piety, and holiness are essentially derived from heat, and are merely different "modes of motion."

Let us now turn to the teaching of him who is styled by Mr. Darwin "our great philosopher," namely, Mr. Herbert Spencer.*

In his "First Principles," this writer distinctly tells us that Theism is not only incredible but inconceivable (p. 43), and that "every form of religion" is not "even thinkable" (p. 46). In the place of God we are presented with "the unknowable"!

To the very natural objection that thus an emotionless and "unthinkable abstraction" (p. 114) is offered to us, "instead

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* The various estimates of Mr. Herbert Spencer commonly met with, whether on the part of admirers and disciples, or whether on the parts of opponents, seem to us exceedingly exaggerated.

We have no wish to detract from the admiration due to one who has thought out for himself so much as Mr. Spencer has; but, at the same time, it must not be forgotten that he might have spared himself great labour, and have arrived at far more philosophical views, had he made himself acquainted with the labours of his predecessors. Mr. Spencer gives forth to the world as novelties errors both promulgated and refuted centuries ago. To Catholics it would be simply amusing, did not charity make it also painful, to see how he solemnly enunciates, as wonderful discoveries, partial truths, perfectly familiar to Catholic theologians, but which, being divorced from other truths complementary to them, become the most pernicious errors. In spite, however, of much mischief effected by this writer, he is none the less indirectly an instrument for good and for the promotion of the Catholic faith. He is this, inasmuch as, with but a slight modification, his system might be made to harmonize with theology, while, even in its unmodified state, it is a powerful solvent of those crude and illogical forms of belief on which so many repose in a false security. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Spencer remains profoundly ignorant of Catholic theology, which contains all the philosophical truths he advances, together with the others necessary for their *completion.*

of a Power which we can regard as having some sympathy with us," we are quietly and coolly told, "this kind of protest of necessity accompanies every change from a lower creed to a higher."

"No mental revolution can be accomplished without more or less of laceration." The same writer, in an article in the "Fortnightly Review" for April, 1871, makes clear his belief that our highest aspirations after holiness, and our love of eternal goodness and beauty, are nothing but modified brutal instincts of the lowest kind, developed by experience and utility. Altogether the teaching of "our great philosopher" comprises the following dogmas:—

I. Theism is false and absurd.

II. Rewards and punishments in a future life are the delusions of superstition.

III. Prayer is an absurdity, as there is no God having any personal sympathy with us.

IV. There is no difference of kind, but only of degree, between the intellect of a sage or the emotions of a saint, and the psychical faculties of a mud-fish.

V. There is no such thing as free will, no man having any more real option, as to his thoughts and intentions, than has a leaf to resist the action of the wind.

If Mr. Spencer is more or less extensively esteemed as a teacher, a far more general acceptance is enjoyed by that eminently popular naturalist Professor Huxley, who has of late wandered beyond his special subjects of exposition into the wider fields of ethics, politics, and metaphysics. It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of a teaching followed and accepted with so much avidity by a large section of the middle and lower classes, and it will be well to consider carefully the dicta put forth by so popular an authority,—an authority, moreover, by no means relying upon the power of persuasion or the force of truth, but ready, as soon as practicable, to call in the aid of the "secular arm" to give effect to the anathemas of a "scientific syllabus."

In Professor Huxley's Lay Sermons the following passages occur:—

> I say that natural knowledge, seeking to satisfy natural wants, has found the ideas which can alone still spiritual cravings. (p. 14.)

The Gospel enunciated by the Professor, is, after all, anything but "good tidings." He tells us:

> In this *sadness*, this consciousness of the limitation of man, this sense of an open secret which he cannot penetrate, lies the *essence* of all religion. (p. 15.)

The familiar phrase "serious views" is very inadequate to

express the deep depression of the creed proposed to us, in place of that which tells us "Rejoice always, and again I say unto you rejoice." Mr. Spencer's expression for the First Cause is fully accepted, since we are told, as to the unknowable, that we

> *Know* (!), to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. (p. 36.)

Again we read:

> Were mankind deserving of the title "rational," which they arrogate to themselves, there can be no question that they would consider, as *the most necessary* of all branches of instruction for themselves and for their children, that which professes to acquaint them with the conditions of the existence they prize so highly, which teaches them how to avoid disease, and to cherish health in themselves and those who are dear to them. (p. 98.) It becomes clear that all living powers are cognate, and that all living forms are fundamentally of one character. (p. 142.)

Even those manifestations of intellect, of feeling, and of will, which we rightly name the higher faculties, are . . . "to every one but the subject of them, known only as transitory changes in the relative positions of parts of the body." (p. 135.)

In the first place, we should be glad to know on what principle Professor Huxley considers one human mental manifestation "higher" than another; but letting this pass, surely "known *by means of* changes of position," would be the more correct form of expression. Yet sometimes the Professor does not scruple to go beyond the facts of phenomena, into the region of abstractions and occult causes, as freely as his neighbours. Thus he tells us: "We do not hesitate to believe that, in some way or another," the properties of water "result from the properties of the component elements of water." (p. 150.)

It is difficult to understand this bold assertion on Professor Huxley's own principles. At other times he does not scruple to ignore and practically deny what is evident to the reason, though hidden from the sense, as when he tells us that:

> A nucleated mass of protoplasm turns out to be what may be termed the structural unit of the human body. As a matter of fact, the body, in its earliest state, is a mere multiple of such units; and, in its present condition, it is a multiple of such units, variously modified. (p. 140.)

Yet who can doubt that in the living body there is a latent, active principle wanting in the recent corpse, though composed of the same identical masses of nucleated protoplasm?

The Professor has of late become the expositor of the idealist *philosophy, according to* which mental phenomena are to each *individual most unquestionably the* primary objects of know-

ledge, and yet he tells us "it is obvious that our knowledge of what we call the material world, is, to begin with, at least as certain and definite as that of the spiritual world." (p. 155.) And more recently,* he has said, as to "psychoses" and "neuroses," "The right view is that they are connected together in the relation of cause and effect, psychoses being *secondary*, and following on neuroses!"

Finally we meet with the following passage:—

> If a man asks me what the politics of the inhabitants of the moon are, and I reply that I do not know; that neither I, nor any one else, have any means of knowing; and that, under these circumstances, I decline to trouble myself about the subject at all.....in replying thus, I conceive that I am simply honest and truthful, and show a proper regard for the economy of time. So Hume's strong and subtle intellect takes up a great many problems about which we are naturally curious, and *shows us* that they are essentially questions of lunar politics, in their essence incapable of being answered, and therefore not worth the attention of men who have work to do in the world.

He then quotes Hume saying:

> "If we take in hand any volume of divinity, or school metaphysics, for instance, let us ask, *Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number?* No. *Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence?*—No. Commit it then to the flames, for it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion."

Professor Huxley adds,

> Permit me to enforce this *most wise* advice. Why trouble ourselves about matters of which, however important they may be, we do know nothing, and can know nothing? (p. 159.)

The expression "*can* know nothing" is sufficiently dogmatic, especially on the part of one who tells us that "of the existence of self" we have not, nor "can we by any possibility have," the highest degree of certainty. (p. 359.)

In his address to the members of the Midland Institute he remarks:

> I take it that the good of mankind means the attainment, by every man, of all the happiness which he can enjoy, without diminishing the happiness of his fellow-men.

And,

> If we inquire what kinds of happiness come under this definition, we find these derived from the sense of security or peace; from wealth, or com-

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* *In his last lecture at the Finsbury* Institution, given in the past winter.

modity, obtained by commerce; from art; from knowledge, or science; and, finally, from sympathy or friendship.

And here we must remark, in spite of his contact with many working men, how utter must be the Professor's lack of acquaintance with the real life of the poor, thus completely to exclude from the catalogue of human happiness all considerations of religion, its hopes, its stimulus, its consolations. Had he but practised that profession which counts him amongst its members, he could hardly have failed to encounter amongst the sick and suffering some poor souls whose one stay and consolation, amidst a crushing accumulation of earthly woe, has been a trustful belief in a heavenly Father's love, and the prospect of a supernatural union with Him in the life beyond the grave.

As before, we may lay down the following propositions as the summary of Professor Huxley's moral and religious teaching:—

I. Physical science is the one only fountain at which spiritual thirst can be quenched.

II. Sadness is of the essence of religion.

III. The First Cause is inexorable and pitiless.

IV. He looks with favour on the learned Dives, not on the poor and ignorant Lazarus.

V. Physical welfare and happiness are the summum bonum.

VI. Security, wealth, culture, and sympathy are the only rational objects of pursuit.

VII. All aspirations or efforts after divine things—the love of God or beatitude in a future life—are simple waste of time, if not worse, and are fit only for lunatics.

VIII. Knowledge of all such subjects is impossible to us.

If we were to pursue the inquiry from the pontiffs down to the acolyths and ostiarii of the physically-scientific hierarchy, far more exaggerated expressions could easily be produced, tending to drive further home the principles insinuated by their leaders. Thus Mr. Barratt, in his Physical Ethics, tells us nakedly that "no pleasure is bad, except when it means pain," and that "the good is pleasure." Mr. Winwood Reade, a friend and ardent disciple of Mr. Darwin, very pithily states the ultimate conclusions of his recent work, which deals with so wide a field, and is entitled the "Martyrdom of Man." He therein tells us: "God-worship is idolatry; prayer is useless; the soul is not immortal; there are no rewards, and there are no punishments in a future state." Of course Mr. Reade fully adopts Mr. Darwin's views as to the essential brutality of our nature; and indeed almost, though quite involuntarily, caricatures the *teaching of his master regarding* the ape-origin of man.

Such crude views, "*le rationalisme grossier*," and its grotesque pretensions to intellectual eminence, have been well characterized by Mr. James Stirling:*

"There was a time," says Hegel, "when a man who did not believe in ghosts or the devil was named a philosopher!" But an "advanced thinker," to these distinctions negative of the unseen, adds—what is positive of the seen—an enlightened pride in his father the monkey! He may enjoy, perhaps, a well-informed satisfaction in contemplating *mere material phenomena that vary with conditions*, as the all of this universe, or he may even experience an elevation into the moral sublime when he points to his future in the rock, in the form of those bones and other remains of a *Pithecus intelligens*, which, in all probability (he reflects) no subsequent intelligence will ever handle—but monkey is the pass-word! Sink your pedigree as man, and adopt for family tree a procession of the skeletons of monkeys—then superior enlightenment radiates from your very person, and your place is fixed—a place of honour in the acclamant brotherhood that names itself "advanced"! So it is in England at present; this is the acknowledged pinnacle of English thought and English science now. Just point in these days to the picture of some huge baboon, and, suddenly—before such enlightenment—superstition is disarmed, priests confess their imposture, and the Church sinks—beneath the hippocampus of a gorilla. ("The Secret of Hegel," Preface, p. xxxi.)

These words express truly enough a state of opinion still but too widely prevalent in England. We are not without hope, however, that ere long a more general diffusion of a truer philosophy will cause the essential difference between the psychical natures of man and of brutes, to be more clearly apprehended. Then a belief in the monkey-ancestry of man will very soon pass away into the limbo of discarded physical superstitions.

It would indeed be well if some of those who so recklessly advocate popular teaching, such as that we have called attention to, would ponder over the utterances of continental infidels, in order that they might see the logical outcome of those same popular teachings; for it is continental writers who most fearlessly develop their principles to their full results.

Guillaume Marr, a journalist of Lausanne, in a general report addressed to the *Conseil d'Etat* some years ago, dared to assert as follows:

Faith in a personal and living God is the origin and the fundamental cause of our miserable social condition. . . . . The true road to liberty, to equality, and to happiness, is atheism. No safety on earth, so long as man holds on by a thread to Heaven. Let nothing henceforward

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* See "*Fortnightly Review*" for November, 1871, p. 539.

shackle the spontaneity of the human kind. Let us teach man that there is no other God than *himself;* that *he* is the Alpha and the Omega of all things, the superior being and the most real reality.

Again, Caro observes:

Science conducts God with honour to its frontiers, thanking him for his provisional services. ("L'Idée de Dieu," p. 47.)

Feuerbach tells us plainly:

Les antichrétiens, les athées, les *humanistes* (qui ne reconnaissent d'autre Dieu que l'humanité) aujourd'hui sont bien maltraités; mais ayons bon courage; l'athéisme humanitaire n'est plus dans les camarillas des grands seigneurs riches et fainéants, comme au xviii^e^ siècle, il est descendu dans le cœur des travailleurs qui sont pauvres, *des travailleurs d'esprit* comme des travailleurs de bras; *il aura sous peu le gouvernement du globe.*" ("Qu'est-ce que la Religion," p. 586.)

Another writer of the same school remarks:

Les feuilletonistes français, qui prétendent attaquer les moines, ne voient pas qu'ils font cause commune avec eux, puisqu'ils admettent, comme eux l'article fondamental, *la notion de conscience morale et la distinction du bien et du mal.* Le plus célèbre d'entre eux n'est lui-même qu'un poëte jésuitique. Les seuls opposant véritable à l'imposture religieuse, c'est nous et nos doctrines purement et radicalement négatives. (Gratry, "Une Étude sur la Sophistique contemporaine," p. 153.)

Returning to our English physical expositors before quoted, we will now sum up the teaching in which they appear to concur, or at least the teaching which is the ultimate and logical outcome of their expositions—the dogmas which can hardly fail to impress themselves upon the minds of their disciples who follow them with so simple and unhesitating a trust. They may be drawn up as follows:

I. Temporal happiness is the one rational aim of life.

II. A positive belief in God and a future life is an unwarrantable superstition.

III. Virtue and pleasure are synonymous, for in root and origin they are identical.

IV. Men are essentially but brutes, no differences of kind dividing them.

V. The cause of all things has not personality, and consequently neither feeling, nor intelligence, nor will.

VI. All who pretend to teach religion are impostors or dupes.

VII. Our physical science teachers are the supreme exponents *of all truth,* and the ultimate arbiters of all actions.

VIII. There is no such thing as real merit or demerit, as all

our actions are absolutely determined for us, and freewill is the most baseless of delusions.

Frightful and desolating as are the errors thus authoritatively taught to unsuspecting people, such as are the majority of those who run after the declamations of our popular teachers of physical science, those errors acquire an additional importance from another characteristic of the anti-religious school, which is rapidly becoming more manifest,—prudential disguise being discarded, as no longer necessary.

The Church, the pillar and ground of truth, is even better able to contend with and overcome our Sophists of to-day than she was to refute their far more acute and able predecessors of bygone centuries. Even the mutilated, illogical, and nebulous forms of Christianity popular in this country might have had comparatively little immediately to fear from attacks based upon physical science only, but for the characteristic to which we refer,—which is the more and more avowed appeal to persecution and physical force.

A short time ago it might have been contended that these speculations, however calculated to damage individuals, were not of immediate political importance.

The unsuspecting might have contended that these physical dogmatists were all "liberals," and that therefore no hindrance to free inquiry, or the untrammelled propagation of truth, need ever be apprehended at *their hands,* and that with a fair field and no favour truth must prevail.

Indeed, Mr. Herbert Spencer* speaks of "That spirit of toleration which is so marked a characteristic of modern times, and is daily growing more conspicuous," and says:

> Our toleration should be the widest possible; or rather, we should aim at something beyond toleration, as commonly understood. In dealing with alien beliefs our endeavour must be, not simply to refrain from injustice of word or deed, but also to do justice by an open recognition of positive worth. We must qualify our disagreement with as much as may be of sympathy. (Ibid., p. 122.)

These are sentiments which, were they universal, would make such considerations as we are attempting to bring forward in this article less imperative. It is greatly to be feared, however, that this benevolent prediction as to the increase of toleration has as little foundation in truth as had the philanthropic anticipations that war was at an end when the first International Exhibition of 1851 was opened. The acts of the Commune do not certainly breathe a very tolerant spirit, to say nothing of "sym-

* "*First Principles,*" p. 120.

pathy with opposite opinions"; and sentiments kindred to those of the French Communists are now being sown broadcast not only over the continent of Europe, but even in our own country also. Apart, however, from political convulsions and popular passions, the writings of recent or existing physical teachers contain enough to warn the Christian world to prepare in time for the advent of an atheistic persecution. Thus Comte, in his "Philosophie Positive," gives utterance to principles of persecution sufficiently unmistakable. He tells us:—

> Il n'y a point de liberté de conscience en astronomie, en physique, en chimie, en physiologie même, en ce sens que chacun tronverait absurde de ne pas croire de confiance aux principes établis dans les sciences par les hommes compétents.

Professor Huxley, who quotes these words, speaks of the organized spiritual power which, according to Comte, was to have supreme control over education in each nation, as most "completely sacerdotal" and "entirely anti-scientific," and adds* that "the logical, practical result of this part of his doctrine would be the establishment of something corresponding with that eminently Catholic, but admittedly anti-scientific, institution—the Holy Office."—("Lay Sermons," p. 190.)

Another utterance comes from France with a warning in the same direction, and from one whose orthodoxy cannot be suspected of having sharpened his apprehensions as to the future. M. Ernest Renan † speculates as to whether "l'avenir ne ramenera pas quelque chose d'analogue à la discipline ecclésiastique que le libéralisme moderne a si jalousement supprimée."

The Duke of Argyll, ‡ commenting on Mr. Lewes's dictum that "whatever is inaccessible to reason should be strictly interdicted by reason," himself observes: "Here we have the true ring of the old sacerdotal interdicts. Who is to define beforehand what is, or what is not, 'inaccessible to reason'?"

But the most portentous phenomenon of this kind is the open avowal of intolerance, and the direct advocacy of persecution of religious opinions by no less a "liberal" than Professor Huxley, whose reprobation of the very same views as expressed by Comte we have just quoted. Indeed, he has repu-

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* Professor Huxley adds the singular remark that "the great teaching of science—the great use of it as an instrument of mental discipline—is its constant inculcation of the maxim, that *the sole ground on which any statement has a right to be believed is the impossibility of refuting it*"! According to this, we have ground for believing that a green dragon inhabits the sun, since such a proposition it is quite impossible to refute.

† *"S. Paul,"* p. 392.

‡ *"Primeval Man,"* pp. 21-23.

diated that reprobation and distinctly contradicted his previously expressed views, in his address to the Midland Institute, wherein he has quoted both Comte and Plato approvingly, and speaks with scorn of that "pet doctrine of modern Liberalism," that "toleration" is "a good thing in itself, and ought to be reckoned among the cardinal virtues." * He has added the remarkable words: "I do not see how *any limit whatever* can be laid down as to the extent to which, under some circumstances, the action of Government may be rightfully carried"; and has asked the question: "Are we not bound to admit, with Locke, that it [i.e. the State] may have right to interfere with 'Popery and Atheism,' if it be really true that the practical consequences of such beliefs can be proved to be injurious to civil society"?†

In principle this carries equally with it the right of the State to persecute *Theists*. Nor does he leave us much opportunity of doubting that such persecution would speedily be called into play did he possess as much power as will in that direction. Of this his conduct at the London School Board is sufficient evidence, and we Catholics owe him a debt of gratitude for the candour with which he manifested his hatred and fear of our holy religion.

Yet while admitting to the full whatever credit may be due to him for this candour, we must not fail to call attention to the fact that he has not hesitated to persecute those of whose tenets he has since manifested his profound ignorance.

Like many another man, Professor Huxley seems to have stumbled at the difficulties presented to his intellect by the illogical creed in which he was brought up, and then taken for granted that Catholicism but added other difficulties and incredibilities to those which had offended him in his natal creed.

The first elements of justice, however, require that we should take some pains to acquire a tolerably accurate knowledge of any system before we call in State aid for its suppression, and for the persecution of its supporters.

We have seen that, according to the teaching Professor Huxley favours, all religious speculation and action is but waste of thought and effort. It cannot be for the advantage of the State that time and endeavour should be thrown away in a manner worthy only of lunatics; consequently all who would promote such loss should be discouraged and put down. "The logical, practical result" (to quote Professor Huxley's words respecting Auguste Comte) "of this part of the doctrine would be" what he in-

* See "Fortnightly Review" for November, 1871, p. 532.
† Ibid., p. 538.

vidiously calls, "the establishment of something corresponding with the Holy Office"—in fact, a Star-chamber of physically scientific inquisitors sitting in judgment on, and condemning, parents who had dared in private secretly to teach their children to worship God.

Of course such "advanced" measures are not yet to be looked for, but their logical basis is prepared by the enforcement of "unsectarian education."

The naked avowal of the principle of thorough-going persecution by so prominent a "liberal" has surprised many; but in truth, we think the Professor has here shown himself to be both logical and rational. Except upon a basis of intuitive morality and the relation of the conscience to God, there is and can be no solid basis on which the rights of minorities can securely repose. The logical and necessary alliance between atheism and the most extreme and hardest form of despotism—a despotism like that of the Pagan empire, ignoring conscience altogether—was empirically manifested in France in 1793 and 1870, and it is a characteristic circumstance that Professor Huxley refers to and quotes the congenial authority of Hobbes, who "with a true instinct, would have laid deep the foundations of atheism and despotism together, resolving all right into might, and not merely robbing men, if he could, of the power, but denying to them the duty, of obeying God rather than man." * Christianity and Judaism, by preferring martyrdom to apostasy, first taught men the rights of conscience, and seem destined to repeat the lesson a second time in opposition to a revived paganism, and as a result, of a new persecution by it of the Christian Church.

We have ourselves recently called attention (in the number of this Review for October last) to the fearful oppression under which the Catholic inhabitants of "liberal Switzerland" now groan.

There we have a practical example before our eyes of the amount of religious freedom to be expected from secularists. It is not persecution carried out under the excitement of a revolution crisis, as recently in Paris, but is cool, determined, cold-blooded, and brutal.

Not only, as we before said, is the freedom of public worship denied, but "heavy fines are inflicted on men and women for the sole offence of practising the devotion, or singing hymns to our Blessed Lady *in their own houses*"!

In Germany we have at this moment before our eyes an instance of deliberate religious persecution, and the naked

* *Archbishop Trench*—"The Study of Words," p. 171.

assertion on the part of a Protestant minister of the right to determine who shall and who shall not be admitted to partake of Catholic sacraments, as well as to define and decree what is and what is not Catholic dogma—an avowed appeal to brute force and irreligious passions against the sacred rights of conscience and religion.

The destructive dogmas which we have extracted and catalogued, can happily, as yet, only find favour in this country with an insignificant numerical fraction of the community. Nevertheless, that fraction contains men who are eminent in almost every branch of intellectual activity, and many deservedly popular, not merely on account of their acquirements, but through their hearty sympathy with increased knowledge and more wide-spread social comfort. Many disguise their views, so that their negative sympathies can only be guessed by their more or less studious avoidance of direct and unequivocal theistic utterances.

The danger of the wide diffusion of these desolating misbeliefs arises mainly from confusion of thought. The narrow end of the wedge having been once introduced, it is sure to be afterwards driven home by "pitiless logic." As an example of this unhappy ambiguity, we will select the widely-popular phrase, "unsectarian education."

Of course, to Catholics, these considerations are so familiar as to need no repetition, but we address ourselves to all our fellow-countrymen, and rejoice to know that our words penetrate amongst the English-speaking races far beyond the sphere of exclusively Catholic readers.

In the first place, then, what is "sectarianism"? There are people who seem to imagine that an opinion may be an "opinion in general." But, in fact, each opinion must have a *definite* existence, just as no man-in-general exists, but only definite individual men. Every man, as certainly as he has eyes of a definite colour, and a nose of a definite form, must have definite opinions on the subjects which occupy his thoughts, even though it be the sceptical one that certainty has not been, and cannot be attained. Thus with regard to philosophy and religion, to bring up men without attempting to give them definite teaching on such subjects, is the same thing as directly teaching them that philosophy and religion are unimportant matters, possessing no certainty whatever. This view is just as definite, just as sectarian as any other, and those who hold it will tend to sympathize with and aid each other, just as will the holders of any other philosophical or religious opinion. Nor because *such a body does not* possess an external visible *organization, like that of the* Church, is it the less a united

body with definite views and aims. A man must either believe that God exists or that He does not exist, or that His existence is unknowable, or possibly knowable, but to him unknown; and each one of these beliefs constitutes a dogma, and one pregnant with the most momentous consequences. Similarly, as regards a future life, a man must hold either that he has, or that he has not, grounds sufficient for acting in this life with a direct view to the next. One of these two beliefs is just as dogmatic as the other, both will be fruitful in effects; while to bring up children in silence as regards a future life, is equivalent to teaching them that the second belief is the true one. It is in this way that the cry for "unsectarian education" really means education of all and at the expense of all, in the tenets and dogmas of one inconsiderable body—viz. the Secularist sect. The many amongst our non-Catholic fellow-countrymen accept this cuckoo-cry from really good motives—viz., zeal for instruction, for social amelioration, and the diminution of vice and crime; but they fail to consider the true meaning of the phrase, which, if apprehended with accuracy, would deter multitudes from advocating it, as they would see how really fatal it is to the benevolent ends they have in view.

But in truth it is to be feared that too many members of the Secularist sect are as *dishonest* as they are narrow and bigoted. A large amount of instruction might, no doubt, well be given in a colourless way as regards religion by conscientious men who felt bound to abstain from proselytism, and so the evil, though considerable, would yet be negative. But, in fact, this scrupulous abstinence would be rare indeed. A conspicuous example and warning has been lately exhibited to us by one who in a public address at a noted College, in London, presumed to go out of his way to insult, we hope, the great majority of his hearers by the utterly uncalled for assertion that the word "soul" ought to be banished from the English language!

This negatively dogmatic spirit would surely show itself on the part of those narrow sectarians, the Secularists. They can be fair indeed in dealing with the question of rival Christian creeds, which they can afford to treat with perfect equality, since they contemplate them with the same indifference and ignorant contempt. But once let it be a question between irreligion and faith, and their partisanship and bigotry are plainly revealed. That in speaking thus we are not stating exclusively the views of Catholics, but merely drawing out what on examination must be evident to all unprejudiced minds, is well shown by some of the recent utterances of our periodical

literature. Thus Mr. Henry Holbeach, in the number of the "Contemporary Review" for last April, well observes:—

> The great majority of scientific men at the present time pursue a purely Positive method, and the primary *assumptions* of that method are fatal to all theological conceptions. It should not need much argument to show that they are, at lowest, fatal to any theological conceptions such as those upon which Christianity as a system is necessarily engrafted. Now a professor might preach an orthodox sermon every Sunday, subscribe Sir Roundell Palmer's pledge *ex animo*, and have Christian prayers before and after class, and yet, if he taught science after the manner of Büchner, he would be opposing not only Christianity, but Theism, with the whole stress of his mind, and his pupils would, at the best, turn out sceptics. . . . . Those, if any, who imagine that these characteristic features cannot and would not of necessity be introduced into the "secular" teaching of the young under State sanction—who think that an anti-theological *animus* cannot be made effective in the instruction given to children—are very much mistaken. . . . But besides all this, it is certain that the scientific teaching all over the world is so. . . . . Vain is it to reply, these are not *questions brûlantes*. They are not, and they are; and if they are decided in favour of state-applied education on the secular basis, they simply introduce the thin edge of the wedge; and after the whips will come the scorpions; after the deeds in the green tree the deeds in the dry. And we should have, already, this state of things:—Paid for in part by the religious classes, compulsory secular teaching, that is necessarily pervaded by a spirit which they regard as anti-religious.

These considerations naturally bring us to the second term of our phrase, which term is but too generally imperfectly apprehended even by us Catholics; but, of course, comprehended much more vaguely by most of those who are unhappily outside the Church.

It is therefore to our non-Catholic fellow-countrymen that we especially address the following remarks, though we confess to a hearty wish that we could feel more assurance than in fact we do feel, that it is superfluous to place such reflections before the eyes of Catholics.

The term we refer to is "Education." An ambiguity clings to it similar to that which we have seen to attend the adjective part of the popular phrase "unsectarian education," to the substantive part of which we now address ourselves.

Education means the cultivation of the whole man, body and soul, and the latter in its entirety—emotion and will as well as sense and intellect. No one can deny that religious dogmas have often a powerful effect for good or ill in stimulating the emotions and the will. No one therefore can deny that education *without religious dogmas is* necessarily defective and im-

perfect though each may have his view as to what those dogmas should be.

As regards the intellect itself, no education can be regarded as truly effective which does not tend to stimulate its highest powers. But education mainly carried on by physical science, tends to an undue preponderance of the senses, that is to say, of the lowest faculties of the soul. The highest intellectual activity, philosophical science, cannot, of course, be *directly* taught in poor-schools. Nevertheless it is difficult to see why the highest *results* of philosophical science should not be imparted as well as the results of other sciences, e.g. astronomy.

No one would deprecate the imparting to poor children rational conceptions of the starry heavens on the ground that they cannot be taught to examine and calculate for themselves, so as to have an independent knowledge of astronomical laws and phenomena.

Now religion brings down to the popular apprehension and embodies the highest results of philosophy. Those, therefore, who would exclude it from our schools, would deprive the masses of such share as is open to them of the highest truth. A parallel folly would be to insist on each man working out for himself his own astronomy. As religion, however, has infinitely more to do with practical life than has astronomy, it is plain that to exclude it is an infinitely more momentous matter.

Thus the movement in favour of education, however excellently intended in the abstract, tends in the concrete to be perverted, with calamitous effect, through misapprehension of the true meaning of the word; and in this way aspirations worthy of all praise, and a zeal which cannot be too much commended, run the risk of producing effects the very opposite to those really aimed at by the great body of those so interested in the cause we are discussing.

All who have at heart the welfare of their country must desire the wide diffusion of a spirit of self-control and rational subordination, and the depression of the more selfish and brutal instincts of our nature.

Men are moved to action by a variety of motives; such as,—1. Their admiration of what is virtuous. 2. Their admiration for what is beautiful. 3. Their admiration for what is true. 4. Their sympathy for some or all of their fellow-men 5. The desire of their own greatest good. 6. The hope of reward. 7. The fear of punishment, and 8. The gratification of their instincts and passions.

This being so, let us see what is likely to be the effect of a *wide-spread belief that* an absolutely perfect omnipresent, omnipotent *and all holy God* will distribute to every one, in a future

life, rewards and punishments exactly proportionate to every deed, word, and thought for which in this life their will is responsible—that will having the power of self-determination.

1. The admiration of virtue, goodness, and truth is intensified and rationalized as of the essence of the ALL-PERFECT—a reasonable object for our utmost love.

2. Sympathy for our fellows acquires a basis which else it lacks, and this belief can never be the reason of that sympathy resulting in an unjust action, as, under the governance of an all Holy God, we cannot really benefit a friend by any evil, though, in a sense, kindly-intentioned act.

3. The natural desire for our own greatest good is thus seen to coincide absolutely with the law of "right."

4. The hope of reward and fear of punishment are intensified and again directed to a coincidence with the same law of "right."

5. The gratification of our instincts and passions, in contravention of the law of right, is opposed by a consensus of motives, which are at once the highest and the most powerful.

On the other hand, if we are so unhappy as to disbelieve in God and a future life, we then have but a subjective support for our intuitions of truth, goodness, and beauty, and no certainty that we cannot benefit those we love by evil actions, if such appear desirable to us; moreover, we then have no motive for loving our neighbour, or forgiving our enemy, beyond what our spontaneous disposition prompts us to love or to forgive. In the same way, such disbelief deprives us of any certainty that "the right" is "necessarily our greatest happiness," rewards and punishments become confined to this world, and merely such as we may hope to obtain without real merit, or to evade. In the same way, again, we cease to have any motive to restrain our instincts and passions beyond the degree to which selfish considerations prompt us to restrain them.

Place two men, in all things equal, save that one accepts, and the other rejects the belief referred to. Let them be exposed to temptations. It is as certain as any mathematical truth that such beliefs will operate in promoting virtue, and in repressing vice in the one who accepts them.

What then must be the effect of education in which these supreme truths are ignored? What must be the effect of an "amelioration" of the condition of the masses which should, at first, give them increased physical comfort indeed, but which should tend to make such considerations as temporal welfare the all-important or primary one?

The objects aimed at by the present movement, "goodness" *and "truth," would indeed fail to* be attained; for "the increased

welfare of the masses" cannot be promoted by anything which weakens their few remaining religious convictions; nor can truth be served by the removal of the only effectual barriers against lying. God is the one great keystone by which are upheld the multitude of complex arches which constitute the vast fabric of human life. That keystone removed, the abutting ends of the severed arcs may stand for a time in perilous and unstable equilibrium, but the oscillations of secular change will soon prostrate them in utter and irreparable ruin.

Physical philosophers who oppose Theism, often speak of the supreme importance of truth. It would be interesting to know on what ground they could support their conviction that truth is *necessarily* a good, without the belief that the great Cause of all things is at the same time the God of truth. Experience may show that truth has been generally beneficial, but it can never make its beneficence axiomatic, or render it impossible that in certain cases ignorance may not be bliss, and deceitfulness true wisdom.

Certainly, if the views of Mr. Herbert Spencer concerning freewill were true, the only hope of humanity would be that it should "believe a lie." For, as human moral progress has been effected under the belief in moral responsibility, it is unquestionable that were men universally convinced and able fully to realize that such responsibility is a delusion, and that their every thought is absolutely predetermined, a general paralysis of moral effort must necessarily ensue.

As to the consequences of the wide acceptance of his own views, that writer admits:

> Few, *if any*, are as yet fitted wholly to dispense with such [religious] conceptions as are current. The highest abstractions take so great a mental power to realize with any vividness, and are so inoperative upon conduct unless they are vividly realized, that their regulative effects must for a long period to come be appreciable on but a small minority. . . . . Those who relinquish the faith in which they have been brought up, for this most abstract faith in which science and religion unite, may not uncommonly fail to act up to their convictions. Left to their organic morality, enforced only by general reasonings imperfectly wrought out and difficult to keep before the mind, their defects of nature will often come out more strongly than they would have done under their previous creed. ("First Principles," p. 117.)

These *à priori* teachings as to the necessary tendencies of religious convictions are supported by many *à posteriori* considerations. It is a widely-spread notion that ignorance and crime go hand in hand; but the most notorious and conspicuous *criminals of late years* have been far from uneducated men,—*Rush, Palmer, Pritchard,* Traupman, occur to the mind at

once, and it is unquestionable that the educated classes in this country and France furnish a fair percentage of the criminal population. If we take cases in which crime is connected with political passions, France, from 1789 to the present day, proclaims loudly how little guarantee intellectual culture offers against the most lamentable and criminal aberrations.

A rational self-control, due subordination, and a proper repression of selfish passions often enough fail to be exercised, even with the aid of religious training; but it is inevitable that such training should *tend* to such repression, while that the absence of religion *tends* to occasion effects of an opposite character, is not only plain to the reason à priori, but is made manifest by conspicuous examples.

These truths have lately strongly impressed themselves on the minds of some of our impulsive neighbours on the other side of the Channel. We might have expected a more important reformatory action in France than there yet appears to be any evidence of; but the mischief has been too deeply ingrained by the calamity of a century of vile and corrupting influences. It is consoling, however, that here and there we find evidences of a clear perception of the fundamental and most important truth which we are now endeavouring to inculcate.

M. Le Play, in a recent pamphlet*, recalls his fellow-countrymen to the practice of obeying the Ten Commandments as the only safe and sure road to national prosperity,—and he laments how

> La nation se persuade, depuis longtemps, qu'elle s'est assuré l'admiration et le succès par les révolutions qui n'ont fait qu'aggraver les maux de la monarchie absolue, qui n'ont produit au dedans que la décadence, et qui n'ont suscité au dehors que le mépris.

These are wholesome words, and we must earnestly pray that the intimate connexion between religion and social stability and welfare, will soon be generally and effectively, as well as clearly, seen by a nation so logical as the French, and one so rich in recent apostles and martyrs of our holy religion.

It is that religion which has ever the honour of being the first object of attack, as well of the bitterest and most malignant hatred on the part of the enemies of all order; and if such hostility is ever the rule of those who would uproot the first principles of society, and replunge us into barbarism far worse than that existing in any known race of savages, it must surely begin to be evident to all sincere non-Catholic Christians

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* "*La Paix Sociale.*" Paris, 1871.

that those who defend the Church defend not only her, but the very basis of society itself.

The eloquent Bishop of Orleans said but the plainest truth the other day, when he urged on his fellow-countrymen, with regard to positivists and materialists:

> It is not so much *my* Church which they would destroy, as *your* home! and I defend it; for all those things which are the supreme objects of your desire,—reason, philosophy, society, the basis of your institutions, the principle of your laws, the foundation of your doctrines, the subject of your books, the sanctity of your hearths, the morals of your children—these are the things which I defend, and which you throw away in crowning those who would destroy them.

Unhappily, it is but too plain that similar warnings are called for in England also. In defending religious faith we shall surely, ere long, be seen by all to be, at one and the same time, defending the foundations both of the family and of the State, which are gravely threatened by the propagation of a worship of mere material wellbeing, which calls itself "philanthropy," and a retrograde scepticism which names itself "enlightenment."

It is almost superfluous to say that we, nevertheless, yield to none of those we oppose, in our desire for the temporal well-being of the poor. We are, however, convinced that in this matter, as in some others, the apparently roundabout road is really the most direct. It is generally admitted that those who aim directly at pleasure attain it less surely, even considering this world only, than do those whose aim is duty. So also temporal prosperity will more certainly attend the intelligent efforts of a community, the aims of which extend beyond this life, than of one from which such aspirations are excluded. It is far indeed from our wish to discourage or repress philanthropic efforts, but we desire that the objects sought should be classified according to their real worth and dignity, and that—clear and distinct conceptions being formed as to what is really to be aimed at—there should be no waste of generous emotion in stimulating misleading and disappointing efforts.

We emphatically proclaim that it is always good to know a "truth," even of the humblest kind. But all truths are not of equal consequence, and it would be a great calamity if the higher and more important became neglected for the sake of others of a lower order.

The truths of physical science, and all that concerns our material well-being, are of great value considered in and by *themselves*. When, however, they are contrasted with the *truths of religion*, all who are not atheists must admit that they

are exceedingly subordinate. Though good in their own station, they become even direfully pernicious when used to discredit those higher truths, and when promoted to a precedence for which they are unfitted.

Catholic philosophers are far indeed from having any dread or jealousy of the physical sciences, and nothing would be more ludicrous in their eyes, were it not pitiable, than the wide-spread delusion on that subject, current in England.

We must here emphatically protest against this delusion, and, on the contrary, assert that it is Catholic philosophers *only* who can afford fearlessly to welcome truth, of whatever rank or order, and from whatsoever quarter. It is they *only* who are prepared to push their investigations into every accessible region, instead of shrinking with timidity or awkward simulations of contempt from unwelcome and hostile phenomena. On the other hand, we see men of physical science, whose blatant boast is that they seek truth only, and that they are ready to welcome all truth, — refusing inquiry, meeting asserted demonstrations with mendacious abuse and the grossest misrepresentations — dealing, in fact, with phenomena, which, if true, destroy the very foundations of their whole system, with a helpless imbecility which would excite pity, did not the pretentious arrogance which accompanies it produce disgust.

We see men who give themselves out as *the* teachers of their race confronted by abundant testimony as to the existence of facts, which, if true, cut the ground from under them, and prove that what they have proclaimed as truth is the most baseless and pernicious of all delusions. Under these circumstances, instead of, as is their most plain duty, putting everything else aside until by investigations (no matter how persevering or prolonged) they have succeeded in verifying or in disproving the alleged facts, they take refuge in dogmatism, and such puny persecution as is at their command. Certainly few of the minor intellectual phenomena of the latter half of the nineteenth century will hereafter appear more contemptible than the conduct of these unhappy physical dogmatists.

Free inquiry in its legitimate field (like freedom of action in its appropriate spheres, and freedom of conscience against the despotism of the State) finds then its uncompromising advocates in Catholic philosophers only. They endeavour to investigate and appreciate at their just value *all* phenomena, whether natural, preternatural, or supernatural. In psychology they ignore* no aspect of man's sensitive and intellectual

* *We have a notable example of an opposite method in the psychology of Mr. Herbert Spencer, who very easily accounts for all our intuitions by "experience," through the very simple process of quietly ignoring all the highest acts of the human mind.*

being, but seek to assign to each power the rank which experience and intuition combine to prove that it possesses.

Asserting the dignity of man's nature and the trustworthiness of his faculties, they maintain the rights and the validity of human reason against its detractors,—the experiential Sophists who now rule over a crowd of credulous believers in the rationality of protoplasm, the emotional sensibility of heat, and the divinity of motion.

The sooner these facts come to be widely appreciated the better for our beloved country. Physical dogmatism, such as that we have endeavoured to expose, can have but one sad result. "The proper study of mankind is man," and it is the study of his nobler nature, and not merely that of the material universe of which he forms a part, which can alone aid us in our highest needs, or rationally direct our endeavours towards individual, social, and national well-being.

Art. II.—S. MARY MAGDALENE IN THE GOSPELS.

A Homely Discourse. Mary Magdalene. London: Washbourne.

Articles "Lazarus" and "Mary Magdalene" in "Smith's Dictionary of the Bible." By Professor Plumptre.

Commentary on the Gospel of S. John. By E. W. Hengstenberg, D.D. Translated from the German. Dissertation on John xi. 1. Edinburgh: Clark.

CATHOLICS of the present day commonly take for granted, that S. Mary Magdalene was the sister of Martha, and identical also with the "peccatrix" of Luke vii. 37. The author e. g. of the pleasing discourse, which we name at the head of our article, has evidently never dreamed of doubting the fact; and indeed the Church's whole office for July 22nd is based throughout on the assumption. On the other hand those who are more prominent among Protestants at this moment for the pious spirit, the diligence, the accuracy, with which they study Scripture, are more and more tending to unanimity in the opinion, that Mary Magdalene, Mary of Bethany, and the *peccatrix were three* distinct and separate persons. Nor will it *be doubted by any one* who candidly examines the arguments

adduced for this conclusion, that they carry with them at the first blush much appearance of cogency. The question—not to mention its importance in other respects—is so keenly interesting in a devotional and ascetical point of view, as to be well worthy of consideration.

Our readers will naturally inquire in the first instance, whether, apart from the statements of Scripture itself, there is any historical proof of the received Catholic view: but we are not aware of any Catholic, who even *alleges* the existence of any such proof. There is a *second* preliminary question, however, to which the answer is not so simple. It may be asked whether the concurrent judgment of so many holy men in every age, and the sanction more or less explicitly given by the Church to that judgment, should not by itself suffice to secure the assent of loyal Catholics. On this second question we shall say a few words at the close of our article; but our main purpose is to pursue the inquiry on the exclusive ground of Scripture. Even this limited task we are as far as possible from professing to perform exhaustively: on the contrary we shall but suggest two or three hints, in the hope that more competent critics may carry them out, or modify and correct them, as the case may be. We will at once express our own firm conviction, that the text of Scripture, considered by itself and in its own light, establishes, not indeed a certainty, but an enormous preponderance of probability, in favour of the received Catholic view.

It will be more convenient to our readers, if we indicate at starting the chief relevant passages of Scripture. We begin them with the peccatrix of S. Luke.

> But a certain one of the Pharisees [named Simon] asked Him to eat with him; and entering into the Pharisee's house he reclined [at table]. And behold a woman, who was a sinner in the city, hearing that He reclined [at table] in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood weeping behind at His feet, and began to moisten His feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head, and kissed His feet and anointed them with ointment, &c. (Luke vii. 36—38.)

Immediately after this narrative S. Luke thus proceeds:—

> And it came to pass thereafter that He travelled through the cities and villages, preaching and evangelizing the Kingdom of God; and with Him the twelve; and [also] certain women who had been healed from evil spirits and from infirmities, Mary called Magdalene from whom seven devils had gone out, and Joanna, &c. (Luke viii. 1, 2.)

At a later period of S. Luke's Gospel we hear:—

> But *it came to pass as they went that* He entered a certain village; and a *certain woman, Martha by name,* received Him into her house. And she had

a sister named Mary, who sat also at the Lord's feet, and hearkened to His word, &c. (x. 38-9.)

We now come to S. John:—

But there was a certain sick man, Lazarus, of Bethany, from the village of Mary and her sister Martha. It was Mary who anointed the Lord with ointment and wiped His feet with her hair, whose brother Lazarus was sick, &c. (xi. 1, 2.)

Then, after Lazarus's resuscitation,—

They prepared for Him there a supper, and Martha ministered.....Mary therefore took a pound of precious ointment, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped His feet with her hair; and the house was filled with the odour of the ointment, &c. (xii. 2, 3.)

We do not insert the parallel passages to this last from S. Matthew and S. Mark; because it cannot be denied, without manifest eccentricity, that they *are* parallel and describe the same event. We further assume, as a position which cannot be denied without manifest eccentricity, that the Mary and Martha of Luke x. are identical with the Mary and Martha of S. John.

From these and other notices of Scripture we think that the two following conclusions, which are Maldonatus's, may be inferred, with the very highest degree of probability which is short of absolute certainty. Firstly the anointing of Luke vii. is an entirely distinct act from that of John xii.; but secondly, the agent on both occasions was the same, being no other than S. Mary Magdalene. The *latter* of these conclusions has long been almost universal among Catholics. The *former*, we fancy, is advocated by various distinguished Catholic writers besides Maldonatus. He himself cites in its favour S. Ambrose, S. Augustine, and S. Bede. We can appeal on its behalf to the authority, singularly high on such a subject, of F. Coleridge. (See "Vita Vitæ," p. 67.) F. Newman, in his fourth Discourse to Mixed Congregations, takes it for granted. F. Dalgairns, in a passage which we shall quote before we conclude, implies the same opinion. Professor Plumptre (if we rightly understand him) ascribes it also to the Bollandist writer on July 22nd.

In behalf of this our first conclusion, we need say very little: for we are throughout mainly contending against Protestants; and on this particular point we are in accordance with their almost unanimous opinion: though one of them, Hengstenberg, whom we name at the head of our article, warmly dissents. We refer our readers then to the reasoning of Maldonatus (in Matt. xxvi. 6 and John xi. 2), and only add three remarks of our *own.* (1) The testimony of S. John (xi. 2) seems to us *almost decisive on the* matter, as we shall presently point out

in a different connection. (2) To our mind, every attempt at harmonizing Luke vii. with John xii. does but place in clearer light the utter hopelessness of such a task; and we were never before so firmly convinced that the two scenes are distinct, as when we read Hengstenberg's laborious effort to prove them identical. (3) There is a distinction between the two anointings, which should by no means escape notice. In S. Luke the peccatrix moistens His feet with her *tears:* a circumstance most natural in the first transports of conversion, but which very significantly is absent from all three accounts of the anointing at Bethany. It may further be added that, as appears from S. Matthew and S. Mark, at Bethany Mary anointed, not His feet only but also His head. This is hardly reconcilable with the wording of Luke vii.; while at the same time, as Mr. Isaac Williams points out,* the change of action is most touchingly significative of her changed situation at the later period, and of her increased confidence in her Saviour's love. Indeed if we look at the two narratives with all their attendant circumstances, we may say that the earlier act is the more excited, the later the more solemn and (as one may say) more *ritual.*

The main stress however of our argument must evidently turn on the *second* of our two conclusions. In behalf of this conclusion, we shall lay down three successive theses. And our first shall be, that—putting aside all the texts which mention Magdalene—Mary of Bethany is pointed out in Scripture as identical with the peccatrix of Luke vii. Protestant commentators in general are especially earnest against this particular thesis. "Many persons" says Mr. Williams "would be inclined to allow that Magdalene may be Mary sister of Martha; and many would be disposed to take for granted that Magdalene was 'the sinner.' But *most persons would be very loth to suppose* that the good sister of Martha should be 'the sinner.'" † "There is not the slightest trace" says Professor Plumptre (p. 257) "of the life of Mary of Bethany ever having been one of open and flagrant impurity." Such a supposition, Protestants often add, is considered additionally improbable, from the *position* held by her family. "All the circumstances of John xi. and xii.—the feast for so many guests, the number of friends who came from Jerusalem, the alabaster box, the ointment of spikenard very costly, the funeral vault of their own, point to wealth and social position

* "On the Passion," p. 412.

† We should *explain that Mr. Williams himself does* incline to accept this view.

above the average." (Plumptre, p. 78.) Then again, as Protestants are especially fond of insisting, if this identity be supposed, "Mary, whom we have been accustomed to regard as a silent soul involved in meditation, who has opened her pure heart to the Redeemer as the tender flowers silently unfold themselves to the sun, becomes a wild and tameless woman, who first found in Christ stillness for her passions, and convulsively clings to Him still, lest the calmness of the waters of her soul should be exchanged again for tempest." *

We reserve to a later part of the article our inquiry, whether the character of Mary, Martha's sister, is in any respect different from what we might expect to find in the converted peccatrix: here we content ourselves with earnestly repudiating any such notion. As to the rest, we readily admit that a certain presumption arises against us, from the circumstances recounted in the objection. Still this presumption should go for very little indeed, considering that S. John testifies to our thesis almost in so many words. "It was Mary" he says (xi. 2) "who had anointed the Lord with oil, ... whose brother Lazarus was sick." As Maldonatus urges,—the Greek word is in the aorist after an imperfect, and necessarily refers to some act *which had already taken place*. "Ἦν δὲ Μαρία ἡ ἀλείψασα," &c. &c. No one, unless he were quite recklessly defending a theory, would look this text deliberately in the face,† and dream of maintaining that it can be understood, without most grievous distortion, as referring to a future act. On the other hand be it remembered, that S. John wrote for the very purpose of supplementing the earlier Evangelists; and especially of supplementing S. Luke. It was pointed out in our number for October 1864 (p. 427) by a writer, whom we may now without impropriety mention to have been F. Coleridge, that "almost the whole of S. John might be inserted in large sections between various breaks in the third Gospel, and a continuous history be thus made up of the two." There really then cannot be a fair doubt, that S. John in this verse distinctly declares the identity of Lazarus's sister with her, of whom S. Luke had narrated that she anointed the Lord with ointment and wiped His feet with her hair. ‡

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* This is Hengstenberg's account (p. 3) of an objection very common among Protestants, which he is to answer.

† We mean to imply by this language, that the many Catholic writers, who identify the anointing of Luke vii. with that of Bethany, have not for the most part duly pondered this verse in the Greek, and deliberately given it an anticipatory sense. From the *Latin* alone, the argument is far *less strong*.

‡ *It is a small matter*, but worthy of mention, that all three of the Evan-

There can really be no fair doubt of this interpretation: still, since some (most strangely) *have* doubted it, we will add a corroboration, which on other grounds also is of some importance. It is evident that S. John was thinking of S. Luke in this part of his Gospel, because he refers to him in the preceding verse. "Lazarus was of Bethany, from the village of Mary and Martha;" i.e. he was an *inhabitant* of Bethany, but came *originally* from a certain other village. Greswell insists with much force on this distinction between "ἀπὸ" and "ἐκ" (Dissertations, vol. ii. p. 482); and is supported, not only by Professor Plumptre (p. 78, note), but also (as that writer mentions) by the illustrious scholar Hermann. Thus our Blessed Lord is always said to be "ἀπὸ Ναζαρὲτ," and never once "ἐκ." And as Professor Plumptre justly observes, even though by degrees both words might come to be used *apart* with hardly any shade of difference, their use *in close juxtaposition* might still be antithetical: nay, we would even say, *must* be antithetical in the verse before us, because otherwise the change of prepositions in the same sentence would be senseless. Even apart from this particular linguistic question, there are strong grounds for our statement. It is surely a most forced hypothesis, that a place so important in Scripture as Bethany, and so frequently named, should be called by the title of "Mary and Martha's village." Still more unaccountable is it, that Bethany should be called "the village of Mary and Martha," rather than "of Lazarus" whom S. John is directly mentioning. Hardly less strange would it be if S. Luke, who so often mentions Bethany by name, had in one place (x. 38) called it vaguely "a certain village," and had moreover inserted what there took place, in the midst of Galilean events. On the other hand, S. John's expression would be most natural if he intended reference to a Galilean unnamed "village," mentioned by S. Luke as containing Martha's house, and as the scene of our Lord's temporary abode with her and Mary.* In both verses then S. John is connecting his narrative with S. Luke; and as verse 1 refers to Luke x., so (returning to our imme-

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gelists state the ointment used at *Bethany* to have been "very precious." In Luke vii. there is no mention of this; *neither is there in John* xi. 2.

* The only explanation we can find suggested on the other view is, that S. John called Bethany "the village of Mary and Martha," in order to distinguish it from the other Bethany which was beyond Jordan. But the expression would *not* so distinguish it; because he had said nothing whatever previously, as to *which* was the Bethany where Mary and Martha dwelt. If it be said that his readers knew this fact *aliunde*, it is certain that they must have equally *known aliunde* where *Lazarus* dwelt; and consequently *the verse could give no one any information* whatever.

diate purpose) verse 2 refers to Luke vii. In his first verse he identifies his own Mary of Bethany, with S. Luke's Mary, sister of Martha; and in his second he identifies her with S. Luke's peccatrix.

At last however, we would not account the argument which we derive from John vi. 2, as absolutely final and peremptory, in such sense that no imaginable amount of argument on the other side could justify a different rendering; for we would not deny that there may be some few Scriptural texts, of which the true sense is a very unobvious one. But our whole argument here is concerned with *probabilities*. And (speaking greatly within bounds) we say it is immeasurably more improbable that S. John's words refer to an event which had not yet happened,—than that Mary's history should have been very exceptional in its character, and that the Evangelists should be silent on certain previous events of her life.

A further argument may possibly be adduced against our thesis, though we are not aware that any Protestant has so adduced it. "Many of the Jews," says S. John (xi. 19), "had come to Martha and Mary to console them for their brother." On this Professor Plumptre remarks very reasonably (p. 78), that "the particular sense which attaches to *S. John's* use of the phrase 'the Jews,'—as equivalent to Scribes, Elders, and Pharisees,—suggests the inference that these visitors or friends belonged to that class." It may be objected then that—considering the well-known character of Pharisaism—such a circumstance disproves the supposition of Mary having been so recently an abandoned sinner. The reply however is obvious. It is seen from Luke x. 38, that Mary and Martha were in Galilee down to a period later than that which we ascribe to Mary's conversion. Her earlier course is not one of those facts which families love to blazon about; and it must not be supposed that private gossip would then circulate from Galilee to Jerusalem, as it might now from Scotland to London. However certain it were that Mary is the peccatrix, we see no fragment of reason for supposing that the Scribes and Pharisees, who came to know her in Bethany, were cognizant of the fact.

We ground our thesis then mainly on the circumstance that, unless we suppose the ordinary use of language revolutionized, John xi. 2 refers to a past fact; and that no such fact is dreamed of by any one, except that recorded in Luke vii. But secondly, even could it be admitted that the verse is anticipatory in its sense,—even on this most violent and paradoxical supposition, our thesis would still hold its ground. On such an hypothesis, S. John intended to declare: "this Mary was the woman, so well known *throughout the Church* as having anointed the Lord and wiped

His feet with her hair."* But he would not thus have spoken, if there had been *two* women famous for this fact. The form of speech implies, that this one particular devotional act was characteristic of this one particular disciple. Maldonatus urges this, on Matt. xxvi. 6.

And this brings us to another corroborative argument. It was a common enough practice to honour some distinguished guest by anointing his head (see e. g. Luke vii. 46); but that a woman should anoint the *feet* and wipe them with her hair—this is a very special and peculiar act of devotion, and one not likely to enter the mind of two different persons. As Mr. Isaac Williams observes (p. 412), "it was an action that could not have been done by a second person from imitation, and would scarce have spontaneously occurred to two different persons. But when we consider both the anointings to have been by one and the same individual," there is an exquisite propriety about their variety of attendant circumstances, on which we have already remarked.

Our first thesis then has been, that—putting aside altogether the texts which mention Magdalene—Mary of Bethany is pointed out in Scripture as identical with the peccatrix. Our second shall be, that—putting aside altogether the texts which mention Mary of Bethany—the peccatrix is pointed out in Scripture as identical with Magdalene. We will commence our argument for this thesis, by pointing out the position expressly allotted to Magdalene in the Gospels.

Immediately after the scene of the peccatrix described in Luke vii.—with no interval whatever, even the slightest—occurs the first distinct mention of Magdalene. There appears on the scene a personage, new in name,—of whose antecedents nothing whatever is recorded in any part of Scripture, except the statement, twice repeated, that out of her seven devils had gone forth,†—but who assumes in some respects the most prominent place of all the disciples. Whether as regards grace, we say, or whether as regards privilege, Magdalene is in more than one important particular placed higher, than any other whosoever of our Lord's followers. In saying this, we do not of course include His Holy Mother, who belongs (as we may say) to a different sphere from all other human beings; but we do include all the Apostles. Look e. g. at the most eventful and critical part of Gospel history. All the Apostles forsook our Lord and fled,

* So paraphrases Godet, one of our ablest opponents: "Cette Marie dont je parle ici est la femme qui est connue comme ayant oint, &c." (On John xi. 2.)

† Luke viii. 2; Mark *xvi. 9. As to the* indubitable genuineness of the end of S. *Mark's Gospel, see Mr. Burgon's* volume, noticed by us in April, *pp. 477–483.*

though S. John soon took heart again. The body of holy women stood afar off, gazing from a distance at the Crucified (Matt. xxvii. 56; Mark xv. 40, 41); but Magdalene and one other kept company with His Mother at the Cross's very foot, exposed to all the insults and outrages of His raging enemies. With that other holy woman she remained publicly sitting before the sepulchre, when their companions had withdrawn (Matt. xxvii. 61). She was the first, if not the only one, of the holy women, who summoned Peter and John to the sepulchre (John xxi. 2). She was the first to see our Lord when risen; and this fact was accounted of so much importance, that (over and above S. John's detailed description) S. Mark calls special attention to it.* She not only saw Him, but was favoured with a solitary and somewhat lengthened interview. It was she who first "went and told it to them who had been with Him, as they mourned and wept." (S. Mark xvi. 10.) Hengstenberg truly adds (pp. 18, 19) that "as Peter regularly stands at the head in the list of the Apostles, so does Magdalene when women are mentioned. *The place of honour is given her in all the four Evangelists.* Thus it is in the enumeration of the women who followed Jesus in Galilee, Luke viii. 2; in the narrative of the Crucifixion, Matt. xxvii. 56, Mark xv. 40, 47; of the Entombment, Matt. xxvii. 61, Mark xv. 47; of the Resurrection, Matt. xxviii. 1, Mark xvi. 1, Luke xxiv. 10. The only exception is John xix. 25, where the other Mary is mentioned before Magdalene. But this was evidently done to avoid sundering the former from the Mother of Jesus previously mentioned;" and in no way therefore detracts from the significance of the fact, to which Hengstenberg draws attention.

The devout student of Scripture, when he observes these singular privileges, will as a matter of course look back for the early history of one thus singularly graced and honoured. To find merely that "seven spirits had gone out of her," is no satisfaction whatever of his holy curiosity. But if he does but look at the passage *immediately preceding* the first mention of Magdalene, he will find the very phenomenon of which he is in quest. As Magdalene exceeded all the other disciples whomsoever in certain important particulars of grace and privilege, so the peccatrix exceeded all the other recorded disciples whomsoever in the exercise of those virtues which are characteristically Christian.† Jesus Christ came on earth, that He might draw

* Mark xvi. 9, "apparuit *primò* Mariæ Magdalenæ." In our number for April 1867 (p. 443, note) we have urged, that this statement implies no denial of the indubitable fact, that His Mother saw Him risen before any other *human being saw Him.*

† *We prescind entirely* of course, as before, from the most Holy Virgin.

sinners to repentance; and the special means on their part whereby He was to draw them, was to be their faith, hope and love towards Himself. Now no other disciple is recorded as having equalled the peccatrix, in these virtues of repentance, faith, hope and charity. She was changed in a moment, from the lowest depths of moral abasement, to meriting the solemn declaration "thy sins are forgiven thee" (ver. 48). And by what means on her side was this conversion wrought? Our Lord tells her that it is her faith which has saved her (ver. 50); and declares also by most manifest implication (ver. 47), that the fervour of her present love is proportioned to the grievousness of her past offences.* When did any *Apostle*—when did S.

We prescind also from the case of the penitent thief; on which we speak presently in the text, and which rather confirms our argument than otherwise.

* Alford (in locum) admits it to be certain, that the Vulgate text "quæ erat in civitate peccatrix" is correct; and beyond all question the obvious sense of this is, in Alford's words, that "she was known in the place by public repute, as carrying on a sinful occupation in the city."

The following remarks of Archbishop Trench, in his admirable volume on our Lord's Parables, deserve to be quoted:—"That a woman, and one of a character such as is here represented, should have pressed into the guest-chamber, and this uninvited, either by the Lord, or by the master of the house, and that she should have there been permitted to offer to the Saviour the form of homage which she did, may at first sight appear strange; yet after all does not require the supposition of something untold for its explanation, as that she was a relation of Simon's, or lived in the same house,—suppositions which are altogether strange, not to say contradictory, to the narrative. A little acquaintance with the manners of the East, where meals are so often almost public, where ranks are not separated with such iron barriers as with us, makes us feel with what ease such an occurrence might have taken place. Or if this seems not altogether to explain the circumstance, one has only to think how easily such obstacles as might have been raised up against her, and would have seemed insuperable to others, or to herself in another state of mind, would have been put aside, or broken through by an earnestness such as now possessed her. Even as it is, the very nature of such religious earnestness is to break through and despise these barriers, nor ever to pause and ask itself whether according to the world's judgment it be 'in season' or 'out of season.'"

In a note he subjoins the following excellently chosen citations:—"Beautifully Augustine (*Enarr. in Ps.* cxl. 4): Illa impudica, quondam frontosa ad fornicationem, frontosior ad salutem, irrupit in domum alienam; and again (*Serm.* xcix. c. 1): Vidistis mulierem famosam . . . non invitatam irruisse convivio, ubi suus medicus recumbebat, et quæsisse piâ impudentiâ sanitatem: irruens quasi importuna convivio, opportuna beneficio: and Gregory (*Hom.* 33 *in Evang.*): Quia turpitudinis suæ maculas aspexit, lavanda ad fontem misericordiæ cucurrit, convivantes non erubuit: Nam quia semetipsam graviter erubescebat intus, nihil esse credidit, quod verecundaretur foris: and another (Bern. *Opp.*, v. ii. p. 601): Gratias tibi, ô beatissima peccatrix; ostendisti *mundo tutum satis* peccatoribus locum, pedes scilicet *Jesu, qui neminem spernunt, neminem* rejiciunt, neminem repellunt: *suscipiunt omnes, omnes admittunt. Ibi* certè Æthiopissa mutat pellem suam;

Peter or S. John—exhibit such external marks of love for Jesus, as were displayed in this most memorable scene? The whole circumstance is so beautifully set forth by F. Dalgairns, that we are sure our readers will thank us for the length of our quotation. We need hardly say we are not intending to *assume* here, that the peccatrix was Magdalene and Martha's sister.

There is one wicked and notorious sinner who has come to hear Him, not out of a wish to be better, but because her sister Martha has talked her into it. She goes along the streets in the pomp and insolence of her beauty, the jewels glittering in her hair, throwing shameless glances around her, with sin in every look and every gesture. She is going to hear the Nazarene preach, and to defy His power. She comes within His influence, her looks are bent upon Him, and the sweet sound of His words reaches her ear. Oh! what a change comes over her; her eyes are riveted upon Him, and her colour comes and goes. The tones of that voice have gone down to depths in her soul, of which she herself knew nothing. A moment ago she gloried in the triumph of her fascination, and exulted in her sinful power. Rich, noble, and young as she was, she could, especially in that ancient pagan world, set public opinion at defiance. Numbers as depraved as she had shared the counsels and the friendship of the world's heroes and statesmen. But all at once there rises up before her a new thought for her, the degradation of sin. And then, with a crushing force, comes the view of God's dread justice, of death, and of eternity. She would have sunk to the earth had there not mingled with it, in the very depth of her horror and astonishment, the gentle hope of the mercy of God. Scared and frightened by these unwonted tumults, she rushes back to her home. Who could be the preacher that so strangely moved her? Who was the man that knew her soul so well? At the very sound of His voice light had flashed upon her mind, her trembling will had owned some mighty sway, and her proud heart had been crushed within her. Who could it be but God? She had heard of old of "God with us," of the mighty God who was to be born of a virgin, and, enlightened by divine grace, she felt that this must be He. She had seen her God, and yet, strange to say, guilty as she was, she felt no dismay; an unutterable love had taken possession of her soul, and she must see that heavenly countenance again. He could banish her for ever, and well He might, considering what she was; but she must look upon the face of her God once more, if it were for the last time. She knew that He was to be at a banquet; her presence would be felt as a leprosy by all, but she cared not. What was the world to her now? So she cast off her silken robes and put on her worst attire; and she took the jewels from her hair and trampled them under foot. With dishevelled locks flowing down her shoulders, and an alabaster vase of precious ointment in her hands, she walks rapidly through the streets to the house of the Pharisee. The guests stare

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ibi pardus mutat varietatem suam; ibi solus Pharisæus non exspumat superbiam suam."

wildly on her, as in this apparition, with pallid face and streaming hair, they recognize the Magdalene. But she sees no one but Jesus. All eyes are fixed on Him with greater wonder as she takes her station on her knees behind Him, as He lay reclining on the couch, according to the Roman custom. All think that He will shrink from her; but see, she grows bolder still, her lips approach His feet. Now surely He will rise and spurn her from Him. But, no, He bears the touch of her polluted lips, and the poor lost creature breaks her vase and pours her ointment on His feet, while her bursting tears flow unrebuked upon them, and her long hair wipes off the moisture. Well may the Pharisee say in his scornful heart, This is no prophet, or He would have spurned her from Him. It is no prophet, but the omniscient God, He who had created and "called her by her name," who had "allured her and spoken to her heart." And now He turns His eyes upon her, and, amidst the breathless silence of the spectators, the gentle tones of His voice bid them look upon that "woman," and proclaim aloud that because she loves Him she is forgiven. ("Devotion to the Heart of Jesus," pp. 137-140.)

It is difficult, after such burning words, to resume our dry and methodical reasoning: but each man must serve God according to his gift, and the present writer has no eloquence at his command. Our argument then is this: On one side there stands a holy woman, whose earlier life is nowhere mentioned, but who is pre-eminent above all the other disciples in various most important particulars of grace and privilege. On the other side there stands a holy woman, whose *later* life is nowhere mentioned, but who is pre-eminent over all the other disciples in the exercise of characteristically Christian virtues. Moreover, the first mention of the former occurs *immediately* after the sole mention of the latter; attention being expressly drawn by S. Luke to the consecutiveness of time.* These two facts precisely fit into each other, like the wards of a key into its lock; and an extreme probability results, that the two holy women are identical.

A page or two back we said in a note, that in our remarks on the peccatrix we prescind from all reference to the penitent thief. Our reason was of course, because it may well be doubted, whether he did not exhibit in an *equal* degree the virtues of repentance, faith, hope and charity. And so the Church unites the two together: "Qui Mariam absolvisti, et latronem exaudisti." We need hardly say that his case rather strengthens our argument than otherwise. If his Christian graces were publicly manifested, so also was the *reward* of those graces. He was straightway confirmed in grace; his future salvation publicly announced; and he has been made in every

* "Ἐγένετο ἐν τῷ καθεξῆς, &c." (Luke viii. 1). "Ἐν τῷ καθεξῆς" = *"paullo post." (Schleusner.)*

age of the Church the patron and model of death-bed conversion.

The objection, far more commonly than any other raised against our thesis by Protestants, is this: Magdalene had been possessed by *devils;* and our thesis understands this statement as expressing, that she had led a life of sin. But no one, say these Protestants, is described in Scripture as *possessed* by devils, who is freely yielding his will to their solicitation; but one only who is in such sense their slave, as to be irresponsible for the actions done under their influence. Now we are not aware that any Protestants have attempted to *prove* this allegation; and we are confident that if they did, they would find proof impossible. Nor, indeed, are Protestants quite unanimous on the matter. Thus Mr. Burgon, who is honourably distinguished for his singularly careful study of the Gospels, gives very strong testimony on our side. He is so far from maintaining confidently the identity of Magdalene with the peccatrix, that on the contrary he will only call such a "conjecture *possibly* correct:" and yet, when he speaks of Magdalene, he says that by Luke viii. 2, "it is *probably* meant that she had been a person *of most unholy life*, in whom many evil spirits had once taken up their habitation."* In like manner Lange and Olshausen, to be presently cited. All these three writers refer to the parable of our Lord, which we shall immediately mention. Hengstenberg, who is also of course on the same side, draws attention to this parable, which is simply decisive. He says it is the only Scriptural instance, besides that of Magdalene, in which a *sevenfold* demoniacal possession is narrated. It is that recorded in Matt. xii. 43–45 and Luke xi. 24–26, concerning the man, who is cleansed from one evil spirit, but afterwards possessed by seven others; and under the name of demoniacal possession, it throughout undeniably includes *habits of sin freely acquired.*

For instance, Alford is one of those who raise against our present thesis the objection which we are here considering.† Let us observe then his commentary on this *other* sevenfold demoniacal possession. "The direct meaning of the parable," he says (in Matt. xii. 43), describes, under the figure of this sevenfold (or rather eightfold) possession, "the desperate infatuation of the Jews after our Lord's Ascension, their bitter hostility to the Church.....their joining in the impieties of Julian." "Another important fulfilment of the prophetic

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* "Plain Commentary on the Gospels," in locum.

† "What is stated" in Luke viii. 2, he says, "makes the notion *exceedingly improbable" that Magdalene* was the peccatrix (in locum).

parable," he presently adds, is found when "the religious lives of men shroud themselves.....in formality and hypocrisy, till utter emptiness of faith and spirituality has prepared them for *that second fearful invasion of the Evil One*, which is indeed worse than the first." He considers then this eightfold demoniacal possession to exist,—not specially where men have lost all liberty of will,—but on the contrary where, yielding to the temptation of devils, they perform a series of acts free and most detestable. Lange again is by no means confident that the peccatrix is Magdalene. Still he thinks ("Life of Christ," English translation, vol. ii. p. 133) that Luke viii. 2 probably describes Magdalene as having been "rescued from the heavy curse of sin"; and in his commentary on Matt. xii. 43 he says that the fuller demoniacal possession signifies "a voluntary and damnable self-surrender to Satan by a wicked life." Olshausen too (on Luke vii. 36) thinks it "improbable" that the peccatrix was Magdalene; and yet (on Luke viii. 2) considers that Magdalene's "powers and capacities seem to have been surrendered to the ministrations of darkness."

In truth, if the received Catholic view be accepted in its integrity, no words could more aptly apply to the peccatrix, than those of Luke viii. 2. Mary of Bethany had apparently been brought up in innocence and virtue; and at all events, from her circumstances, was entirely exempt from those temptations to sin, which are presented by poverty and distress. Yet she came to lead publicly in some city the life of an abandoned woman. Nothing is more easily credible, than that a course so singularly depraved was occasioned by the agency of evil spirits; who inhabited her, who solicited her from within to acts of sin, and to whose prompting she freely surrendered her will. He Whom she was led by grace so tenderly to love, not only declared her forgiven, but expelled the evil spirits and delivered her from their solicitations.*

A second objection has been urged against us,—which forcibly illustrates how impossible it is to travel long in company with the most pious Protestants, without coming across some display of unintentional profaneness, which shocks and revolts one. The objection is thus expressed by Professor Plumptre: "It is *unlikely* that such an one as the 'sinner' would at once have been received as the chosen companion of Joanna and Salome,

* It may be added in this place, for the want of a more convenient one, that by identifying both the peccatrix and Magdalene with Mary of Bethany, we answer readily *another* question asked by some Protestants. "How," they inquire, "could the peccatrix have been in circumstances, which fitted her for ministering *to Christ from her substance?*" (Luke viii. 3.) Very easily, if she *belonged to the comparatively wealthy* family of Martha and Lazarus.

and have gone from town to town with them and the disciples" (p. 257). Good God! Certain holy women were travelling in company with our Lord, as He preached the Gospel from city to city, seeking everywhere the most abandoned sinners, and inviting them to repentance, faith and love. Yet a sinner thus converted, and that with a display of evangelical virtues hitherto unparalleled,—who had been commended by the Omniscient for her signal faith and love—is not good enough forsooth to consort with these singular missionaries. Were they Pharisees then and not Christians at all? We will venture to affirm, that Joanna and the rest would have had far more misgivings whether they were fit company for *her*, than whether she was fit company for *them*.

Another consideration must not be omitted from our argument. The peccatrix, from the very nature of the case, was now to shape out for herself a totally new plan of life. Would she, who had thus forced herself into the presence of her Beloved, willingly lose sight of Him? Would she willingly endure the darkness of His absence, if she could sun herself in the light of His presence? There were holy women already travelling with Him; and it is quite incredible that she should not have joined herself to their company. Moreover S. Luke must have seen his reader's inevitable perception of that probability, when he immediately proceeds to recount that Mary Magdalene, "from whom seven devils had gone out," did that very thing, which the converted peccatrix almost certainly *would* have done.

Our first thesis was, that—putting aside those texts which mention Magdalene—the peccatrix is pointed out in Scripture as identical with Mary of Bethany. Our second has been that—putting aside those texts which mention Mary of Bethany—the peccatrix is pointed out in Scripture as identical with Magdalene. Our third shall be the supplemental one, that—putting aside that passage which mentions the peccatrix—Mary of Bethany is pointed out in Scripture as identical with Mary Magdalene. We admit that the grounds for that thesis are less irresistible, than for the other two; and we will begin therefore by mentioning, that the assertion to which it points has already been shown to be in the highest degree probable. If Mary of Bethany is identical with the peccatrix, and *she* with Mary Magdalene, Mary of Bethany is of course identical with Mary Magdalene. Our present thesis further states, that there are *direct* grounds in Scripture for holding this identity, apart altogether from the middle term of the peccatrix.

"The village of Bethany and its neighbourhood were, at all *events at a later period* of our Lord's ministry, a frequent *retreat to Him from* the controversies and tumults of Jeru-

salem. See John xviii. 2; Luke xxi. 37; xxii. 39." (Plumptre, p. 79.) In that village dwelt one family especially dear to Him (John xi. 5). One of them especially, Mary, had already been signalized (Luke x. 42) as "having chosen that best part which shall not be taken from her:" who, while Martha was engaged in serving, sat at His feet listening to His word, or lavished costly ointment in His honour. It is incredible that she, who so hung on His every word, with whose family He was so intimately bound up, whose own brother He had so recently raised from the dead, should have stayed behind at Bethany, when Jerusalem, the scene of His Passion, was so close at hand. And it is hardly less incredible that she should have remained, throughout her Lord's suffering, at a distance (Matt. xxvii. 56; Mark xv. 40, 41), when others stood close to the Cross (John xix. 25). Moreover, as Hengstenberg points out (p. 18), "she had already presymbolized our Lord's burial" (Matt. xxvi. 12; Mark xiv. 8; John xii. 7); and all the three Evangelists, who mention her anointing Him at Bethany at all, dwell on this particular *aspect* of her action. Was she likely then to give up His actual entombment to the hands of others? to those other two sitting opposite the sepulchre (Matt. xxvii. 61) while she went away? Yet this she did, unless she were Magdalene.

Then again the fact of her brother's resuscitation must have brought her into special sympathy with her Lord's Resurrection. Yet there is no trace, in any one of the Gospels, of any place whatever being assigned to her in reference to that mystery, unless she were Magdalene. Nor of course should we omit the corroborative fact, that at all events her name, like Magdalene's, was "Mary." Moreover, in this case the probability is entirely on one side. We are not aware of any single consideration which has been even *alleged*, as tending to render *improbable* the identity of these two Maries: all which Protestants have attempted, is to show that there is no *sufficient evidence* of the fact.

As to our three theses, taken independently of each other, our own appreciation of the ground on which they respectively rest would be as follows. We should say that the third is very decidedly more probable than its contradictory; that the second reaches so high a degree of probability, as to render its contradictory quite improbable; and that our first thesis is almost certain, so paradoxical is the notion that John xi. 2 can refer to a future action. But it would of course be most unfair to treat the theses as though they were *in fact* mutually independent; for (as we have just pointed out) each one of them is distinctly and importantly corroborated by the union of the other two.

Then there is further to be taken into account what we may call the *negative* evidence of Scripture. Consider the holy woman there designated as the converted peccatrix; consider the holy woman there designated as Mary Magdalene; consider the holy woman there designated as Mary of Bethany. In no one catalogue of the holy women throughout the Gospels do two or more persons appear together on the scene, bearing any of these designations. Yet had there really been three corresponding persons,—all three would possess characters so pronounced and elevated, that one would think they must have received prominent mention.

This leads us to a further consideration, which must not be omitted, although it will weigh differently with different people. Is not the *interior character* ascribed to the three so similar as to indicate identity? Mr. Isaac Williams draws this out very forcibly, as regards Magdalene and Mary of Bethany; though in his second edition he speaks less decidedly than in his first. We italicise one or two clauses.

When we have formed, unconsciously, a picture of Mary Magdalene in our minds, we find that it extremely resembles that which we have unconsciously been forming, at the same time, of the sister of Lazarus. If any one, judging from the circumstances recorded in the Gospels, were to give an accurate description of what he supposed to be the character of either of these, it would be, in great measure, a character of the other also; with this difference, perhaps, that with Mary Magdalene we connect something more of penitential sorrow; with the other, that calmness of piety which belongs to one that had always "chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." And yet perhaps it may be shown, that there is not sufficient reason for even this supposed discrepancy, either in their histories or their characters.

The few circumstances recorded of St. Mary Magdalene are such as to excite in us an exceeding interest; we behold her standing among the nearest to our Saviour's Cross, sitting the last at His grave at night, and coming the first there in the early morning; and, more than all, the circumstances of our Lord's interview with her rivet our strongest attention and emotions. So eminent among those holy women for her devoted service; and eminent even among those holy women, in the favour and acceptance of her Lord. Now, in the previous history, we have circumstances recorded of an equal and similar interest in Mary, the sister of Lazarus. The same attachment to our Lord; the same favour expressed towards her. And the occasions on which they are mentioned bring out the same points of disposition in both. In *both the same calm, yet intense devotedness of character; in both a disposition retiring and contemplative; and yet in both, at the same time, earnest and unshrinking.* We have here Mary Magdalene sitting by the sepulchre, and withdrawing from the busier company of her friends, the Galilean women, *who had gone to prepare* spices to do honour to their Lord. We have, on *another occasion, Mary,* the sister of Martha, sitting at Christ's feet to hear

His instructions, and, in so doing, separated from her more active sister, who was busied in preparations to do honour to our Lord, by receiving Him worthily. We have Mary Magdalene sitting in grief at His grave. We have the sister of Martha sitting in grief in the house, mourning for her brother Lazarus.....In both a depth of feeling, which would be considered contemplative; and yet, in both, it was combined with a most active energy. Under circumstances of the same kind, they both come forward to our notice by a development of a similar character; and yet the conduct of each of them, under those circumstances, is different from that of others on the same occasions. Thus, at the death of Lazarus, we read of Mary, his sister, "but Mary sat still in the house," in the position and character of a mourner; but as our Lord's coming, it is said, "as soon as she heard that, she arose quickly." The earnest activity which marks this movement, displays also, incidentally, the deep and strong devotedness of her disposition; for the Jews, who knew her, concluded she had gone to sit at the grave, as an action naturally expected of her character and affections, *supposing that she was going to act as we find Mary Magdalene now doing.* The Jews, therefore, which were with her in the house, and comforted her, when they saw Mary, that she rose up hastily, and went out, followed her, saying, "She goeth unto the grave to weep there." Now, let this account be compared with that of Mary Magdalene on our Lord's death: the one, as we observed, sat still in the house, mourning; the other now sits still at the grave, mourning. But from that posture the former arose hastily on hearing of our Lord. And Mary Magdalene is the first, on Sunday morning, before the break of day, to hasten to embalm our Lord; and, again, there is the same active intensity shown, when on perceiving in the twilight that the stone was removed, she hastened to inform the disciples, anticipating even her companions, who waited after her at the place, and saw the Angel. Again, when they come into the presence of our Lord Himself, *there is something very similar in the character displayed by both of them; and yet not similar to anything mentioned of any other of our Lord's followers.* ("On the Passion," pp. 404–6.)

As to the peccatrix, since only one circumstance is recorded concerning her, there is not of course the same means of studying her character; but we may say that such a character as that of Magdalene is the result which might have been expected to ensue, from such a circumstance as that of Luke vii. What are the characteristics to be observed, whether in Magdalene or Mary of Bethany? Such as these: comparative indifference to surrounding events; a brooding on her own thoughts; on the other hand extraordinary keenness in listening to her Lord's voice, and extraordinary promptitude in obeying it. Is not this what might have been expected, in one who had been led by the accents of that voice to break suddenly with all which had given her interest and excitement, and who would look therefore *mainly to Him* for supplying the place of all *she had left? And so F. Newman* represents the exhibition of

Magdalene in the Gospels as specially setting forth the character of a penitent. "Love to her," as to other penitents, was "as a wound in the soul, so full of desire as to become anguish. She would not live out of the presence of Him in whom her joy lay: her spirit languished after Him when she saw Him not, and waited on Him silently, reverently, wistfully, when she was in His blissful presence."—(Fourth Discourse to Mixed Congregations.) Indeed we may add, that the character of penitent Saints has ever been contemplative: witness S. Mary of Egypt, S. Pelagia, S. Margaret of Cortona.

Before closing the exclusively Scriptural part of our argument, something must be said as to *harmonizing* the various New Testament notices of the great Saint whom we are considering. In attempting however such a harmony, we by no means advocate it as certain or even probable, but only as possible. Some Protestants seem to think that the various accounts can*not* be mutually reconciled on the Catholic theory: but if one way of reconciling them is shown to be possible, a hundred others may be possible also. We would suggest then the following.

Martha, Mary and Lazarus (to name them in their probable order of seniority), having lost both parents, lived together in Martha's house in some Galilean village. Some time before the commencement of our Lord's ministry, a great grief fell on this household; for Mary fell into the power of seven devils, and, consenting to their solicitations, led publicly an abandoned life in some city of Galilee. Martha and Lazarus, by their sorrow, would be more easily weaned from earthly prejudices and interests, and they became beloved disciples of our Lord. Meanwhile Martha of course used every means in her power to reclaim Mary; and when Jesus was to preach in the very city where the latter pursued her infamous calling, Martha persuaded her at least to hear Him.* To avoid further importunity she promised this, little thinking what the issue would be. Her conversion followed, and she joined the other holy women in accompanying her Deliverer through the cities and villages of Galilee. In due course she arrived at her native village,† where Martha (who may easily have travelled so far in the holy company) received them into her house.‡ When Mary departed

* Our readers will remember that this is F. Dalgairns's suggestion.

† Nothing can possibly be more vague than the note of *time* in Luke x. 38; nor are we aware of any difficulty in supposing, that the event there recorded followed very soon after that of Luke vii. 36. In case however there is any difficulty, unknown to us, against such a supposition, we could most easily give a different turn to this particular part of our conjectural harmony.

‡ It may be worth while to point out that S. Luke does not call it "the *village in which Martha* and Mary *dwelt*," or use any other phrase implying *that the latter had latterly* been a resident there.

with the other holy women, Martha and Lazarus had the strongest reasons for abandoning that part of the country altogether. So long as Mary was a sinner, it was important that they should be close at hand to take advantage of every opportunity for reclaiming her. But now they would yearn to leave a place crowded with such miserable associations, where their sister's shame was so widely known, and which she was unlikely again to visit. Nor would they have much difficulty in deciding, that they should go into the neighbourhood of Jerusalem: for they well knew that our Lord's ministry was to issue in certain mysterious events there to take place; they earnestly desire to witness those events; and there also they would enjoy more of their sister's society. Then they are naturally drawn to Bethany in particular, because in that village dwelt Simon,—once a leper, and perhaps cured by our Lord,—who was connected with them by such intimate family ties, that Martha could with propriety minister in his house at an entertainment as though it were her own, and Mary could take on herself what was the special duty of a hostess to an honoured guest. (Compare Matt. xxvi. 6, and Mark xiv. 3, with John xii. 2, 3.) When they are settled in their new abode, our Lord enjoins Mary to abide with them for some brief time, both as a joy to them, and in many ways a salutary discipline to herself. During this period Lazarus dies, and is raised to life; and the rest follows, as recorded by S. John.

The greatest part of all this—we need hardly say—is purest conjecture. Our only purpose is to show, that the Catholic opinion presents no *difficulty* in the way of harmonizing the various Scriptural notices; and a thousand harmonies may be possible, though only one can be true. One thing is to us very plain: viz. that the earlier Evangelists, for whatever reason, preserve an *intentional* silence on the household of Mary, Martha, and Lazarus. We will not here consider what reason may be given for this intentional silence; a question on which Professor Plumptre has some excellent remarks (pp. 81–2). We will only point out, that this fact explains the omission, in the earlier Gospels, of all reference to Lazarus's resuscitation; an omission on which great stress is laid by the opponents of Christianity.

So much then on the testimony of Scripture, considered by its own light. We are next to consider how far the authority of *holy men* should weigh with Catholics—apart from direct Scriptural proof altogether—in favour of the generally received Catholic opinion. So far as the opinion of some holy man has been merely based on his own personal examination and juxtaposition of texts, we do *not see how* his holiness adds to it any *special weight; and it must certainly* be admitted that the

application to Scripture of what may be called historical criticism, is far better understood in these than it was in earlier days. Yet there are other constituent elements of the question, on which the judgment of holy men possesses, as such, very high authority. For instance, the most devout Catholics of every age have wonderfully agreed in discerning a deep identity of character, in the acts which Scripture respectively ascribes to Magdalene, to Mary of Bethany, and to the peccatrix: and this agreement should weigh greatly with every pious believer. Then again it is curious how few Protestant commentators—*none* so far as we happen to know—have discerned the singularly high and extraordinary evangelical virtues displayed in the history of Luke vii. This is a fact on which holy Catholics have laid pre-eminent stress; and their judgment on the matter (we think) should carry extremely great weight with any Catholic (if there *be* any) whose own private examination would not have led him to discern this.

Lastly, we must inquire how far the Church's authority legitimately bears on the question. On this point we would speak with great diffidence; but our own notion is this. The Church, we need hardly say, is the one authorized interpreter of Scripture, in all which relates to faith and morals. Now the most approved writers of every age, with the Church's full sanction, have constantly based highly important lessons, in the matter of faith and morals, on the identity of S. Mary Magdalene with the peccatrix; on a comparison between such repentance, faith, love, on the one hand as are described in Luke vii., and such privileges on the other hand as were enjoyed by the Saint. We cannot think that a Catholic would act piously, or even safely, who, on the strength of his own critical investigations, should permit himself to doubt on the Scriptural *foundation* of those lessons. On the other hand, as regards identifying *Mary of Bethany* with the peccatrix—however irrefragable to our mind is the *Scriptural* argument for such identity—we do not see that the Church's authority need be taken into account.

Reverting now to our Scriptural argument, we would make one final remark. Those elaborate and carefully-reasoned attacks on the inspired history of our Lord, which have proceeded from such writers as Strauss, Renan, and the Tübingen school, have been by no means an unmixed evil. Doubtless they have inflicted on mankind most serious injury; for (to mention nothing else) they have afforded to antitheists of every class a pretext, for eluding that refutation of their theories which is furnished by the Christian evidences. But on the other hand *we have of course* fullest confidence in the final result, when the *battle is fairly fought* out. And already these attacks have led

the defenders of revealed religion to discover in the Gospels a thousand minute harmonies and coincidences, before latent, which singularly assist the believer in definitely grasping the sacred narrative.

It is to be regretted, however, that the work of defence has been so predominantly left in the hands of Protestants. Of course the controversy is to them far more a matter of life and death than it is to Catholics, who have the Church's authority to fall back upon. Still we wish that a larger number of Catholics were devoting themselves to Scripture criticism, than (so far as we know) is in fact the case. One undesirable consequence resulting from the present state of things has been, that specially Catholic interests have in some sense gone to the wall; and that concessions have been made to unbelievers, which every Catholic would repudiate. This particular case of S. Mary Magdalene is one among a hundred such. Now every Catholic is convinced that the tide of unbelief, now so strongly and rapidly running in, cannot be successfully resisted except by the Rock of S. Peter; and he will earnestly desire therefore—were it only for that reason—that all who wish to defend Christianity should rest on that Rock. But this important end is powerfully promoted by every fresh instance in which it is shown, that there is a real and deep harmony, between characteristically Catholic doctrines or opinions on one side, and the results of legitimate Scriptural criticism on the other. One purpose of our present article has been to do something in this direction.

Art. III.—THE CARTE PAPERS.

The Carte Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. A Report presented to the Right Hon. Lord Romilly, Master of the Rolls, by C. W. Russell, D.D., and G. P. Prendergast, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Commissioners for selecting Official Papers for Transcription from the Carte Manuscripts. London: Her Majesty's Stationery Office.

THE letters, memoirs and entries, written for the most part at least two centuries ago, which are here given to the eye of day,—having been exhumed from among the collection of the indefatigable *Thomas Carte*, in the Bodleian Library at *Oxford, and connected together* in this work by a lucidly plain *and impartial explanatory* narrative,—are specially interesting

and useful as tending to unravel one of the most perplexing knots into which the history of any period has ever contrived to coil itself. Old papers, by throwing a light into the dark corners of the past, draw them as it were into the region of the present. Moreover, those now before us further reveal the thoughts and dealings of one of the most remarkable, most defeated, and yet most calmly successful personages of all whom books and archives, like a mirage, bring near out of the distance and offer to our gaze.

Among the puffed sleeves and perfumed periwigs, the fair, haggard faces, and the swaggering, rosetted feet which swarm in the unlovely court of Charles II., we see an old man, in rolling white wig, moving at a stately pace through the chambers and ante-chambers, often talking affably to groups of two or three elderly gentlemen, now and then favoured with a few courteously unmeaning words by his Most Religious and Gracious Majesty, and anon turning his eyes with a somewhat cynical smile on the brilliant crowd around him, as though he belonged not to them. And does he belong to them? Is not his aspect somewhat weatherbeaten as compared with the powdery gaiety of these flatterers, like that which a last year's butterfly, faded by autumnal showers and winter frosts, wears among the newly-painted creatures of the young year?

This old man is not contemptible or inane. He has done more in the world than any one of these frail new insects whether what he did was bad or good, politic or the reverse. Nay, he is active still, and will continue to be so up to the end. He takes an interest not only in his studs of horses, his hounds, and his hawks, but also in the petitioners, Innocents and Tories—the original and most unhappy Tories—of the Sister Isle; though not always, it is to be feared, in the landless and destitute heirs of some of His Majesty's departed servants. He cannot be charged with the species of cowardice which bears the name of courtliness, so rife in those days; for he does not fear to assert himself at times even to the king, when he thinks the boy whose father as well as himself he has so assiduously served, treats him unbecomingly. One day an armed man dragged him out of his coach with the intention of hanging him at Tyburn—Colonel Blood to wit, who tried to steal the Crown jewels; which objectionable person met with more than leniency at the hands of that Charles II., in whose reign the scaffolds seldom had time to dry. And when the King sent a messenger to the Duke of Ormond with apologies, and the messenger began his task by remarking that it was the King's *pleasure to be clement*, the Duke suppressed further excuses *with the observation* that as the King's pleasure was the only

reason which could be assigned, enough had been said already. Perhaps Ormond hardly liked that Court of the Restoration, where decorum was sent to the lumber-room, and where a fiery cavalier, himself one on the long list of Irish Viceroys, challenged the veteran Lord Lieutenant to a duel before breakfast in his old age.

"Is it your Majesty's pleasure that I should go out of my way at this time of day to fight duels with Dick Talbot?" said the Duke to Charles, thinking, no doubt, how hot and fatiguing that day had been of which his now aged shoulders bore the weight. They had always borne it rather prosperously, to be sure.

He could tell a "fabula, sed vera" which besides being more wholesome, would far outdo in interest the concoctions of the dramatists and novelists of his time, if he would be candid and tell the truth, the very truth, about all the transactions in which he bore a part. Indeed, he is not averse to telling some of it. In this golden evening of his stormy life he has actually resolved to recall the events of the morning and the noon, chiefly for the purpose of refuting certain accusations which resemble the last remains of bygone cloud and tempest, streaking the horizon of his now tranquil sky. The "Account of the Carte Collection of Historical Papers," among many other circumstances in the Duke's wonderful life which it illumines with lucid impartiality, lifts the veil on his distress at these ordinary troubles, his last as it would appear, and shows him writing scraps of memoirs, and employing Sir Robert Southwell, whose "care for him and care of his interest," to Sir Robert's credit be it quoted, "appeared to be more warm when others thought him under a cloud and quitted him, than when the sun shone more conspicuously upon him," to expound his career with a faithful and willing pen in refutation of several vulgar charges. There is something laughable, taking them altogether, about these calumnies upon the Duke; partly because it is impossible not to wish that some of them were true, as for example that which whispered that he had been a favourer of the Irish; partly because of the mocking, shameless, ludicrous unfairness of others, such as the Earl of Anglesey's assertions about the Irish rebellion of '41 having been hatched at Whitehall; and partly because some were only calumnies in the Duke's own opinion, as for example the accusations commonly brought against him of being an Irishman. However, he resolved to give his own account of that past of which the noise was dying away in his ears, and which he could now contemplate calmly, if from his own point of view. An interesting spectacle is the veteran who has lived prosperously

into a new era, and has begun to look upon himself as historical.

The Duke can gaze back down a long vista of events that are done with, and of faces that are passed away. He holds in his hands a few worn cards, relics of the game of life,—the long, anxious game which he has played out chiefly on the other side of St. George's Channel. Not that he has even yet finally deserted the scene of his former trials of skill. No one doubts his ability, and he is about for the fourth time to seek that land which is after all his own land, and where it is thought that he will be useful yet; for, in the words of the "Naval Allegory,"

> Quoth the King, "I'd rather make James go
> A fourth trip to Ireland." "Let it be so,"
> Cried one and all.

But though "Ormond never old" is sent back once more to the Irish helm of state, his day is declining, as all days must, and calmly, as all do not. He has long outlived the great game of eight years with which above all his name is associated, and most of those partners and antagonists who succeeded each other so quickly and changed places so confusedly that it is a wonder how well he made his brains serve him throughout. He gave it up at a moment when, through the loss of his ablest partners and other awkward circumstances of the same kind, he found himself left alone with Oliver Cromwell, a mighty player, at the awful green table of fate. Ormond's hand was still not altogether a bad one; but he was hampered by a perplexed young king, he was opposed by the invincible Brewer, he had lost his best ally, and had somehow, in one way or another, made himself suspicious to some of those who should have succoured him. So it happened that before long he rose and marched off with dignity, trailing the robes of a marquis after him. And Cromwell smoothed out the rumpled cloth with his red-hot iron, piled all the cards in a heap, and remained sole master of the situation.

There are few episodes of history so little understood or so wilfully misrepresented as the Irish Civil War of 1641–53. Probably many people who talk jocularly about Kilkenny cats little think that the phrase and the ridiculous legend from which it springs have their origin in the unhappy dissensions of the Confederation of Kilkenny, so noble in its object, but ruined by enmity within, kindled at enmity without. Englishmen, it is acknowledged, do not care for Irish history. They *legislate for Ireland,* discuss Ireland, often abuse Ireland, and *yet, as they never think* of reading her history, they can hardly

be competent to judge of Irish affairs. But the fire, and humour, and pathos which throw a charm round modern Ireland (except where Fenians are concerned), run like golden threads through the dark woof of her history, and alone reward the student who regards amusement as a necessary sauce to knowledge. It is true that good Irish histories are difficult to obtain, but the difficulty springs from want of demand; and it is a curious fact that the most violent misrepresentations and reckless assertions on the unscrupulous historic page, relating to the past of the sister isle, are readily believed and quoted. In these days of "justice to Ireland" this surely ought not to be the case.

For example, to a large proportion of Englishmen and women Sir Phelim O'Neill seems to be the only prominent figure, sometimes the only figure at all, in the foreground of what is often called the Great Popish Rebellion of '41. Occasionally the Duke of Ormond is allowed a niche in the background, but usually Sir Phelim is depicted as the sole important actor in the whole affair, holding aloft a blood-stained brand, and standing, a warning to posterity, on a heap of forty thousand immolated victims. The number, however, is avowedly uncertain, since it rises in proportion to the fervour of his accusers, and has occasionally reached the enormous sum of one hundred thousand, if not more.

Surely this is unjust, not only to other leaders who played a much more conspicuous and much more noble part in the Civil War, but also to the redoubtable Sir Phelim himself. It is true that he was not altogether a prepossessing character: untimely quarrels with his cousins, petty spite and jealousy, and sundry other misdemeanours may be laid to his charge, nor will any one care to conceal them; but it is equally true that if certain murders took place in the beginning of the insurrection, perpetrated by exasperated men and women, whose wrongs had driven them to crime and madness, the inexorable arithmetic of eyes which do not see through scarlet spectacles, reduces the number to a fourth of the usual sum at the most. Some bring down the 40,000 to a 0; yet the grand old system of giving a good round number and chroniclers' love for a supper of horrors, have imposed even on foreign writers, such as Lamartine; and throughout the ages Sir Phelim continues to be the bugbear of old ladies, and an everlasting stock argument on the platform. The strangest thing is that his contemporaries seem never to have heard of all these evil doings. Neither Ormond, nor the Confederate Assembly, nor the Puritans themselves *were aware of them.* This fact is remarked upon *by Dr. Russell and Mr. Prendergast,* in page 121 of their

"Report," *à propos* to Sir Phelim's amicable correspondence with Ormond in 1649, which shows that the Lord Lieutenant, as well as the Anglo-Irish Assembly, regarded him with respect. It is to be remarked also that he was tried "by the Roundheads afterwards for high treason; and for the high treason committed by rebellion, and not for murder, he was sentenced and hanged." There was a charge against him for one murder, that of Lord Caulfield, but, as the learned Commissioners further observe, "that charge is now known to be false." If the accused are allowed the benefit of a doubt, surely O'Neill may be allowed the benefit of the certainty which these testimonies establish.

It is undeniable that in some parts of Ireland murders were committed, and every one is willing to be shocked that such was the case. The best protectors of the Protestants were undeniably the Catholic priesthood, to whom many were indebted for the safety of their lives and goods. But the most enthusiastic lover of Ireland never claimed for her the peculiar distinction of being a nation of angels, and no people of a character less exalted were likely to bear, without retaliation, all that the Irish had to endure at the time of the breaking out of the war. Their oppressors were to be found in the city and in the country. Out among the glens and "on the fair hills of holy Ireland," flourished such gentle creatures as Sir Frederick Hamilton, who kept a gallows on which he made a point of sacrificing a victim a day, in the person of whatsoever, man, woman, or child, came first to hand. On one occasion, to celebrate St. Patrick's Day, as it appears, instead of a living body he hung up a stuffed figure of the Guy Fawkes description, expressly for the pleasure of seeing the unhappy spectators pray of their charity for a fellow-creature's soul. In the city there was the torture-chamber, where Anglo-Irishman and Celt alike paid the penalty of their religion; and throughout Ireland the Sacraments were administered by stealth. Strafford had ground down the country with all the force of his iron hand; a pair of so-called justices, named Parsons and Borlase, now held sway in Dublin Castle; and the people being scourged into madness, their chieftains began to look around for a wholesome channel into which that madness might be turned. They found it in the Confederation of Kilkenny and the Civil War of '41.

When all these things are called to mind it is difficult to understand Ormond's assurance, given us in one of the Memoirs which he left in his "Red Box," to the effect that Ireland "was *in a flourishing* and improving condition when the rebellion *broke out," at least if* the happiness of the people be necessary

to such a state of prosperity; difficult, too, to imagine how he could think it strange that the insurrection should have taken place.

Together with the chivalrous Roderick O'More, and other northern chiefs, Sir Phelim O'Neill inaugurated this the greatest and best disciplined of all Irish outbreaks, from the first Geraldine war down to the abortive attempts which ended at Ballingarry and Tallaght. The Catholic gentry of the Pale, headed by Lord Gormanstown, coalesced with the native Irish, and glorious and unwonted was the spectacle when Gormanstown and O'More, on the hill of Crofty, swore to bury old differences for the sake of their common faith. The originators, however, drop out of their conspicuous positions as the affair goes on. O'More is last seen, a princely figure, on the lost battle-field of Kilrush, and is supposed to have died soon afterwards at Kilkenny, leaving a stainless name. And Sir Phelim takes his place as a secondary star after the appearance on the political firmament of a first-rate luminary, his far more talented and distinguished kinsman, Eugene or Eoghan O'Neill. Nothing can be more absurd than to confound these two together. Sir Phelim, finding that he was making small progress, and thereby somewhat discouraged, went to meet Eoghan and yielded up to him the chief command in Ulster. Yet in spite of this cousinly welcome, not only did they soon quarrel, but they were essentially different from each other in many important respects. Sir Phelim seems as a general rule to have disliked his cousin heartily, until they were set at one again by the efforts of the Papal Nuncio, who is himself as much misrepresented as the actors in Irish history nearly always are. Later, pitiable to say, the girlish enmity sprang up again, and appears with a waspish sting in Sir Phelim's letters to Ormond written in 1649, and preserved to posterity, with all its little spiteful traits, in the Carte Collection.

Eoghan O'Neill possessed in a far greater degree than Phelim, the inexplicable combination of characteristics which ensures influence over the Gaelic race. It would be as difficult to specify these characteristics as to define the peculiar charm which certain natures exercise on refractory horses. The *clannishness* of the Gael is doubtless the clue to the matter, and their favourite leaders in olden times have without exception sprung from some princely race, usually, too, from the "old Irish." Like Sir Phelim, Eoghan was himself a Gael, belonging to the royal house which Ulstermen especially held in reverence; and indeed, the past year has shown that the Irish in general hold it in reverence still. He was a splendid soldier and officer; his *recklessness as to his own safety* appears to have verged on

folly, but no doubt even this military fault increased the admiration of his followers for their daring leader. Moreover, he was a devout Catholic—a circumstance which deeply and favourably impressed the religious minds of his countrymen. He had proved his devotion by his deeds, since he had given up brilliant worldly prospects in order to fight for the Church where well-trained soldiers were most sorely needed; and he possessed a letter from Pope Urban VIII., expressing the Holy Father's pleasure in the generosity of the sacrifice.

O'Neill's training on the arid soil and beneath the dry fierce sky of Spain had not erased the remembrance of his native honeysweet and somewhat guttural tongue; neither had his military education under the solemnly disciplinarian brother of Philip IV., driven the original genius out of that fertile mind, often as such treatment is the ruin of inborn talent. It is, for example, a well-known if unacknowledged fact that the great destroyers of original musicians and painters, are music and drawing masters. No doubt it is a useful exercise to draw legs of chairs, and play a hundred scales a day, and well to be told that "that fatal facility" must be curbed; yet unless the facility be very inveterate indeed it is likely to die of education. The Cardinal's school for soldiers seems to have been somewhat of the martinet description, and the young ideas ran some risk of fading away instead of shooting up under his repressive training. His tactics perhaps were rather of a sixteenth century stamp, and took after those of the great Duke of Parma, who was his first cousin once removed. Yet genius did push up under his eye, and bloom and flourish, and had it not been transplanted out of continental fields of fame would have done him the honour which Michael Angelo brought to the master whom he has rendered famous.

The Cardinal could distinguish the rare talent of O'Neill, and helped him, with a rapidity remarkable in an Infant of Spain, up the golden ladder of fame. Richelieu, too, recognized the calibre of the Irish defender of Arras, who with good-humoured valour inscribed above the gates the announcement that—

> "Quand les Français prendront Arras,
> Les souris mangeront les chats:"

a natural phenomenon which is not recorded by history as having taken place, though after a brilliant defence the city was at last forced to yield to the "men in nations" whom Richelieu sent against it. A prospect of grandeur equalling that of Wallenstein or Piccolomini shone refulgent in the not very remote heavens, when O'Neill received tidings of the *movement begun* by Roderick O'More the chivalrous and

stainless, and by the cousin Phelim, whose name has descended all too much blackened to horrified posterity. Eugenio Rufo, as the Spaniards called him, saw what was at stake. He could not perhaps fully realize the condition of Irish Catholics in their own land, being accustomed to hear Mass without a consciousness that the life of the celebrant, together with his own and that of everyone present, was in imminent danger, and having no fear of star-chambers and Dublin Castle before his eyes. Yet there was the plain fact that Ireland was taking up arms for the sake of the Faith; it was equally plain that they lacked among them, if not military talent, yet that shaping and pruning which all talent needs, and which it should rather receive in the barrack-yard school than not at all. So the choice seemed to lie between remaining on the Continent to be as famous as Wallenstein and Piccolomini, and going to a fresh field where, even if he succeeded, his fame would never be European; between wealthy, comfortable distinction in opulent countries, and an uncertain struggle in the wilds of Erin. It is to the credit of O'Neill that he chose the latter.

Self-devotion naturally does not bring worldly ease in its train; and from the moment when the frigate which bore O'Neill up the German Ocean and past the Orkneyan Skerries, hove anchor at Dunkerque, to that when his hard-worn life ebbed out on the misty island in Lough Oughter, he passed but few hours undarkened by trouble and anxiety. Even Dugald Dalgetty found comfort to a large extent among the Spanish soldados, though good pay and good Rhenish went a long way towards contenting him; to a rising, talented, and ambitious soldier of rank, fully appreciated by his commander-in-chief, the Spanish must have been a pleasant service enough, as well as one promising wealth and splendour. Different, indeed, was a high military post under the supreme Council of Kilkenny.

The marble city wore a brilliant appearance when first O'Neill reached Ireland; such a one as, in all probability, it will never wear again, even in that halcyon period when the President of the Irish Republic holds his court, with democratic simplicity (how well suited to the "clannish" Gael!), in some White House in Dublin, scorning the historical, infamous, and deputy-monarchical Castle. From Spain and Germany came the apprentices of the Thirty Years' War, in rich velvet dresses, and collars marvellously created at Brussels, Mechlin, and Valenciennes. From Rome came priests and friars rejoicing in the new era of freedom, and bronzed with such a sun as never rises in the dewy skies of Erin; from Ulster and Munster the *Gaelic costume, which set at nought* the celebrated Statutes,

was there to meet the Saxon garb of fashionable Palesmen. And the Council began its work well, in due parliamentary form, and having its own mint not devoid of something to coin.

The Irish are accused of bulls, the English of blunders, which are bulls in action. But the Council of Kilkenny, perhaps because both English and Irish elements were mingled therein, was victimized not only by the bull, but by the blunder in its most active form. It was in military matters that the presence of this presiding genius was first strikingly manifested. The Council forgot the wholesome, if inelegant, adage that "Too many cooks spoil the broth," and divided the command of their army among four generals, none being supreme; which course of action, to remove from the kitchen to the higher sphere of the laboratory, was like throwing four opposing elements into one jar, and produced something the same results. Had O'Neill commanded in chief, that opportunity would probably have occurred at once which occurred seven years later, and was there rendered useless by his death.

The Earl of Ormond makes his first appearance on the scene as the general sent to suppress the Irish rebels, who were taking up arms for liberty of conscience. The king did not trouble himself to be civil to the Confederates, though they had one and all sworn allegiance to their sovereign Lord King Charles in solemn terms. Ormond himself left in his "Red Box" an account of Charles's reasons for his rough treatment of the Confederate Catholics. "Nor was it safe for him to offer at reducing his Irish rebels by treaty, because his disaffected subjects of his two other kingdoms made his pretended favour of Popery to be the principal ground of their dissatisfaction; and the credit that calumny gained was the only means by which it was possible for the rebellious Parliament to raise forces able to resist the king's; so that, if his Majesty had gone about by treaty, or if he had not concurred with the Parliament in all the ways they could propose for suppressing it by force of arms, his least scruple or delay would have given continuance to the aforesaid calumny, and it is probable he never would have been able to have disputed his just rights as long as he did." This calumny certainly was rife among the Puritans, they who had themselves forced the king to reduce his army in Ireland; and, moreover, they have got a Hume, slanderer both of the king and of the Irish, partially to credit the accusation. It was afterwards revived, as before observed, by the Earl of Anglesey, which caused Sir Robert Southwell to refute it by dividing the guilt fairly "between the king's different enemies." *Charles certainly* resembled a child, who in climbing about a cliff *has thrust himself into* a position whence he can go neither back-

wards nor forwards. Half measures—a step first in one direction and then in another—were hardly a likely means of escape. It does seem as if it would have been a rash proceeding, at that early stage of his disasters to throw himself boldly into the arms of those Catholics, loyal at heart, with whom the Roundheads were pleased to confound and mix him up. Yet would it not have been better than the course he adopted? He knew that he could not consistently curry favour with the Parliamentarians, and he was obliged to be inconsistent afterwards even so far as to make peace with his Irish "rebels." And it certainly must be admitted, though with a reference to the advantage we are under of seeing the events in full which were then in embryo, that whatever he had done, he could not have offended the Puritans more than he actually did, seeing that they finally cut off his head.

However, as he had determined for the moment to crush the Confederates, he ordered the transportation of English and Scotch forces to Ireland. But it was necessary to pay their wages; and the Duke reveals Charles's arrangements for doing so. "He gave the royal assent to an Act of Parliament to invite and secure adventurers out of the confiscations of the Irish rebels." And yet they did but want liberty of conscience, and then they would have died for him. Did he find it as easy to content the Parliamentarians? But Charles was only one among several demented monarchs who, out of different courses, have chosen the one which leads most surely to destruction.

Ormond, though he afterwards shrank from measuring swords with Oliver Cromwell, was not altogether devoid of military talent; and the Confederates received an unheeded warning in Preston's defeat at Rathconnel. Yet they held firmly to their purpose, though they still went on quartering the command, so that the whole affair was as stable as any affair can be where there is no central authority.

It has been truly observed that had Parsons and Borlase, the two Puritan justices who then governed Ireland, continued to wield the delegated sceptre, and apply the rack in Dublin Castle, the Confederation would have prospered. It was so necessary to present an united front against such open and unmistakable foes as these, that discord could not raise its head; their aim appeared to be extermination, and no one likes to be exterminated; not a Palesman who would not join hands with a Celt to defeat such an intention. It was an evil day for the allies when in 1644 the now Marquis of Ormond supplanted Parsons and Borlase, for he was less violent, yet more dangerous; *his arguments were softer* than the rack, yet more *demoralizing. And this view of* the case is fully corroborated

in the "Account of the Carte Collection." Ormond, like the king, never thought of giving up all reference to the feelings of Charles's scrupulous English subjects, and all hope of conciliating them; though he was "not imbued with the same hatred to the Irish of the Pale as the Lords Justices and the Parliamentary leaders in England; nor was he unwilling, so far as was possible .... to consider the admitted grievances of their northern allies" (p. 115); yet he opposed their demands, and took the method which, of all the devices of diplomatic engineering, is the surest to undermine a hitherto strong edifice, and reduce it to ruins. He set them at variance among themselves. "It was Ormond's manifest policy to discourage the growth of their demands, and to throw every obstacle in the way of the consolidation of that formidable unanimity in asserting them.... which had resulted in the Confederation of Kilkenny. And thus the correspondence is full, not alone of angry denunciations of the 'exaggerated' claims of the clergy, and especially of the party of the Nuncio Rinuccini, but of suggestions and appeals to every element of disunion by which the two parties might be divided" (p. 116). Here was a far more dangerous enemy than the brutally upright justices; one who could whisper sweetly in Confederates' ears, and only resort to force when necessary.

Ormond's own position was a most peculiar one. He, too, was an Irishman, though not quite so much so as Preston and Muskerry, and far less so than O'Neill on the one hand and Murrogh of the Burnings on the other. He himself was much distressed at the name, and did his best to disown the nation which, though it has not often produced so great an adept in diplomacy as the Duke of Ormond, has certainly borne a rich harvest of saints, sages, and heroes.

It is true that Ormond's mother was a Poyntz, and that he was born in England; but his father had been a Butler of the Kilcash branch. He was a Protestant but not a Puritan; and the only Protestant of his family, having been instructed in the Church of England in his tender years by Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury. His whole career, as is natural, smacks somewhat of his early training; and he declares that "he has been strangely mistaken these forty years and upwards, if he is not by birth, education, religion"—he does not perceive the inherent weakness of the phrase—"and affection, a perfect Englishman." He was nearly connected with several families of the Pale, a circumstance which further involved his complicated position. However, of all his many accomplishments, diplomacy was his forte, *even though it* seems that it succeeded rather in harming his

enemies than in serving his friends. Still it must be remembered that he had the misfortune to be the minister of a man who was always changing his mind, and allowances must be made accordingly. Finally, Lord Ormond presented a dignified appearance in his wig and grand plumed hat, and his address was full of fascination.

It was the age of fascination, yet the charm was an unavailing one. Charles was fascinating, yet he lost his head; so was Montrose, and he met with the same fate; O'Neill was fascinating, and adored by more than two-thirds of a nation, yet he died before his time of wearing anxiety. Ormond too was fascinating; but in the period at least of which we are speaking, he attained his bad ends only and never the good, so far as concerns his public life.

In 1643, Ormond, always more merciful towards them than the Lords Justices, had been commissioned to treat with the Confederates, for Charles began to recognize the fact that he was doing his cause no good but rather harm by quarrelling with his Irish subjects. There was joy in the Supreme Council, who did not see at the time that this negotiation was their death-blow. It came early in their career, yet it was the germ of that cankerworm which sapped their life. If liberty of conscience was their aim, they should not at that moment have negotiated with Charles and Ormond except on a certainty of obtaining their demands; for success was smiling on their arms, and Preston possessed Leinster, and O'Neill the North. They who had taken the oath must needs own no other king than Charles; but they were equally bound to win the free exercise of their religion. The Gaelic confederates were clear-sighted enough to oppose the year's cessation of arms which was agreed upon with Ormond, for he would not engage to help them in their struggle with the invading Covenanters, who overran Ulster, plundering field and town. Scarampi, Urban VIII.'s envoy, was of one mind with the Gael, and argued that now was the time for winning those rights for which they had taken up arms. They could, of course, help the king afterwards if they liked. But no one listened to Scarampi, nor to the old Irish, who reaped nothing but harm from the truce. And after it came Ormond's lord-lieutenancy, the ruin of the Confederation.

The king was, of course, worried by the ultra-Protestants on account of the cessation, but he began by behaving well, owing partly, it is said, to the influence of Henrietta Maria, partly to his hope that the Confederates would send him the help of 10,000 men. And presently the Earl of Glamorgan was deputed

to make a final peace with the Irish Catholics, remove their disabilities, and to levy men for the king's service, till, to quiet the angry growls of the Parliament, Ormond and Charles, with one of their alarmingly sudden pirouettes, threw Glamorgan into prison on his return to Dublin. Such occurrences as these were vexatious; they naturally made the Confederates believe that the king was playing them false—as indeed he was likely to do in his efforts to conciliate first one party, then the other; and they declared that not a soldier should leave the country on his behalf till Glamorgan should be released, and released he accordingly was. But far from resenting his imprisonment, he coolly observed that Ormond had acted well. No wonder that the old Irish eyed the negotiations suspiciously.

Meanwhile a new and most important actor in the intricate Kilkenny drama had appeared on the stage, no less a personage than the celebrated Gianbattista Rinuccini, the Nuncio sent by Innocent X. to the Irish Confederates, and on whose tomb may yet be read the pregnant words—

"Ad fœderatos Catholicos Hiberniæ pontificio legatione functo."

He was a remarkable man occupying a remarkable position; deeply studious, severely virtuous, inflexible in principle, having, as it seems, a power to bow the stronger will when the weaker was left uninfluenced. He had seen the queen in Paris, who, long suspected by her enemies of sympathy with the Confederates, had become really favourable towards them since the battle of Naseby; he had narrowly escaped being taken prisoner by a Parliamentary cruiser; he had made a triumphal entry into Kilkenny, amid gorgeous banners, and peals of bells, and a Latin oration from a young student who has some claims to pity when it is called to mind that all this pomp took place in torrents of rain, which must have shown the Tuscan Nuncio what sort of weather he had to expect in Ireland. Yet in spite of the rain it was a grand day for the Confederates.

Rinuccini loved the Irish, especially the 'mere Irish.' He knew that their hearts were bound up in the freedom of their religion. And the keen Italian saw at a glance that whoever negotiated with Charles and Ormond must bind them fast. He was not averse to the relief of Chester; but he would have the Confederates claim as its price, that which was the object of their confederation. A good part of them agreed with him; but *the other part* would leave the king to decide, after they had *helped him, what* he should give them in return for their help. *Division was among* them; it was the beginning of the end.

The treaty was one to excite the wonder of all who are not well acquainted with the general character of the "Lords of the Pale," for they are responsible for such a treaty having been signed at all, as it finally was. The first article stipulates that Catholics should not be bound to take the oath of supremacy; the twenty-first that the "Graces" which Charles in the fourth year of his reign had promised them, should be asked for again from the ensuing parliament. And not another condition relative to religion is mentioned. The Confederates at once made ready the troops who were to embark for England, but the treaty had been too long delayed; Chester had fallen, and the embarkation was no longer necessary.

That this peace was not the wish or deed of the nation, who had taken up arms for liberty of conscience, nor of the clergy, who opposed it steadily and consistently, cannot be too strongly insisted on; because Ormond has brought against them accusations of treachery, so angrily couched, that they are quite alarming, as coming from the self-possessed grandee. The Lords of the Pale, always distinguished since the first for a half-hearted policy, and forming the large majority of the Supreme Council, are answerable for the peace of 1646.

Poor Henrietta Maria, it appears, had discussed with the Pontiff by letter a treaty much more favourable to the Irish, and including the English Catholics, who looked anxiously for help to the friendly Confederates. The Nuncio's wish was all for this treaty; but either from delay, which was the disease of the time, or from the queen's powerlessness to act, it fell through, and is heard of no more. To the far more favourable terms which Glamorgan had proposed, Henrietta had evidently been a party; for Lord FitzWilliam wrote to the Supreme Council at her command expressing a far greater regard for the Confederates than for Ormond, together with an opinion, which reads like keen satire, that they were now all united among themselves!

All this time and long before, the Scots originally introduced by Hamilton had been in Ulster, curbed only by the genius of Eoghan O'Neill. Neither was it an easy matter to curb them, seeing that it took three years to get together and discipline an army, with all his talent for the organization of troops; seeing also that the Scots were commanded by so experienced a soldier as Munro, himself an old officer of Gustavus Adolphus. There is the dry comicality of his race about Munro: not so much the voluntary humour of a light and witty spirit, as the involuntary humour of misplaced solemnity. Probably he little thought, when fighting under *the Lion of the North*, that he should be *disastrously defeated in the distant* wilds of Ulster, by a rising, *but as yet unheard-of, pupil* of the "Rother Hut,"—yet so it

was. We have it on the authority of one of his foes, the real author of what goes by the name of "Eoghan O'Neill's Journal," that Munro spoke broad Scotch, indeed the very broadest; but even without that authority it is impossible to read the smallest effort of his grave pen without being certain of the fact. His pen sometimes did make efforts, as in the "Munro, his Expedition," &c. (for none but the author himself could write out the title in full), wherein among other spicy records he relates how a soldier was deemed much disgraced in the eyes of all brave men because he neglected to challenge a minister who had reproved him for misconduct. As to Munro's despatches, they rather tickle the fancy of the profane than excite the admiration of the lover of veracity. Withal he was strong in battle; made indefatigable attempts to induce O'Neill to fight while as yet unprepared, and on one occasion took advantage of his personal imprudence to try and make him prisoner in a lane. But Fortune did not smile on the soldier of Gustavus as brightly as his education and his energy deserved; and she had ready for him the downfall which follows self-conceit, in the famous battle of Benburb.

These Scots were now in league with the Parliamentarians, and were often supplied from England with arms and money; indeed Munro had only just taken leave of their commissioners when he met O'Neill at Benburb on a splendid June morning, when the sun for once shone cloudless. The summer dawn, the heathy slopes, the devotions with which the Irish army began the battle, the advance of the Scots along the river bank, the hot and gorgeous afternoon, the hopeless rout, the flight of Munro without cloak or wig, the prostrate thousands strewn on the battle-field in the light warm night of June, form an *ensemble* common in all history, but ever to be dwelt on fondly by two-thirds of the nation. Only two-thirds, or perhaps a little more; it were not judicious to fall into the mistake of the young lady who, with great simplicity, complimented an Irish friend of strong Protestant principles on the battle of Benburb, but was soon made aware of her mistake by the offended party assuring her that "The Boyne is our great battle."

It is sad to reflect that when the day of Benburb was over, every one conducted himself as he should not have done. Munro wrote straight off from Carrickfergus, first to the English commissioners, observing that it behoved him to taste of bitterness; and secondly, to the Parliament, computing the troops and field-pieces with which he had begun the battle at a cipher which shows subtraction to have been his forte. His statements do not seem to have been entirely credited, for the posters which informed the wrathful Londoners of his defeat

give his losses at a pretty round number. But Munro never ought to have been in Carrickfergus at all; for now was the time when he could and should have been driven not only from that stronghold, named after Charles I.'s ancestor, but out of Ireland altogether. The thirteenth fairy, however, seems to have worn a black cap at O'Neill's christening; and when all her sisters were showering their gifts on the royal child, she decreed with a wave of her broomstick that he should never reap their fruits.

It was at this time that the peace negotiation was going forward in its crotchety, quarrelsome way; and it was natural that the Nuncio, after his procession and solemn mass of thanksgiving for the great victory of Benburb, of which he sent the tattered banners to Rome, should look with horror on the readiness of the Confederates, in their strength and glory, to place themselves so meekly in the power of Charles's whims. The king, at that moment, seems to have had some thoughts of coming to Ireland, if a letter he wrote to Glamorgan can be trusted. Unfortunately he gave Ormond at the very same time to understand that he would not have the peace at all; though Ormond must have known that he did not mean what he said, since that faithful and sorely-tried Lord-Lieutenant persistently brought the negotiation to a conclusion, and ever afterwards declared that he did so at the king's command. The peace certainly was not one which need greatly have roused the jealousy of the Puritans. The indignant Nuncio called for help to his Celtic favourite, who had just beaten Munro; and O'Neill came in haste at his bidding, and marched towards Kilkenny. To understand historical characters and their actions, the critic should make himself their contemporary, and place himself in their position; and doubtless the impulse to go southward was potent with O'Neill. For the Nuncio exercised upon him all the influence which that upright prelate knew how to wield over certain natures; the austere, enthusiastic, inflexible, and keen Italian had won a heart which was clear and limpid but vehement as Ulidian mountain torrents. Besides, the victorious chieftain had given up all for his religion, and here was a peace which made no provision for its exercise, and left the king to decide how much or how little he would concede. O'Neill left the Scots in Ulster; and if the author of "Munro his Expedition, &c." did not chuckle, it must have been only because he thought chuckling below the dignity of one who had taken the Covenant.

Not only would the clerics and the people have none of the peace; *O'Neill and Preston, in a rare fit of unanimity against Ormond, agreed in condemning* the imperfect treaty; and

Ormond himself, who was in Munster, very nearly became their prisoner, only escaping them by running away in a manner unbecoming to a marquis and a viceroy, and by the complaisance of an officer who allowed him to cross Leighlin bridge. Perhaps the memory of this hurried flight edged the bitterness of Ormond's words, when he afterwards recalled the breach of the Peace of '46. To the "Red Box" he consigned his assertion that it was an "infamous breach," and due to the Nuncio and Irish clergy; and he speaks rancorously of the conduct of O'Neill and Preston at this juncture. O'Neill had always been the indignant enemy of the treaty; rightly so, since his oath bound him to "defend, uphold, and maintain the free exercise of the Roman Catholic faith and religion throughout this land;" a clause which the Council would seem to have forgotten when they placed this darling object in the king's power to give or withhold as he pleased. Preston, it is true, had at at first celebrated the arrangement with rejoicings; but he announced a change of mind when he found that nearly everybody was against the peace. As to the bishops, in spite of Clarendon's assertion to the contrary as far as the Nuncio is concerned, they signed a protest condemning any treaty which failed to provide, not only for liberty of conscience, but for the restoration of plundered church property, and the appointment of a Catholic Viceroy. And Rinuccini and his party triumphed. None of those who were not responsible for the peace observed it. If the Nuncio ever saw the sun shine while in Ireland, it must have been at this hopeful period.

His rôle in the Kilkenny drama is that of the open and clear-headed if at times imprudent character, who found himself thwarted by events, which events went wrong because the people round about him were so troublesome as not to attend to his advice when he counselled them aright. The puzzled student has cause to thank him at least for being consistent.

As to the Marquis of Ormond, the part which he played is all the more difficult to analyze, because it has been extolled as glorious by his admirers, and denounced as hateful by his detractors. His own pen has made sundry efforts to explain the mystery of his doings in Ireland, and was greatly occupied as it seems, with excusing any leniency he may have shown towards either side. He paints himself somewhat as a perplexed Colossus of Rhodes; and perplexed he doubtless was. What with sympathy for the Lords of the Pale, and fear of the old Irish and the Puritans, and regard for the King, and dislike to the Catholic claims, he must have had a hard time of it. *It should be borne in* mind that Ormond was Charles's servant, *and unlike those* servants of modern days, who oppose them-

selves even to carrying out their master's good intentions, he followed Charles for good and bad as nearly as might be, considering the contradictory orders which he sometimes received. With one party, and that the clearer-headed party, Ormond incurred great odium, probably because he obeyed too closely the wishes of the hard-pressed, unhappy, vacillating King. "He would rather," says a vehemently "Old Irish" writer, "have seen the crescent flying from Dublin Castle than the colours of the Confederates." It appears that he preferred those of the Parliamentarians to either. Possibly a Charles and an Ormond might associate the triumph of the Confederation with the complete political separation of the two countries, which was in nowise a part of its programme, nor a necessary sequence of events. Be that as it may, Ormond very narrowly escaped seeing the hated colours flying from those dismal towers. He is discovered awaiting in terror the report of that first gun that never was fired, when the Confederates have made up their mind to march once for all upon Dublin, because it is believed, not without reason, that Ormond will give it to the Puritans rather than see an Irish soldier within its walls. He begins to feel as if he had escaped across Leighlin bridge in vain, while his lady carries baskets of earth to the ramparts, and the "Dublin cits" tremble in expectation of the terrible "creaghts" bursting in all the glory of their black glibs and saffron shirts into the streets and warehouses. The Confederates lie encamped along the banks of the Liffey. Their fires light up the wintry nights; Ormond can count them, and plentiful they are.

Why did not the living waves fling themselves against the weak defences of the capital? It was the old story, the new story, the perpetual story, acted out everywhere to some extent, but more especially in Ireland, the chosen abode of the Kilkenny species of cat. That army had two leaders, and they quarrelled—beneath the very walls of the city they quarrelled. Not that they broke openly, insulted each other face to face and named a friend; but they had for some time past been in a chronic state of dissension, in spite of their unanimity about the peace. Nothing could set the tetchy son of the house of Gormanstown at one with the gallant and brilliant Celtic prince who possessed the hearts of the "mere Irish." The Nuncio could not do it, though he had settled the quarrel of the two O'Neills. Gael and Gael might meet, but Gael and Palesman never, though the angles of their Gaelism and Paleism had been rubbed against half the nationalities of Europe. It would have been worth while even to be friends when the Puritans were ahead; but Thomas Preston could not bring his mind thereto. He kept Rinuccini con-

tinually on the march, through the bleak November weather, from "Your Grace knows that General Preston is not to be trusted, and as likely as not is setting a trap for me," to "If your Grace knew what the Old Irish and their ferocity are, you would see that they mean to annihilate me." Probably what his Grace knew best was that the Italian sun was glowing warmly on his peaceful archiepiscopal palace far away at Fermo. How polite was the Palesman, how deferential the Milesian, and yet how impossible it was to make them see clearly that Ormond was laughing at them over the feeble ramparts which the Marchioness had strengthened with baskets of earth. It is a story such as this which raises a doubt whether Irish existence, with all its glow of generosity, and purity, and domestic love, can be sustained without feud and discord. Yet how can she be a firm edifice and bulwark of civilization unless she cease to be a "heap of uncementing sand"?

"What rare fun we'll have fighting among ourselves when we do get the land," was the reflection of a member of the Riband Vehm-gericht. The grimly humorous Vehm-gerichter knew his countrymen's tendencies—felt them, no doubt, rampant within himself. Would not his shillelagh be down in a trice on the heads of the twenty or thirty who should dispute his acre with him? And is not the same feeling manifested by the Fenian beyond the Atlantic, by the Ribandman in his barn, the Orangeman in his lodge, and the improvised herald who would have every low-born spalpeen from the other side of the bay, river, or lake, to know that the O'Mores, O'Sullivans, or O'Tooles have the best blood in them?

Less tangible, but more fatal than the ordinary instrument of Hibernian wrath, were the shillelaghs which crossed each other in airy combat beneath the walls of Dublin. Preston, it appears, was chiefly to blame, though the fault of the brave and pure-hearted O'Neill seems to have been a touch of fiery temper, not to be excused by the common reflection that it ran in the blood. He had some reason to distrust his colleague; and had he alone commanded, no doubt Dublin would have fallen.

They had been twelve days before the city without firing a shot. Fifteen days, according to O'Neill, would have sufficed to reduce it even afterwards, when occupied by Puritan troops. The weather was bitterly cold, though it had no power to cool the tempers which burned beneath those inclement skies. At last a false report, that the Parliamentarians had landed and were within the capital caused the Confederates to break up *their camps and depart*, and the golden opportunity was gone, *never to return.*

Here is a dark stain on the blotted page of the memorial which History's muse was sadly and untidily keeping! Yet both the generals who did not take Dublin were brave and good soldiers, and neither was a cruel conqueror. O'Neill had shown a trait of peculiar generosity when, though cut to the heart at the hazy-headed Castlehaven being preferred before him in the earlier part of the war, he had yet gone to pay him a congratulatory visit: and Preston, though sweetness of that kind was out of his sphere, yet showed on more than one occasion a bright example of humanity to the Parliamentarians and such-like foes, which it is a pity, on the whole, that they did not follow.

When the dreaded columns had withdrawn from the chill banks of the Liffey, Ormond began to fear the Puritans, and, half relenting, wished to admit some of Preston's troops; but even Preston, though possessed with a great regard for the lord-lieutenant, was obliged to reject his terms. The Marquis's Protestantism forbade him to make concessions, and as no one had any intention of giving troops away Ormond and Dublin were left to subside until the Puritans should come.

They did come, and soon, and were received by the Marquis himself; and before May three thousand of them were in his garrisons. This is, perhaps, the most extraordinary passage in Ormond's public life. His own explanation of it forms another of those MS. memoirs in which he recalls and seeks to justify the policy of the past. After recalling the peril and unprofitableness of his post, he observes that he held his footing "above a year after his late Majesty put himself into the hands of the Scotch at Newcastle.... Notwithstanding that he was soon after in their power, they obtained his Majesty's command to me for the delivery of all the places I held for him to the House of Parliament, then sitting at Westminster." They were surrendered then at the king's command, but, according to Ormond's own account, it was a command extorted from him by his own ungenerous and doubtfully loyal Scottish subjects. The Lord-lieutenant may possibly have thought that an alliance with the Confederate Irish would have been fraught with great danger to the king, though the British rebels were certainly at that time not yet ripe for the terrible crime which ultimately crowned their rebellion; and only a year later, when he was in far greater peril, his representatives were forced to make that very alliance after all. Ormond becomes perplexing when he goes on to state what are apparently the king's own free reasons for ordering him to take the astounding course he did; because there is a doubt raised as to how far it was the king's wish, *and how far the wish* of the Scotch. Ormond *first observes that he himself* was reduced to great straits by

so many enemies on different sides, as he undoubtedly was; and then relates how he "surrendered Dublin and all the other garrisons to Mr. Arthur Annesley and others, commissioned by the Parliament to receive them, and his Majesty judging it to be more agreeable to his interest and profession for the maintenance of the Protestant religion, to put those places into the hands of the English rather than the Irish rebels." Poor monarch! he had few besides rebels now; and no wonder, since, with so unwonted a consistency, he constantly mistook his own interests. Ormond gives the sentiments just quoted as the king's own, so that it would appear as if he at least in some measure agreed with his Protestant subjects on this matter, besides relying more fully on their clemency and fidelity than on those of the Irish. Subsequent events formed a striking comment on the decision of him who had escaped as Mr. Ashburnham's servant into the Scottish lines, confident in the loyalty of his Northern kingdom! "Judging, likewise," Ormond goes on to say, "that though both had broken their faith and natural allegiance by raising a rebellion, yet the English, who would have no peace with him but upon intolerable conditions, and so could not break it, were preferable, for that and many other reasons, to the Irish, who had made so solemn a peace as it is possible to stipulate, and yet perfidiously broke it by uniting their whole force against his lieutenantcy." He could have added that it was possible the Irish might have some remembrance of the king's own behaviour in the matter of the "Graces," promised almost at the beginning of his reign; but there seems to have been a general impression that the Irish alone were bound by obligations, even obligations which they had always protested against taking on themselves. In spite of Charles's tolerably persistent enmity towards them, "Pro Rege" was a significant part of the Confederates' motto, and they would all along have been in earnest for the king, had the king been for them. Had he at the beginning, or even now, thrown himself upon their loyalty, the vacillating head of Charles I. might, such as it was, have remained upon his shoulders. Had he fled to the Irish instead of to the Scots, with what an outburst of affection would the royal fugitive have been hailed by a people monarchical in disposition, sympathetic with distress, and given to shelter those who are in hiding! Even now the Confederates were far from being ill-disposed towards him. Preston was always hankering after the friendship of the Lord-lieutenant, and O'Neill wished to make the king's welfare only second to the freedom and triumph of religion. This may sound strangely as said of him who has so often been represented as aiming at that which is known as complete separa-

tion; but as the Commissioners observe in p. 121, "it is very evident from his letters in the Carte collection that the popular notion that he was contending absolutely for the independence of Ireland is erroneous. He was a Royalist in the strict sense." When, in 1643, Sir Robert Stewart, the Governor of Culmore Fort, addressed him as being in rebellion, he replied with the promptitude which usually distinguished his epistolary, and sometimes his military efforts: "Sir, in that particular we imagine we are in no rebellion ourselves, but do really fight for our prince, in defence of his royal crown and prerogative, wherein we shall continue, and die to the last man." So again, six years later, when he was himself dying, he declared most solemnly in his last letter to Ormond, that throughout the war his "intention . . . tended to no particular ambic'on or privat interest of myne owne (notwithstanding what was or may be thought to the contrary)"—as though he foresaw the accusations which would be brought against him by posterity, nay, by Ormond himself—"but truly and sincerely to the preservac'on of my religion, the advancement of his Maties service and just liberties of this nac'on;" a declaration in perfect harmony with the Oath of Association. It was a pity that the king did not look for help to such allies as these. For the unhappy monarch might well have been aided from either of his minor kingdoms; from Scotland, but the canny Scot, as Charles might have suspected thinking perhaps, that so uncertain a possession was best off his hands at a good bargain, sold him for one famous groat; from Ireland, had he and his deputy chosen to coalesce with his friends rather than with his enemies. On the other hand, the English rebels had already proved themselves implacable; for had the king's former severity with the Irish stopped the mouths of the Puritans, or prevented them from warring against him? and did the intolerable conditions on which they insisted hinder them from carrying their enmity to the last mortal extremity? All went wrong for Charles.

Lord Ormond, then, surrendered to the Parliamentarians who hated both his king and his country. He turned to Murrogh of the Burnings, who was held to have forfeited the name of O'Brien, and who looms forth through the smoke of church and roof-tree, a perpetual and terrible specimen of a Gaelic Puritan. Lord Ormond turned to Jones, to Cromwell, to any rather than the Confederates. Preston was shocked, as well he might be; he saw perhaps too late that he had better have taken Dublin before it was irrevocably given up to the common enemy.

There was *one old man in Dublin* whose fidelity to the king *shines out brightly amid the* surrounding gloom. This old

man was Smith, the mayor, who refused to surrender the keys of the capital to his sovereign's foes. He could not believe that he was expected to do so by that very sovereign, until Ormond read him a letter from Charles, which convinced the poor old mayor that the Viceroy was disloyal only by the King's desire, and he gave way. Ormond's enemies have based terrible accusations on this letter; nevertheless, it seems as if he was acting as honestly as he could, though in this case fidelity would rather have consisted in disobedience. Had the Lord-lieutenant made up his mind to be bold, gracious, and decisive, had he in the king's name granted the demands of the Confederates, appealed to their honour and loyalty, and landed in England with an army of twenty thousand men to release the king, the thirtieth of January would probably have never been so doleful a day, and the Marquis of Ormond would have won undying laurels. However, he did not take that generous and daring course; on the contrary, he admitted the Puritans into Dublin, Drogheda, and Dundalk, after which episode he departed for a while from the scene; and as he looked back from the deck across the matchless bay of Dublin, he prophesied that he should one day return there gloriously.

The only advantage of this retirement of Ormond is to the student of history, as it takes one element of discord from among the many which perplex him when he reads the complicated chronicles of the civil war. Thenceforward the struggle was between the Confederates and the Puritans. Yet there were still Ormondists, though there was no Ormond; and to their half-measures the Nuncio resolutely opposed himself, sustained by Nicholas French, a learned and energetic man, whose fancy it was every now and then to propose that Preston should be arrested. Colonel Jones commanded the Puritan forces, and one day, having marched out of Dublin, he administered to Preston a crushing defeat on Dungan Hill. Yet the conqueror of Preston dared not meet O'Neill, in itself a proof of what the victor of Benburb might have done had he been invested with the supreme command, being quick, steady, and careful of his men. He was more beloved by the Irish than ever, and more out of favour with the Pale party, though without any fault of his own. A clever writer living abroad had penned in a book the cool proposal that Charles's grey and already pretty well discrowned head should be relieved altogether of the crown of Ireland, which, it was argued, would better fit a more Milesian brow. The Irish need not look far for a new sovereign who would well wield both sword and sceptre; at least so thought the *Ormondists, fiercely* positive that O'Neill was intended, as no *doubt he was.* Yet there can be no question that he would in

any case have refused the crown—he of whose honour "when once he engaged himself," even Ormond had a high opinion, —who, in truth, preserved it stainless, and who, even setting aside his letters professing perfect loyalty, had taken the oath, "That I will, during my life, bear true faith and allegiance to Charles my sovereign lord." It is interesting, nevertheless, to surmise what would have happened had it been possible honestly to accomplish such a design; to think of the wild enthusiasm of the Irish; the antique style of the coronation; the advantage gained at least of a supreme authority; the Ormondists placed in mild imprisonment; the cessation of talk and parley; the Montgomeries, Hamiltons, Chichesters, and all who had profited by the Sham Plot of 1607, sent off *de part le roi*, and *guerre à l'outrance* against the Puritans. But none of these alarming events took place; only the Ormondists grew even more obstinate, and declared the clever writer guilty of high treason; then they made treaties with Burning Murrogh, and were fierce against O'Neill, though he had saved Kilkenny and the Council from Jones and his Ironsides. Meanwhile, he was a prey to grief and mortification, remembering, it may be, that summer's day when his frigate left the port of Dunkerque, with hope and fair winds attending her on her way.

As to the philo-Celtic Nuncio, he took leave of the misty western isle, of troublesome Palesmen, of warm-hearted "mere Irish," and of their valiant chieftain whom he loved, and returned to the land of myrtle and olive, where the Head of the Church greeted him with the words, "Temerarie te gessisti." If he acted rashly, at least he always acted in good faith. No temporizing, no trimming, no vacillation, no departure from principle, can be laid at the door of that true but unhappy man.

Perhaps the heart which ached least of all was that of the Marquis of Ormond. He reappears upon the scene, not as the glorious conqueror of his own prophecy, but as the struggling opponent of the Puritans, whom he had himself admitted into the country. Strange to say, everything which now happened, and everything which he was obliged to do, combined to contradict and throw ridicule on his former policy. He had spent the better part of his short exile in Paris, where he saw the Queen and the Prince of Wales. They bade him return upon his footsteps, and do exactly what he should have done a year before; in the concise words of Dr. Russell and Mr. Prendergast—"They enjoined him to return to Ireland, to concede the principal demands of the Irish, to conclude a peace with them, and thus to effect a union between the Protestant, Presbyterian, and Catholic Royalists, in other words, *the English, Scotch, and Irish of* that country, in an endeavour

to save the King from the fate which the Queen and Prince now feared for him" (p. 118). They had come to see at last that alienating the Irish did not conciliate the English; so the Marquis returned in a different character to the island, but not to the city, where, on three other occasions, he had represented Royalty. It was not too late to save the country; rather, the time had come for the final contest; but it was too late to save the King. Not long afterwards the tragedy was enacted which even now is matter for indignation; the dark 30th of January dawned, which saw the hapless Charles I. lose head and crowns together; and meanwhile internal feud had burnt so fiercely in Ireland that O'Neill and Preston had positively made war upon each other at last, and Preston naturally suffered a severe defeat. Ormond, whose feelings must surely have been of the saddest and most uncomfortable description, shows to advantage in the gloomy year which began with that gloomy January, though in it he sustained a defeat for ever linked with his name. But now the demon of discord is suddenly laid, and the blessed spectacle of union begins to dawn upon the sight. It seems like the justice of history that, "from Ormond's return to Ireland in 1648 to his flight in 1651 he held his authority in some sense in common with the body which, under the title of Commissioners of Trust, represented the Confederate Catholics." As to the old Confederation, headed by the Supreme Council, it is no more—dead of loyalty to Charles and regard for Ormond; but there is a joining of hands which promises well.

One of the first "Old Irish" notables won by Ormond in his new character was the redoubtable and much-maligned Sir Phelim O'Neill. After Sir Phelim had been reconciled by the Nuncio to his kinsman Eoghan, he preserved his friendship with him sufficiently intact to fight under his banner; and at Benburb Sir Phelim commanded a division, which, contrary to the custom of his general, he forbade to give quarter to the Scots, who gave none themselves. Somehow there always seems to have existed in Sir Phelim's heart a smouldering opposition to the world in general, and more particularly to his illustrious cousin; and on Ormond's return to Ireland he hastened to meet him at Kilkenny, and was recommended to him by the Assembly as "worthy of his Highness's especial favour"; and Ormond thereupon gave him a regiment of foot and the governorship of Charlemont Fort. All this was without the consent of Eoghan O'Neill, who "held off, unable to pardon Ormonde" his rendition of the garrisons, and "believing *also that, according* to his own declaration at Athlone, there *could be no true* union between the English and Irish." Never-

theless fire and water, in the shapes of O'Neill and Ormond, were destined to coalesce.

There was good need for union, for Cromwell, the regicide, the mighty captain, was on his way to Ireland, where he thought to add fresh lustre to his glory. He left London in state, with a coach and six, his Ironsides trooping after him, and humming surly hymns in their joy at being about to crush the sister isle and her pagan inhabitants, and all the pious city wishing him well, and advising him to bind their kings in chains, and their nobles in links of iron. Cromwell was very willing to follow such congenial advice, only he had reason to doubt whether it would be so easy a matter as these well-wishers supposed. He was not fondly confident of his own success, and often anticipated some interruption to its rapid course. He knew that the Israelites had sometimes been permitted to flee before their enemies, and all the beefsteaks and ale with which he fortified himself could not put certain hope into his heart. There were Amalekites who were strong in battle, and who might fulfil the prediction of the Quaker woman when she broke the trencher in Cromwell's presence, saying that "so shall he be broken in pieces."

Still, Cromwell would never let failure be his own fault. He had become generalissimo of the army in Ireland on purpose to acquire fresh laurels, and he began well at Drogheda, by putting all the Amalekites therein—men, women, and children—to the sword, on the 12th of September, 1649, his fortunate month and year. A short time before, while Cromwell was yet in England, Ormond's fame had been severely diminished—except to those who considered Ormond's fame as incapable of diminution—by his defeat at Rathmines, in the neighbourhood of Dublin. He could not plead that he had been beaten by the invincible brewer, for it was Colonel Jones who routed him with slaughter, and took his arms and baggage. Jones was doubtless a man of talent: it was he who crushed Preston at Dungan Hill; and though he dared not set foot beyond the walls of Dublin, because O'Neill lay waiting for him, this is rather a proof of the Irish hero's prowess than of the Puritan's deficiency. But still it is impossible not to feel more dissatisfied with Ormond for having been vanquished by Jones, than if he had fled before the man whose privilege it was to walk through iron walls. He soon, however, recovered from the blow, for which proceeding he had a fortunate aptitude, and set about making arrangements for the defence of Drogheda. One trait in Ormond's character is particularly pleasing and graceful; namely, his chivalrous care for the safety of women. In *p. 132 of the "Account of the* Carte Collection," is given his

letter to the Earl of Derby on behalf of Lady Tichborne, wife of a former governor of the town. She was "particularly threatened with ruin," because she was considered to be "Irish," although her husband had held Drogheda against Sir Phelim O'Neill in '41. Even with the intriguing Lady Willmot Ormond dealt gently, on account of her age and former good conduct, in spite of the inclination of her grandson, the governor, to "make pouther of her." To this terrible fate he himself fell a victim. He had a wooden leg; and during the massacre the Puritans, who believed that he kept his gold in this artificial limb, took it off and searched it; but finding nothing therein they knocked out Sir Arthur's brains with it, and hewed him to pieces. More fortunate was he who flashes into history, sometimes rather luridly, as "Dick Talbot"; imitating certain insects he lay as if dead, and thus escaped with his life, destined forty years later to play a chequered part in another Irish war as Duke of Tyrconnell.

Though Ormond was beaten at Rathmines, and Preston at Dungan Hill, by the same formidable Jones, there was one Irishman yet who could rival even Cromwell himself. The victor of Benburb might well measure swords with the victor of Naseby and Marston Moor, and the hopes of the country turned towards Eoghan O'Neill. The two generals seemed to be well matched—that pair in every respect so dissimilar, except in their supreme military genius. Both possessed the unlimited confidence of their soldiers, though different indeed was the cold and resolute reliance which the Ironsides placed on their commander, to the warm and enthusiastic devotion of the Irish to their chief. O'Neill had been well-trained, and taught the art of war in his boyhood; Cromwell was near fifty before he began to fight at all; but he had already shown that the energy of talent and fanaticism supplied in his case the want of that education which all the other great soldiers of his day had received in the school of the Thirty Years' War.

And now all Irishmen wished—and Ormond, whether an Irishman or not, wished too—for deliverance from Cromwell, and looked for that deliverance to the hand which wielded worthily the sword of Hugh O'Neill, lately restored to the collateral descendant of the great Earl; and even the Scotch Covenanters of Ulster, who had now gone over to the service of the King, were at last destined to be in alliance with the Irish general who had "rubbed shame" upon their faces at Benburb.

It was on the 10th of August, 1649, that O'Neill had made *a truce with Monk*, the dubious Parliamentarian who afterwards brought back Charles II., and was made a duke for his

pains. This truce, and the arrangements which accompanied it, furnish an amusing episode, such as is sure occasionally to enliven chronicles in which Irishmen and Puritans conjointly had a part. O'Neill was not superstitious, and saw no harm in concluding a truce with Monk when a truce with Monk was the best means of serving the cause for the time being; but it was different with Hugh Peters, the great Puritan preacher. The news of Monk's negotiation reached London; Peters mounted the pulpit at Westminster Abbey, and made the sacred arches ring to his denunciations of the backslider and his unholy alliance with the powers of darkness, until all who heard showed the entire whites of their eyes in pious horror. General Monk's idea of what the powers of darkness were, evidently differed from that of Hugh Peters, but he dared not offend that worthy and all whom he and his sermon influenced, so he broke the unholy alliance, and resolved to put off backsliding to a more convenient period.

This rupture with Monk opened the way to a better treaty for O'Neill, and now at last that occurred which promised the most for victory over the Parliamentarians,—a coalition between the old Irish and Ormond. It took place at last; O'Neill saw the inestimable advantages of it, and thought the time had come for forgetting Dublin, Dundalk, and Drogheda; and the Marquis had learned that, for his own safety's sake, he must turn towards the object of his former dread, from whom he had fled in so great alarm across Leighlin bridge, whose lands he was supposed to have settled hopelessly on the Hamiltons, and who had formerly been the chief object of his dread. Ormond was not disposed to be Quixotic; and as to the uncomfortable circumstance of asking for help from a quarter whence he had always assumed that evil only could come, he knew that he must doff for the moment that dignity which had already received more than one severe blow. In fact, he saw that the help of the Ulidians was necessary to him and to his cause; and that help was not denied him. Indeed, he found O'Neill equally eager for an alliance, and quite ready to give him the support of those terrible long-haired creaghts whom the Gaelic prince held in his leash, and whom Ormond had been wont to fear as he might a Tartar horde or an army of bloodhounds. So astonishingly great and sudden was the confidence in Ormond which O'Neill now manifested, that before the treaty between them was signed he told off three thousand of his well-trained troops, and sent them southward under Colonel O'Farrell on or about the 12th of October. In one whose principle it had been for some years that Ormond was not to be trusted, this piece of confidence appears so great that it

would seem to be the effect of a fevered state of the brain, though it is a fact not less strange than true that Ormond possessed the power of getting every one to believe in him when he chose, even by letter, to make himself agreeable; and his correspondence with O'Neill in '49 was very agreeable indeed. However, he kept faith as to these three thousand men: they were victims, not to his treachery, but to his incapacity.

The days were now closing in fast, and the autumn drew on apace. The real crisis had arrived. There had not as yet been a combination of events which could be called the crisis; but now, with an united Ireland opposed to a Puritan invasion, two great captains, evenly matched, and such an earnestness on both sides as can never be produced by a war not underlaid by some vital principle, the situation was unequalled. Ormond, waxing ever more anxious as Cromwell loomed up before him, awaited at Waterford with hot impatience the approach of his new ally, with whom he was to go forth and meet the regicide. O'Neill neither would nor could desert him, and on the power of O'Neill's sword all depended. Now it was to be seen whether or no Cromwell was invincible; now the fate of hearths, altars, country, must be decided once for all. But one day, while Ormond waited, there rode into his camp a horseman in military mourning. What did he want there? He had come to tell the Marquis of Ormond that O'Neill was dead. Though he had passed all his life under fire, he had not lost it on the battlefield or in the deadly breach; he drooped on the march southward, and expired quietly in the castle of Oughter, or Uacder, the seat of his faithful "slasher" Miles O'Reilly and now that of his own brother-in-law Philip. He died of poison, as a part of the world was pleased to call the low fever which carried him off. It is true that when at Derry he dined with the Parliamentarian Coote, but a dose received there could hardly prove fatal at the end of twenty-four days or more. And as if to obviate this difficulty, a whisper was raised which laid the guilt on a pair of russet boots. Indeed Plunket, who sent the suspected boots, afterwards bragged loudly that he it was who had destroyed Sisera; and yet his anxiety to take upon himself the glorious responsibility hardly does away with doubt on the subject, especially as the very possibility of his assertion may be questioned. The loss of O'Neill may be more easily accounted for otherwise. Dr. Russell and Mr. Prendergast, it is true, say that he fell mortally sick at Cavan, and of course in proportion as his death was *sudden*, it leaves more room for suspicion of poisoning, though *Coote must still be* exonerated; but the story sometimes goes *that his health began* to fail at Derry, and that he died some

three weeks afterwards, the natural course of typhoid fever, which is always common in Ireland, and was sure to be particularly so at that time. The tainted air, the damp and dreary autumn, haste, anxiety, and the wear-and-tear of many past troubles, account for the dire calamity, and take away the necessity of laying this crime also at the door of the Sassenach.

However it happened, the beloved chief of the Gaelic Irish died, and was buried at Cavan Abbey, wearing the Dominican habit. His place of burial was concealed, for the lonely dignity of death inspired no respect in the Ironsides, as is proved by many a broken tombstone in the churches and churchyards of England. It is impossible, even without the exquisitely tuneful though somewhat too romantic summons of the poet to "weep the Victor of Benburb," not to regret the chivalrous, constant, and self-devoted hero of the Civil War; for there is no other actor in that drama who can compare with Eoghan O'Neill, taking the leaders all in all. He was a fine specimen of his race; and the adoring love with which his countrymen regarded him shows their appreciation of so high a type. He is, too, a proof of the genius which pure Celtic blood can produce; nor does the enmity with which many regarded him prove anything more than that the green-eyed passion of envy reared its snaky form against him, as against so many other distinguished men. His talent surpassed that of all his colleagues and allies put together; but the gifted spirit fled just when the whole country relied most fully upon its aid.

His death entailed not only the loss of his genius, but the extinction for many precious months of every particle of the hopeful energy which had lately burned so brightly in the Irish heart. The grief was wild, the keen was piercing, and it was the keen of his cause as well as of the chieftain himself; for the Irish could muster neither skill nor vigour in the thick darkness which followed the setting of their guiding star. "The rudder of our ship was he," says the modern bard,—an assertion which clashes somewhat strangely and awkwardly with the similes of the "Naval Allegory," wherein Ormond is represented as commanding the "Good Shipp Ireland," with eventual success, though the author confesses that the "Great Pilot"

> . . . . . "spoon'd away before
> The wind and sea until the storm was o'er."

There seems to be among poets both tragic and comic a general disposition to describe Ireland as a ship, perhaps on account of the natural instability of a nation treated as she has been. *Certainly her conduct after* the death of O'Neill much *resembled that of a helmless* vessel, for she drifted with wind

and tide, and drove before the tempest; and if she was wrecked, what wonder?

Cromwell found more ease and less glory than he had expected. One iron wall had fallen before him, though not by his blows; and all the others, built up timidly behind its shelter, were walked through with ease. At first no one seemed disposed to be heroic; treachery, too, had already been at work, though it was none of Ormond's, but simply that of the Protestant and English Royalists who garrisoned Cork, Youghal, and other strong places in the south. They were under the command of Inchiquin, otherwise Burning Murrogh, who was now fighting for the king; and as they had before fought for the Parliament, they demanded their arrears of pay, and those who had been active in the surrender of the forts were rewarded in Irish land; after which it is not surprising to find the Irish soldiers expressing their distrust of the remainder of these English allies, and that Ormond dismissed them from the royal service. The Marquis himself did not attempt to give battle to the regicide, whose chance of being broken to pieces seemed already to be fairly gone; the hope, the peace, the union, were shattered; and when the bereaved Royalists awoke from their lethargy, they instinctively began to quarrel again while Cromwell's army of locusts covered the land. Nevertheless, though no battle was offered him, Cromwell did not gather in his laurels without spilling noble blood. Ormond had garrisoned several southern towns with the troops sent him by O'Neill—splendid regiments, which would have formed the heart and life of his army had he taken the field against the Ironsides; and the behaviour of these men certainly contrasts strongly enough with that of the defenders of Cork, Kinsale, and Youghal. The town of Clonmel made a resistance which has earned it an eternal fame, though, like other besieged cities, its fate was sealed when first the enemy appeared before its walls. Cromwell had already taken Kilkenny, the city of the Confederation: he had been manfully opposed, but the town succumbed to its inevitable fate, and Cromwell slaughtered the inhabitants, knocked down the beautiful cross which had been erected in the fourteenth century, and broke the famous window in the cathedral; he did not, however, destroy St. Canice's itself, which survived to be whitewashed. At Clonmel, and afterwards at Limerick, an O'Neill conducted the defence, a relative of the lost prince who was to have conquered the unconquerable, and Black Hugh behaved like a true hero; so gallantly, indeed, that even the stern Puritans took pity on the *noble youth* when at last he fell into their power, and spared his *life. Limerick* was a costly prize to the Puritans. The defence

was bold and obstinate, though the plague was raging in the city, which, perhaps from its situation, was long particularly subject to epidemics. The garrison was reduced more by its invisible than by its visible foe, and the contagion spread to the camp likewise, where it did not spare the self-styled saints. At last Limerick fell, destined forty years afterwards to sustain a siege which should be more memorable still. And now occurred the grand and awful scene of the trial of Terence Albert O'Brien, bishop of Emly, who summoned his unlawful judge, the ruthless Ireton, to meet him at the bar of Heaven; a month after which summons Ireton was seized with a violent fever, doubtless the plague, and died, accusing every one else of his own crime.

Matters in Ireland grew worse and worse, and Ormond was blamed for having made some appointments infringing on the conditions of the peace of '48. Indeed, though Ormond was above all things anxious to serve the cause to which he had devoted himself, his behaviour was unsatisfactory in that time of terror and confusion, and perhaps deserved the suggestions of the new council, that he should seek to make himself useful nearer the person of Charles II. That hopeful, moreover, being now victimized by his Scottish custodians, and undergoing a course of sermons which should have insured the virtue of his after-life, had been induced or forced to repudiate the peace of '48; and though Ormond declared that the intelligence was false, the council believed it, and declared that they in return repudiated Charles II. Nevertheless the Irish soldiers carried on a "hopeless warfare" at the King's desire, or probably at Ormond's desire on the King's behalf, in order to prevent the Parliamentarian army of Ireland from uniting with that in England to defeat Charles's invasion of his own kingdom. However, Cromwell proved that he could do without the aid of the Ironsides whom he had left to pacify Ireland, and crushed the hopes of Charles II. at Worcester on another fortunate September day. And at last Ormond, who, after all, never came to any harm amidst all these manœuvres and difficulties, finding himself in a terrible position among the Irish, the King, and the invaders who would not have suffered his stately head long to burden his shoulders had he fallen into their power, and knowing that he had for ever lost the opportunity of driving back the Puritans, made his dignified escape, and sailed from Galway for the Continent. Everything which Ormond did was in its way dignified, and contributed in its degree to give him the name of the "Great Duke."

It is not recorded whether or no he indulged in prophecy on this occasion. He might have foretold that he should one day

return to a Lord Lieutenancy more comfortable than either of the two former ones, to renew the policy of '45 and '46, and to restore the country, according to his own idea, to some amount of prosperity; though, as has been before observed, it is difficult to see how a country the bulk of whose people are unhappy, which those certainly were who had lost their lands, and were hunted down for making raids on their own cattle, can be entitled to be called prosperous. These things were, however, as yet unrevealed to Ormond when he saw the coast of Galway fade from his eyes, as he had seen that of Dublin fade three years before.

The helmless vessel rolled on to her destruction. There were heroes on board her yet, doomed to perish when she finally went down with all hands. Bishop French was a hero, and he would gladly have transformed Clanricarde into another; but that was a character which did not suit the Earl, who was nominal successor to the Lord Lieutenancy. Meanwhile the valiant ones of the Civil War were falling like trees before a tempest; and it is remarkable that the mere Irish, who throughout the struggle had borne a courageous and tolerably consistent part, showed far greater fortitude than did the Ormondists when called upon to pay the penalty of the great rebellion.

One of these, General Purcell, had fainted on hearing his death sentence pronounced. Sir Phelim O'Neill, guilty or not guilty, but doubtless unconscious, as were his judges themselves, of how bad a name his would become when it should be seized upon unanimously to be blackened, ended his course heroically on the glorious scaffold. He was offered his life in exchange for a crimination of Charles I., and an oath to the effect that that king had instigated the rebellion of '41; but the "wretch O'Neill," as he is often called, refused to buy safety with that falsehood, and left the umquhile Lady Abercorn to bewail her second widowhood. The Bishop of Clogher, too, who had been taken prisoner by Sir Phelim on that gentleman's second breach with his kinsman in '48-9, the Bishop being the dear friend of Eoghan O'Neill, crowned a virtuous life with a patriot's death. He was a martial prelate, and had done well enough in his soldierly capacity while his friend lived to command him, and to give him military in return for spiritual advice; but now, bereaved and despairing, his tactics were those of a will without an intellect to guide it, and after losing nearly four thousand veterans at Letterkenny, he fell into the hands of his enemies and was executed by the inhuman Coote at Enniskillen.

Nicholas French went as ambassador to Brussels to sue *for help.* He was well qualified for the mission, being upright,

talented, and dignified; but it is easy to see, on looking back, that the fatal reef was close ahead, and that Cromwell was pacifying Ireland much too quickly for help so tardy to be of use. The Duke of Lorraine expressed a readiness to protect her, but he higgled and delayed, and was confused and thwarted by Ormond and Charles II., who behaved henceforward much as Ormond and Charles I. had done. It was at this time that French wrote a highly uncomplimentary work on Ormond, as the "Unkind Deserter of Loyal Men and True Friends," wherein he demonstrated that the ex-viceroy's exchequer had become somewhat plethoric during the civil war, and especially after the cession of Dublin to the Puritans, although he had maintained his post "three years upon his own credit and fortune," as one of his Red Box memoirs assures posterity. These accusations of the Bishop seem to be contradicted by certain incidents of the love tale which we find in p. 181 of the "Account of the Carte Collection." Lord Ossory, while at the Hague, fell in love with a Dutch beauty, whose fortune only reached the cipher of £10,000; and though Ormond himself stood the friend of the youthful pair, his wife raised many prudential and motherly objections on the ground that the dowry ought to be £20,000, for she intended not only to disengage a mortgaged estate with it, but also to transfer the remainder to her daughter Elizabeth, as a marriage portion for that young lady. She did ultimately consent to the match; but it is amusing to read that even when Ossory's union with his Dutch bride proved to be a happy one, "the Duchess generally speaks of her in a tone of complaint, as if she still retained her regrets at the marriage." The difficulties to which Page, the messenger sent by Ormond to soften the heart of the Duchess, who still resided in Ireland, towards the youthful lovers, likewise seems to indicate that the ducal exchequer was not at that time very full, for he had to sell a stray gold ring to pay the postage of a letter to his master; which fact is a strange one, when we read that the commissioners for Ireland had left the Duchess in possession of Dunmore Park, and of lands to the value of £2,000 a year. But it seems unlikely that the suspicions of French could be well founded; Ormond appears to have always acted honestly towards the Royal family and the Royal cause, though so much cannot be said for his conduct to the Catholics of Ireland, to whom his deference had been so great when they were necessary to him, and whom after the Restoration he treated according to his old policy of dividing them among themselves, and, moreover, failed in many cases to restore the lands which the Cromwellians had wrenched from their rightful owners. Bishop French even complains that

Ormond helped to prevent the comprehension of the Irish Catholics in the Act of Oblivion; so that those who had rebelled against the crown and spilt the blood of Charles I., were pardoned, and those who retained their allegiance while taking up arms against their fellow subjects in self-defence, saw their estates and houses conferred on their own and the King's enemies. Thus was treated the son of Sir Phelim O'Neill, whose "affectionate friend" Ormond, according to his own handwriting, had once been, and who had died refusing to buy his life at the expense of a crimination of Charles I. And many a humbler victim could sigh forth, as did the literary Irishman, that though the king had been restored to his realms, he himself had not been restored to the kingdom of his cottage. And never, after his terrible straits in 1649, did Ormond show sympathy for the Catholics again; while as for French, he expiated his crime against the Duke in perpetual exile.

Whilst Ormond was at Brussels and at the Hague, Cromwell accomplished his task;—he pacified Ireland. Having hanged and beheaded men, and tossed women in blankets, the new powers allowed forty thousand of the Irish to emigrate, though those who had wolf-dogs were not to take them away, because wolves were growing numerous; transplanted sundry lords of the Pale from their fertile lands and comfortable homes into the wilds of Connaught; reduced many noble families to penury, and injured all the churches to the best of their powers. Fleetwood, the second husband of Mistress Ireton, and Henry Cromwell, were not, personally, savage rulers, though subject to the commands of the Lord Protector; but that was enough. The vessel had gone down. And the only head which bobs up to the surface again, bewigged and serene, and having picked up a ducal coronet among the ooze in the ocean of confiscation and exile, is that of our old friend the great Duke of Ormond—great, no doubt, for that very reason, because he rises with a rebound when others fall to lie for ever. At the Restoration, he appears in London, always in his glory, and having for ever finished, except as a painful retrospect called, up by petitioners, Remonstrances, and Courts of Claims, with the great game which has been played out, the mighty drama in which he made his début. His name will, however, be for ever associated with that drama, more than with his after-years of prosperity and his parks and palaces at Dublin, never more to be besieged. The other distinguished actors in the scenes of the Civil War are mostly dead, or doomed to die in exile. At Fermo, at Cavan, at Ghent, they are the dust of many countries. But Ormond lives and *flourishes, prosperous* and wealthy, to be restored to the vice-*regal throne of* a ruined land.

ART. IV.—REPLY TO MR. RENOUF BY F. BOTTALLA.

No. II.

ORTHODOXY OF POPE HONORIUS I.

THE well-known case of Pope Honorius has been so thoroughly ventilated of late, that to believe that it can still create an insurmountable difficulty against the doctrine of Papal Infallibility would betray an unusual amount of simplicity. But, even if it were difficult to find an explanation satisfactory either as a whole or in detail, the solemn definition of Papal Infallibility pronounced by the Vatican Council is sufficient to dispel from the minds of Catholics even the slightest misgiving on the subject. This, however, should not prevent us from answering objections brought against the facts already explained, as thereby new light is shed on the truth and its demonstrative evidence. With this view we undertake to discuss in this second article the objections urged by Mr. Renouf in his pamphlet "The Case of Pope Honorius Reconsidered." My answer on the general subject is not much needed after the excellent reply given to the author by Dr. Ward.* I will therefore avoid, as much as possible, repeating what Dr. Ward has so ably urged against Mr. Renouf's pamphlet, and will limit myself mainly to what concerns my book on Pope Honorius, though I shall be obliged to touch on the general drift of Mr. Renouf's thesis as stated in his new pamphlet.

That gentleman's first thesis is, that "Pope Honorius in his letters to Sergius really gave his sanction to the Monothelite heresy." His arguments may be summed up as follows:—The letter of Sergius to Pope Honorius is thoroughly Monothelite; but the Pope accepted his doctrine: therefore he gave his sanction to the Monothelite heresy. Further on he lays great stress on the assertion that Pope Honorius maintained in his letters one will in Christ, and that he inferred it, as the other Monothelites, from His unity of person: he corroborates this assertion by the particle *unde*, or ὅθεν, used by Honorius, which implies, as he says, that the confession of one will in Christ is a corollary deduced from the doctrine of "com-

* "DUBLIN REVIEW," April, 1870, pp. 372—402.

munication idiomatum." * Consequently he compares Pope Honorius's doctrine with that of the Patriarch Paul, and concludes that it is identical.† Moreover, since the Ecthesis of the Emperor Heraclius was taken verbatim from the letter of Sergius to Honorius, and was condemned by the Lateran Council, Pope Honorius's letter, as he argues, which admits the same doctrine, was implicitly condemned along with it.‡ Finally, Mr. Renouf rejects the excuse which might be alleged in favour of Honorius on the ground of his having been ignorant of the true meaning of Sergius's letter. Let us pause here.

In all this Mr. Renouf repeats over and over again dogmatically what he had already said in his first pamphlet, and what has already been more than once answered by Dr. Ward, by others, and by myself. He makes no account of his adversaries' replies, nor does he trouble himself to give any proof of his trenchant assertions; but he tries to impose on the simplicity of his readers by the dogmatic tone of his language. Next, Mr. Renouf asserts that Pope Honorius accepted the Monothelite doctrine of Sergius's letter. But how does he prove it? "Because," says he, "throughout his entire reply there is not the slightest hint of suspicion as to the orthodoxy of any proposition of Sergius."§ Granted: does it follow therefrom that he accepted the Monothelite doctrine of Sergius's letter? Honorius did not reproach, nor condemn Sergius for error expressed in his letter. Well; that may have been caused by fear, by a false prudence, by ignorance of the nature of Sergius's letter: it may have been a fault in the discharge of his Pontifical office. But how does it follow that he accepted the Monothelite doctrine, when there is not the slightest hint of

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* "The Case of Pope Honorius Reconsidered," pp. 14—19. The words of Pope Honorius's letter are as follow: "Unde et unam voluntatem fatemur, Domini nostri Jesu Christi," etc.

† "The Case of Pope Honorius Reconsidered," pp. 20—21.

‡ Mr. Renouf, in a foot-note at p. 26, makes a great protest because I attributed to him the assertion that a part of the Ecthesis had been copied from the letter of Honorius. And he remarks that I "spent more than a page in attempting to refute this calumny." It is true that I attributed to him that assertion, mistaking, from notes hastily written, the particle *to* for the other *of*. But it is quite false that I spent more than a page in exposing that calumny. The truth is that I spent not even a line in its refutation; but I showed only the absurdity of Mr. Renouf's assertion that "Pope Honorius's positive confession of faith was identical . . . . . with those of the Monothelite confessions of the Ecthesis and Type" (p. 14 of "Condemnation of Pope Honorius"). Mr. Renouf, who so bitterly complains of my having read in my notes *of* instead of *to*, evidently misunderstood not a mere particle, but more *than a page of my* pamphlet. What excuse can be pleaded for his blunder?

§ "*The Case of Pope* Honorius," p. 17.

this in his reply? How can this be true when the doctrine set forth in his letters is thoroughly Catholic? We had already fully demonstrated in our pamphlet in no less than thirty-five pages the orthodoxy of Honorius's letters.* Dr. Ward had done likewise in the articles we have already referred to. But, as usual, Mr. Renouf took no notice of our arguments, nor did he trouble himself to meet them with new and more stringent reasons in favour of his view. He only repeated what he had already asserted *ex tripode* in his first pamphlet, which had been refuted hundreds of times. The *plan de guerre* of that gentleman in his new pamphlet is to pass over in perfect silence all the arguments brought against him by his adversaries; to pick up here and there some incidental remarks which were somewhat wanting in exactness, at least in the opinion of Mr. Renouf; to represent them as the main points on which all Honorius's apologies hinged; to attack them more or less violently; and to proclaim a full victory on the whole.

He asserted in his first pamphlet that Honorius had professed the doctrine of one will in Christ, and he deemed the explanation given by his apologists to be subterfuges which could not bear examination.† But we think we proved to demonstration from the very context of Honorius's letter that no Monothelite doctrine was implied in the words of the Pope. Mr. Renouf was then bound to show that our explanations were mere subterfuges which could not bear examination. But he preferred to say nothing on that head, and repeated over and over again in a categorical tone his former assertion, which had been fully refuted in our book. With only this difference, that in his second pamphlet he most impudently accused Pope Honorius of having deduced the doctrine of one will in Christ from that of the unity of His person; and he alleged in proof thereof his having employed the particle *unde* (ὅθεν) before his sentence concerning one will in Christ, as if it were a corollary of the unity of His person. But since we have already exploded this grammatical remark in our work on Papal Infallibility,‡ we need not now repeat the observation. Rather may we here plainly assert that Mr. Renouf has utterly misunderstood the whole drift of Honorius's letter. Had he compared the sentence in question with the following one, wherein the Pope gives a clear explanation of his own assertion, he would have easily perceived its real meaning. We pointed it out in our pamphlet; but Mr. Renouf

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* "Pope Honorius before the Tribunal of Reason and History," pp. 45—80.
† "The *Condemnation of Pope Honorius*," p. 14.
‡ *Sect. xi. pp. 272, seq.*

having nothing to oppose to our reasoning, has again thought it prudent to say nothing in the matter. He may perhaps be excused for having acted in this manner; but what excuse can be offered for his admirers of the "Union Review," of the "Saturday Review," and Co., who declared his pamphlet *unanswerable*, because they knew nothing of the controversy, which yet they pretended to judge?

But, before quitting this subject, I wish to make a further remark on what Mr. Renouf pointed out at page 25 of his pamphlet, concerning the Monothelite principles contained in Sergius's letter. "His (Sergius's) language is most distinct and clear. Two operations, he says (Sergius), imply two wills, and these imply opposition to each other, as if God the Word had willed the Passion and the humanity had resisted; and he goes on to say, *ἀδύνατον γὰρ ἑνὶ καὶ τῷ αὐτῷ ὑποκειμένῳ δύω ἅμα καὶ κατὰ ταυτὸν ὑφεστάναι θελήματα.* The *δύο ταναντία θέλοντες* of whom he speaks are not two human wills, but God the Word and the humanity. This is the impious doctrine which the Pope denounces, and against which he asserts one will in Christ." Of the words of Sergius's letter quoted in the original text Mr. Renouf says that they are indubitably Monothelitic; and he remarks that I did not say a word about them in my analysis of it.* Now we can by no means accept this statement of our critic. He says that the Greek words quoted from Sergius's letter are indubitably Monothelitic. We reply that, according to their literal meaning, they cannot be branded as Monothelitic, for the good reason that Sergius did not simply and absolutely assert that it is impossible for two wills to co-exist in one and the same person, but two contrary wills, two wills opposed to each other on one and the same subject. This being the bearing of Sergius's assertion in the passage in question, it could not be qualified by me in the analysis of his letter as the "most indubitably Monothelitic part of the whole letter": this task was to devolve only on Mr. Renouf. As to Pope Honorius, he did not denounce as impious the assertion of two wills in Christ, but that of two *contrary* wills in Him, as stated in Sergius's letter. Pope Honorius clearly professed that "lex alia in membris, aut voluntas diversa non fuit, vel contraria Salvatori." † Now in this sentence the Pontiff pointedly asserts, first, that in Christ there was not what the theologians call *fomes peccati*, or what S. Paul termed "a law in his members in conflict with the law of his mind, and bringing him into captivity to

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* "*The Case of Pope Honorius Reconsidered*," p. 25, note.
† *In Act XII.* Conc. VI. (Labbe, t. vii. p. 963.)

the law of sin." * It follows, secondly, that there was not in Christ a will contrary to His Divine will. It is clear to any one who considers these words without prejudice, that the Pope did not deny the human will of Christ so far forth as it is a faculty; but in as much as it is different from or contrary to the will of God. Mr. Renouf maintains that the θέλημα διάφορον does not mean the will at variance, but "numerically different." † And in order to prove his assertion he observes that among the titles of the works of S. Maximus there is one in which the word διάφορος is used in this sense. But how can he prove that the word in question has no other meaning when the contrary is distinctly stated in every Greek Lexicon? Besides this, Mr. Renouf implies in his assertion what he ought to have proved, to wit, that Honorius had denied the human will in Christ, which he assumes as already demonstrated. For had he for a moment supposed that Honorius had not denied it, the word διάφορος in the passage already quoted would have shown its natural meaning of disagreeing or being at variance. In fact, if I say that in the state of perfect and innocent nature Adam had no will διάφορον from that of his Creator, doubtless I would not mean thereby that Adam had no will numerically distinct from that of God, but only that his will was in perfect accord with that of his Creator. In this case the word διάφορος would naturally yield meaning as it is taken for granted that Adam's will was numerically distinct from that of God. Then the contrary supposition must have led Mr. Renouf to insist on the primary meaning of the word in question. But that this was not the meaning intended by Honorius is evident both from his own words and from the context of his letter. The Pope repeatedly asserted that "a Divinitate assumpta est nostra natura non culpa, illa profecto quæ ante peccatum creata est, non quæ post prævaricationem vitiata." He again inculcates the same truth: "Non est assumpta, sicut præfati sumus, a Salvatore vitiata natura." And he immediately gives the reason why the humanity taken up by Christ was not corrupted. "Nam lex alia in membris aut voluntas diversa non fuit vel contraria Salvatori." Now let us suppose with Mr. Renouf that the θέλημα διάφορον should be rendered "a will numerically distinct," it would follow that two *numerically distinct* wills in our nature are the consequence of original sin, the effect of our corrupt nature, as it was not the case before the fall of our first parents. Who does not see the absurdity of this

* *Rom. vii. 23.*

† "*The Case of Pope* Honorius Reconsidered," p. 21, note.

assumption? On the contrary, original sin did not change our nature or its powers, it only debased and perverted their original tendencies; it caused the *voluntas sensualitatis* to be a source of sin; it caused the *voluntas rationis* to be at variance with and even in opposition to the will of its Creator. This is what is meant by the corruption of our nature; and this, and this only, is meant when we say that the nature taken by Christ had nothing of that defilement which is the consequence and the punishment of sin.

Pope Honorius therefore in the passage under consideration does not deny in Christ any of His natural faculties, whether of the lower or higher grade: he only denies the corruption entailed upon them from original sin. On this account, though he admits that Christ had in His assumed humanity the natural lusts of the senses, he still denies that any law existed in His members "quæ repugnaret legi mentis ejus." In the same manner, whilst acknowledging in Him the will as a part of human nature, he still denies that His will could be either at variance with or contrary to the will of His Divinity. In other words, Pope Honorius acknowledges in Christ's humanity the natural faculties in the same state in which they existed in man's nature, while yet innocent and perfect; because, as he says, Christ did not take Adam's fault, but his nature. Moreover in Adam's nature, while yet in the state of innocence, there was only one will, the natural will; because the will of his senses was in a perfect subordination to the former; nor did it act, save in accordance with the direction of the superior will. This is why Pope Honorius professed in his letter "Unam voluntatem Domini nostri Jesu Christi, quia profecto a Divinitate assumpta est nostra natura non culpa," etc. Let us suppose for a moment that the "one will" in Christ acknowledged by Honorius were the Divine will; then this passage would only yield this absurd meaning: viz., Christ did not take our will, because He did not take our sin, as if our will were the legitimate offspring of sin. How does Mr. Renouf clear these inextricable difficulties? He passes them by, as usual, being satisfied with astounding his readers by his extraordinary and unconnected remarks, which by no means alter the bearing of our arguments. The authority of Combefis and some others, to which he appeals, does not move us in the least. Combefis, like Mr. Renouf, did not understand the drift of Honorius's letter: the latter nevertheless is more guilty than the former, since he should have well pondered the learned remarks of *many theologians* subsequent to Combefis, who so clearly demonstrated the orthodoxy of Honorius's letter, that very few

had again ventured, before De la Luzerne, to question it. And the correctness of this view has already been established by the judgment of the two most learned men of the Gallican school, De Marca and Baluze.

We are by no means concerned to explain in this place the rest of the letter of Pope Honorius, regarding the objections which this Pope proposes to himself from Scripture against the agreement of the two wills in Christ, or his replies thereto. We have already fully set forth, in our pamphlet on Honorius, this important part of his letter, and have proved thereby that the Pope evidently admitted the human will in Christ. But Mr. Renouf passed by those pages of our book with his eyes shut. So that he did not even attempt to assail our reasoning. Wherefore we are in no wise bound to treat anew the same subject. We will only observe that this part of Honorius's letter is a fresh proof that the Pope intended in his answer to Sergius only to show the absurdity of the inference, that if we acknowledge two operations in Christ, we are by consequence compelled to admit two divergent wills. The Pope, having started with the proposition that in Christ's humanity no other will existed save the *voluntas rationis*, and having proved it from the doctrine of the supernatural conception of Christ, proceeds to answer the difficulties which might be brought against this doctrine from Scripture, as the Scripture seems to imply a conflict between the two wills of the Saviour. But this subject is also fully treated both in our pamphlet on Pope Honorius, and in our work on Papal Infallibility. To those works therefore we refer our readers. From all that has been said here, our readers may easily perceive how far Mr. Renouf and his allies are mistaken in their assertion, that Pope Honorius maintained in his letters the existence in Christ of only one will, and that divine. The very context of the letter and the connection and distribution of its parts are wholly incompatible with this assertion, and the charge of heterodoxy brought against that Pope. Now Mr. Renouf remarks that the Ecthesis condemned by the Lateran Council is in great part made up of the letter of Sergius to Honorius. As to the Ecthesis, no wonder that it is taken in great part from the letter of Sergius to Honorius, since its author was the same. But, as we observed in our pamphlet, it is in perfect contradiction to the doctrine expressed by Honorius in his letters to Sergius. The argument, by which we proved that the doctrine of Pope Honorius's letters was orthodox, evinces at the same time that it was in contradiction *to the doctrine stated* in the Ecthesis: and this *much the more, as that heretical* document is admitted to

have been drawn up in a great part from Sergius's letter, whose Monothelite principles are not at all implied in Honorius's reply. Doubtless, Sergius in his letter to Honorius proceeded more cautiously than in the Ecthesis; and thus his heretical doctrines were not so evident in the latter as in the other document. But the more distinctly the Monothelite dogma appears in the Ecthesis, the more it is in contradiction to the doctrine taught by Pope Honorius in his letters to Sergius. Consequently the condemnation pronounced by the Lateran Council against the Ecthesis does not at all impeach the orthodoxy of this Pontiff's letters; despite the gratuitous assertions to the contrary of writers of Gallican views.

Mr. Renouf seems not to understand how it is that Pope Honorius "in his second letter objects as strongly as ever to the expressions of 'one' or 'two operations,' not on account, as he says, of any economy of silence, but because they are utterly unauthorized."* But that gentleman, as we proved in the preceding article, has conceived a wrong idea of the Monothelite dogma; and he consequently believes that this error lurks where it really does not exist. Now the Catholic doctrine, which the new faction opposed, implies, that since in Christ there are two complete and distinct natures, there must needs exist a twofold class of operations, as either nature acts by its own innate energy. The Monothelites maintained on the contrary, that the principle of action in both orders was the Logos: consequently Christ's humanity had in their system only the functions of an instrument, by which the Divine virtue of the Word was made manifest; it did not operate by its own inborn powers, but only as moved by the former. They thus destroyed in reality the two orders of operations in Christ. Moreover the Church had expressly taught by the organ of Pope Leo I. that both natures constantly co-operated in any single act of our Redeemer; since both are substantially united in the unity of one person. The Monothelites on the contrary, according to their fundamental principle that the eternal Logos acts in the two natures, did not admit such co-operation; nor did they see in a single act of Christ aught but an action of the same Logos. The Lateran Council with the Sixth Synod condemned their doctrine as here stated: their Fathers therefore defined that in Christ there exist "duas naturales operationes" (*δύο φυσικὰς ἐνέργειας*); since, according to S. Leo's teaching, "Agit utraque forma cum alterius communione quod proprium est." Had Mr. Renouf read attentively the definition of the Sixth Council,

* "*The Case* of Pope Honorius Reconsidered," p. 28.

he would not have misunderstood and misrepresented the Monothelite dogma. The Monothelites expressly denied the two orders of operations in Christ, which they attributed to the one and the same power of the Divine Word. But they did not consider the question, whether in a single act of Christ, as for instance, that of restoring to life the son of the widow of Nain, it was necessary to count one or two operations. The definition of the Synod did not properly regard this point of the controversy, although it implicitly taught that in any act of this description both the natures co-operate. But this was not the case with Pope Honorius. He considered the controversy under both aspects; and, moreover, in his letters, as we have already remarked in our pamphlet, he often used the word "operation" (ἐνέργειαν) in the sense of ἐνεργήμα an external act. Sophronius and the ambassadors whom he sent to the Pope, represented the question in the sense which was afterwards defined by the general Synod; and the dogmatical letter of Sophronius is an evident proof of this. Now Pope Honorius fully admitted the doctrine, understood within these limits. We have fully demonstrated it in our pamphlet; and further, it is quite evident * and admitted even by our adversaries. But the Pontiff passed over those limits, and he also regarded the question from the other stand-point; nay, not being well acquainted with the state of the controversy, he thought that this was the very point which was debated by the two opposite parties. This is an important remark, to which the learned F. Colombier has just called the attention of theologians in some of his articles inserted in the "Études," as well as in a very clever letter he has addressed to Bishop Hefele on the case of Pope Honorius.† And indeed his view seems to me to be quite correct. From this it follows that the qualifications given by the Pope of "not being an authorized doctrine" of "its being a useless question," &c., are to be referred to the second, not to the first, dogmatic aspect of the controversy. Pope Honorius acknowledged that in each single action of our Saviour, both His Divine and His human nature operated; but he would not decide, nor did he think useful to do it, whether the acts, by which each of them in the hypostatic union co-operated, should be called one or two operations. No wonder then if, after the embassy from Sophronius, he adhered to the same principles; and profes-

* "Pope Honorius before the Tribunal," &c., p. 51, seq.

† "*Études*," *Février, 1870*, p. 272; Mars, p. 390. "Le Pape Honorius et Dr. Hefele," *par le Père Colombier*, S.J., p. 6, seq.

sing the Catholic dogma, as it was afterwards defined by the Lateran and the third Council of Constantinople, he allowed the other side of the controversy to remain an open question.

It is time now to say a few words on the authority and bearing of the contemporary witnesses alleged in favour of the orthodoxy of Pope Honorius's letters. Mr. Renouf, in his first pamphlet on Pope Honorius's condemnation, put forth the assertion, that the evidence of the three "locupletissimi testes" brought by Garnier in favour of the Pope's orthodoxy "was really that of one man, and that one an interested and mendacious witness." * We have answered this gratuitous assertion by proving first that the evidence was not really that of one man; and secondly, that the Abbot John was not a mendacious witness.† Mr. Renouf in his second pamphlet, seems to withdraw in some measure the first part of his assertion; he strives rather to diminish the value of the testimony of S. Maximus and of Pope John IV.; but he insists on the charge of lying in the case of Abbot John.‡

Whoever compares the two pamphlets of Mr. Renouf may easily guess that the author had not attentively pondered S. Maximus's letter to Marinus, when he wrote his first pamphlet; and now, in order to avoid defeat, he endeavours to pass over its most remarkable passages in defence of the Pontiff's orthodoxy. In fact both S. Maximus, Abbot John, and Pope John IV. had one and the same purpose of showing that Honorius in his letter to Sergius had not intended to deny the natural will in the humanity of Christ; but only the sensual and carnal will. He therefore pointedly insists on this view over again in his letter to Marinus. "Romanæ Ecclesiæ Papam," he says, "innatas geminas in Christo voluntates haud putem reprobare epistola sua ad Sergium, eo quod unam voluntatem dixerit; sed magis suffragari, easque merito astruere; qui nempe hoc dicat, non ad humanam ac naturalem Salvatoris elidendam voluntatem, etc." § And more to the purpose: "Quibus ostendit non quod habuerit humanam voluntatem (non enim hoc dixisse apparet), sed quod ut homo, neque secundum corpus ullam per membra innaturalem operationem haberet; neque vero secundum animam contrarium voluntatis motum aut abhorrentem a ratione, uti se res in nobis habet: quod et supra naturæ humanæ em gelnatus est.‖ And further on, after having explained

* "Condemnation of Pope Honorius," p. 15.
† "Pope Honorius before the Tribunal," &c., p. 61, seq.
‡ "The Case of Pope Honorius," p. 35.
§ "*Epist. ad Marinum*," Op. t. ii. p. 238, ed. Migne.
‖ "*Epist. ad Marinum*," p. 242.

the rest of Honorius's letter, where the Pope says: "Non sunt hæc diversæ voluntates," he continues: "Non ergo naturalem, atque humanam, uti dicebam, voluntatem interimit (Honorius), sed *vitiosam et innaturalem*.* And again, insisting on the Pope's words, "Non sunt hæc diversæ voluntates" he remarks: "Hoc est contrariæ et adversantes; ex quo palam conficitur, esse in Christo duas naturales voluntates. Nam si contrariam ut homo non habuit, naturali præditus fuit. Quod enim contrarium non est, naturale prorsus est."† S. Maximus draws these consequences, after having fully examined Honorius's letter; and he appeals at the end to the evidence of Abbot Anastasius and Abbot John in order to establish this view. Now Mr. Renouf in his second pamphlet, by suppressing the most important passage from S. Maximus's letter, referring to Abbot John's witness in favour of Pope Honorius's orthodoxy, gives his readers to believe that S. Maximus in his conference with Pyrrhus appealed to the testimony of Abbot John, as being the best able to judge of the meaning of Pope Honorius's letter; but that in his letter to Marinus he adopted a totally different explanation.‡ Now in our pamphlet on Pope Honorius we assert that S. Maximus in his letter to Marinus appealed expressly to the authority of Abbot John, not in order to prove his thesis, but in order to confirm it. We have seen what was the thesis of S. Maximus, let us now see whether the view, attributed by him to Abbot John in this very letter, disagrees with his own. The learned Martyr plainly asserts that the view of Abbot John, the secretary of Honorius, was: "nullo modo (Honorium) abolendam seu excludendam censuisse naturalem Salvatoris, qua homo est, voluntatem; sed eam duntaxat, quæ nostra est atque vitii labem habet, penitus eliminasse et sustulisse."§ Now this view of Abbot John referred to by S. Maximus is a plain confirmation of the one he expressed in the foregoing passages. At the same time it is identical with the view which the Abbot expressed in the letter he wrote to the Emperor Constantine in the name of Pope John, and to which S. Maximus alludes in his conference with Pyrrhus.‖ "That if the holy

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* *Ibid.*, l. c.

† *Ibid.* p. 243. According to these passages, I said in my pamphlet on Pope Honorius that S. Marinus had spoken of one will in Christ's humanity; and it was with reference to the same that I said that Mr. Renouf, with somewhat lax notions of literary honesty, has withheld the evidence from the eyes of his readers.

‡ "The Case of Pope Honorius," p. 33.

§ "Epist. ad Marinum," l. c. p. 246.

‖ Op. t. ii. p. 330, ed. cit.

doctor in his letter to Marinus preferred to explain the words: 'Unam voluntatem' of Honorius's letter in the sense that no carnal will or lustful thought preceded the conception or birth of Christ," that view of his own did not affect in the least the object of his apology, which was to prove that Pope Honorius in his letter to Sergius did not deny a human will in Christ, but only the carnal sensual will; that therefore he was not a Monothelite. He showed this from the letter itself; and confirmed it by the authority of Abbot John. Consequently S. Maximus did not justify Honorius, as Mr. Renouf asserts,* because he believed himself to be in possession of extrinsic evidence in favour of his orthodoxy. But he appealed to the extrinsic evidence in order to confirm the construction he had put upon the letter of Honorius, which he had proved as orthodox independently of any extrinsic testimony.† As to Pope John IV., one of the witnesses appealed to in favour of Honorius, Mr. Renouf speaks of him with great contempt. He represents his letter to the Emperor Constantine as most extraordinary and ludicrous, if considered as a description of Sergius's letter to Honorius, and moreover objectionable in every part.‡ Now we have seen in our pamphlet that Pope John's *Apologia pro Honorio Papa* may be divided into two parts: the first points out the meaning of the passage of Honorius's letter, which had been misrepresented by Pyrrhus; the latter demonstrates the opposition existing between the doctrine of Honorius and the error of the Monothelites, which is shown to be a disguised Eutychianism.§ Now Mr. Renouf passes over its second part, and represents the first as it were the whole *Apologia*, and a full analysis of Sergius's letter. Pope John wrote that apology when Pyrrhus published an extract from the Pope's letter to Sergius, for the purpose of showing that the Pontiff had taught one will in Christ. He was therefore only bound to prove that Honorius had denied in Christ nothing but the sensual will; and consequently that this doctrine had nothing to do with the dogma of the Monothelites. Pope John's object was neither to analyze Sergius's letter, nor to refute it, nor to discover its heretical bearings. Nor can it be said on that account that he gave a false statement of the controversy or that there is any discrepancy between his *Apologia* and Sergius's letter.

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* "The Case of Pope Honorius," p. 34.

† καὶ ἄντω μὲν ἴγωγε τὸν νοῦν ἔχειν ὑπολαμβάνω, πάσης ὄντα καθαρὸν ὑποψίας. "Epist. ad Marinum," l. c. p. 244.

‡ "*The Case of Pope* Honorius," &c., pp. 30, 31.

§ "*Pope Honorius* before the Tribunal," &c., pp. 63, 64.

But I have said all this in my pamphlet.* Nevertheless Mr. Renouf harps on the same string, without taking into the least account what I had replied to his charges against that Pope.

With regard to Abbot John, two accusations are made by Mr. Renouf against him: (1) that he, as secretary of Pope John IV., "gave an utterly false account of the letter of Sergius to Honorius, when writing in the Pope's name to the Emperor Constantine;† (2) that Abbot John was wanting in veracity when he asserted that Honorius's letter did not speak of one will, but that the Greeks had wrongly interpreted the passage.‡ Now as to the first charge, we have already said that neither Pope John IV. nor his secretary, Abbot John, had the slightest intention to give a full account of the whole drift of Sergius's letter, but only to show what caused Pope Honorius to prove that in Christ there were not two contrary wills. Doubtless Sergius had explicitly asserted that the profession of two operations in Christ had given scandal to many, who thought it would imply the existence in Christ of two conflicting wills. Honorius wrote his letter to the effect of proving the inconsistency of that supposed consequence, and consequently in order to vindicate the doctrine of two operations in Christ from the charge of any error whatever. The secretary of Pope John IV. intended only to explain this point of view in order to justify his master. Nor was he wrong when he gave Abbot Anastasius the foregoing account of the interpretation of Pope Honorius's letter by the Greeks. For, according to the statement made by Anastasius and related by S. Maximus, Abbot John said, "Nullo modo in ea (epistola) per numerum mentionem fecisse (Honorium) unius omnimodæ voluntatis; licet hoc nunc ab eis confictum sit, qui epistolam Græce reddiderunt.§ Now, I think that if the words of the Abbot be carefully considered and confronted with S. Maximus's letter, in which they are found, they could bear a meaning which is neither false nor a contradiction to what he wrote in Pope John's name to the Emperor Constantine. In fact, the words in question, if taken in their proper

* *Ibid.* p. 64, seq. If Mamachi had taken the true view of Pope John's "Apologia pro Honorio Papa," he would not have grounded any argument on the supposed discrepancy between the letters of Sergius and Pope Honorius. But he, with other writers of his age, having taken the line of discarding all the documents brought against Honorius as falsified, exaggerated everything which would contribute to justify their view.

† "The Case of Pope Honorius," pp. 32, 33.

‡ *Ibid.* l. c.

§ ὡς οὐδαμῶς ἐν αὐτῇ ἐπίμνησιν δί ἀριθμοῦ πεποιῆται ἑνὸς τὸ παράπαν θελήματος. "Epist. ad Marinum," Op. t. ii. p. 244.

sense, do not deny that in Honorius's letter the word *unam* was wanting, but that it meant only one will in Christ, absolately and exclusively one will (*ἑνὸς τὸ παράπαν θελήματος*). The Greeks, with Pyrrhus, attributed this meaning to it in order to support their error by the authority of the Roman Pontiff. Abbot John in his words regarded the quotation from Honorius's letter as referred to by Pyrrhus, who sent to all the Churches circulars approving of the Ecthesis and quoting in its support the passage in question. No wonder that Pyrrhus in his translation of Honorius's words may have used expressions bearing the meaning of *ἑνὸς τὸ παράπαν θελήματος*. At all events, Abbot John did not refer to Honorius's letter, as it appeared later in the Acts of the Sixth Council, but as it was garbled by Pyrrhus. That the Abbot did not deny the existence of the word *unam* in Honorius's letter, is manifest from the whole letter of S. Maximus to Marinus. S. Maximus not only admits the fact of Pope Honorius having written the words "unam D.N.I.C. voluntatem fatemur," but he refers to them at least three times in the course of his letter; he explains their meaning, and proves that they by no means exclude the human will in Christ. He afterwards appeals to the authority of Abbot John as to a witness; and he refers, as we said above, to the explanation given by him of Honorius's statement, to wit: "At neque ullo modo abolendam, seu excludendam censuisse (Honorium) naturalem Salvatoris, qua homo est, voluntatem, sed eam dumtaxat, quæ nostra est, atque vitii labem habet, penitus eliminasse et sustulisse." Now, if Abbot John had denied the existence of the word *unam* in the passage quoted from Honorius, how could S. Maximus appeal to the Abbot's authority in order to confirm his explanation? If Abbot John had meant that the words *unam voluntatem* did not exist in the letter, how is it that he, the Abbot, justified them by the explanation to which we have above referred? Such being the meaning of the Abbot's statement, any one may easily understand that it contradicts by no means what he himself wrote in Pope John's name to the Emperor, and which was quoted by S. Maximus in his Dispute with Pyrrhus. Finally, with regard to the same Abbot John, we dare to say that it is very unfair in Mr. Renouf to press again the same charge of unveracity and dishonesty against the holy secretary of two Popes. To the authority of S. Maximus, who calls him "a most holy man," that gentleman replies that "this expression was indiscriminately used of all persons in high ecclesiastical office, who had *not compromised* themselves in any way."* But was it also

* "The Case of Pope Honorius," p. 35, note.

usual to say of high ecclesiastical dignitaries, that "he was a man who had illustrated all the West with his virtues and religious doctrines"?* Now S. Maximus spoke of Abbot John exactly in this manner; and he could by no means speak thus of a public forger. Thus the words of the holy martyr are a certain guarantee of Abbot John's veracity.

It remains to examine what Mr. Renouf says concerning the Council of Lateran, for the purpose of showing that the cause of Pope Honorius was held to be no longer defensible at the time of that Synod. His argument, which he had already urged in his first pamphlet, runs as follows:—"The fact that Pope Martin I. and the Lateran Council heard Honorius quoted in a dogmatic letter (of Patriarch Paul, a Monothelite) as an authority for Monothelism, without any contradiction being offered, is a sure sign that his cause was no longer held to be defensible."† In our last pamphlet we examined this argument, which has also been used by Dr. Döllinger and perhaps by others before him.‡ There we opposed no less than four reasons to the assertion of Mr. Renouf. But we tried beforehand to give a retort to his argument for the reason that, besides the name of Honorius, that of some other Fathers of the Church had been mentioned by Patriarch Paul. Mr. Renouf, as usual, passes over my four arguments, and he attacks only the retort, representing it to be the only reason employed in my pamphlet against his charge.

Now we remarked in our pamphlet, first that Pope Martin, being aware of Paul's calumny against Honorius, at the opening of the council, made a solemn declaration in favour of all his predecessors in order to reject beforehand the infamous charge of the Monothelite champion. We added, secondly, that the same Pope Martin, after the opening of the Council, explicitly declared that it was his intention and that of the whole Synod to discover and bring to light all the authors of the Monothelite heresy. And yet he did not say a word which could possibly refer to Pope Honorius. Moreover, thirdly, we called attention to the many *libelli* of Abbots, Bishops, and Synods, which were read in the course of the Council, all concerning the Monothelite controversy. In each of them the four Patriarchs, together with other partisans and promoters of the new heresy, were unanimously denounced, but no direct or indirect allusion was made to Pope Honorius. The doctrine of that Pope was not considered as deserving of such denun-

* "*Disp. cum Pyrrho*," *Op.* t. ii. p. 329, ed. Migne.
† "*The Condemnation of Pope* Honorius," p. 17.
‡ "*Pope Honorius before the* Tribunal," &c., p. 77, seq.

ciation. Finally we intimated that it was not a kind of regard to the Roman See, which caused the name of Honorius to be suppressed in that denunciation, because in all those *libelli* the See of Rome is represented as the foundation of the faith, as the teacher of truth, as the centre of the Catholic doctrine. Therefore their authors, while speaking of the infallibility of the Roman Pontiff, could not have the *arrière pensée* that Honorius had been an unorthodox Pope, whose orthodoxy was no longer defensible. No, at the time of the Lateran Council no such idea found a place in the mind of the assembled Fathers: on the contrary, it was considered that no possible ground could be alleged for any charge of heresy against him. And this, and this only, was the reason why no contradiction was offered to the rash assertion of Paul's letter concerning his orthodoxy.

So much the more that one of the members of the Lateran Synod was S. Maximus, that illustrious Abbot and most learned theologian, to whose efforts that assembly is due. S. Maximus had openly and solemnly defended Pope Honorius's orthodoxy in his famous letters to Maximus and to others as well as in his dispute with Pyrrhus. Can we, then, believe that in the age of the Lateran Council the cause of Honorius was held as indefensible, when S. Maximus had defended it so victoriously? Again, can we imagine that, if the case had required it, S. Maximus would have abstained from protesting in the Council in favour of Pope Honorius against the calumny of Patriarch Paul?

But what of our retort? It regarded only the silence and the omission of any protest on the part of the Lateran Fathers against Paul's assertions in his letter to Pope Theodorus. Now it is true that not a word of this kind was uttered by the Fathers in favour of S. Cyril, and the other Doctors mentioned by the Monothelite Patriarch. After the perusal of Paul's letter, Bishop Deusdedit only remarked that Patriarch Paul was proved a heretic by his own words, and he asked for the production of the Typus of which the same Paul had been the author. Which being read, the Synod solemnly declared it to be contrary to the rule of faith, and favourable to the heretical faction. But in order to prove what doctrine had always been transmitted by the Magisterium of the Church, a command was given to read the dogmatical decrees of the five Œcumenical Councils. Then Bishop Maximus, in the name of the whole Synod, stigmatized Cyrus, Sergius, Pyrrhus, and Paul as calumniators and impostors, with their predecessors, *who had* walked in the path of heresy. And he concluded that *the testimonies of* all the Fathers which were to be alleged in *the following session* would evidently prove that the doctrine

held by the assembly was in perfect accord with the definitions of former Synods. Thus, properly speaking, the greater part of the fifth sitting was not taken up with the defence and apology of the three Fathers mentioned by Paul in his letter to Pope Theodorus, but with the defence of the Catholic doctrine, which the Monothelites misrepresented as in disaccord with the traditional teaching of the Fathers.

But another remark is still necessary in order to show the solidity of our retort despite the assertion of our adversary. Not only Patriarch Paul, in his letter to Pope Theodorus, but generally all the Monothelites had appealed to three or four Fathers, whom with Pope Honorius they represented as favourable to their dogma. Such were S. Athanasius, the two SS. Gregory, and S. Cyril of Alexandria. They alleged some passages, in which they seemed to give countenance to the Monothelite doctrine. Pyrrhus, in his dispute with S. Maximus, when pressed by his adversary, appealed to those authorities, and with them to that of Honorius, who had been said to have confessed one will in Christ. S. Maximus took the defence of all and each of them, and, as he explained the misinterpreted words of Pope Honorius, he did the like with regard to all the rest of the passages of the Fathers alleged.* Now Patriarch Paul, in his letter to Pope Honorius, not only mentioned the names of S. Cyril and the others, but he also declared that he could easily produce testimonies from their works. The testimonies alluded to were of course those alleged by Pyrrhus and other Monothelites. Of Honorius he said that he was in perfect harmony with the teaching of the Fathers. Now if the Lateran Council had thought proper to make an apology for Pope Honorius, and to contradict the calumny of Paul, they should have explained, as S. Maximus did in his dispute with Pyrrhus, the misrepresented passages of his letter to Sergius, which had given rise to the imposture. In like manner, if they had intended to defend personally the Fathers mentioned in Paul's letter by name, they should also have explained, as S. Maximus, their testimonies, which had been so much abused by the heretics; especially as the doctrine of Pope Honorius had been represented to be in perfect accordance with that expressed in them. But they did nothing of the sort with reference either to Honorius, or to the other Fathers, as S. Cyril, &c. This is the ground of our retort, which Mr. Renouf qualified as "utterly unfounded."

Before concluding, we wish to add only a further remark.

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* "*Disp. cum Pyrrho*," Op. t. ii. p. 315, seq.

Mr. Renouf often indulges in his last pamphlet in adducing authorities from Catholic theologians in favour of his assertions. We may have occasion elsewhere to see of what value they may be against the cause of Pope Honorius. For the moment we wish only to point out that it is not fair in him to enlist on his side names of theologians who have never dreamed of favouring his views, and never meant what he means. He says that he consoles himself in the company of Natalis Alexander and Christianus Lupus, "who is one of those who plead for the 'pia intentio' of Honorius." He (Chr. Lupus) speaks, continues he, of Honorius's decree as being "Ectheseos ac Typi fundamentum." Omnia enim tria sunt ejusdem tenoris, et tam Typus, quam Ecthesis, decretum illud dumtaxat confirmarunt."* Now who would believe that by these words the learned Lupus only proposed to himself an objection which any one might have opposed to him? "Questio est quare Synodus non damnaverit etiam Honorii Pontificis decretum. Omnia enim," &c. And he answers, "Respondeo, erga tria illa processisse hanc Lateranensem Synodum, quomodo erga Sanctum Basilium ac profanum Nestorium processerunt in suis duodecim Capitulis Sanctus Cyrillus et Sacrosanta Synodus Ephesina. Et Basilius et Nestorius Christum Dominum dixere Hominem Deiferum et tamen hic inter hæreticos est, ille gloriosus manet inter orthodoxos Ecclesiæ Patres."† That is to say, according to Christianus Lupus, Honorius's letter was the foundation of Monothelism in the same sense as S. Basil's expression was that of Nestorianism, as S. Augustin's principles on Grace were of Baianism and Jansenism, and so forth. And since the doctrine of S. Basil, of S. Augustine, and of the other Fathers was orthodox, though heretics drew therefrom erroneous views, which they supported by their authority, so the doctrine of Honorius was thoroughly orthodox, though the Monothelites abused it.

It is true that in the Council of Lateran it was deemed a prudent economy not to speak of the conduct of Pope Honorius with regard to the Monothelite heresy; but not because the Papal doctrine was believed to be erroneous, or that it had given the least ground to the dogma of Sergius; but because the Council did not approve his economy of silence, and blamed his negligence in this juncture. That is to say, the Lateran Council by its silence blamed in Pope Honorius what was really blameable, and what had led the Fathers of the

* "*The Case of Pope* Honorius," &c., p. 39, note.
† "*Dissert. de Sexta* Synodo Gen. c. v.," Op. t. iii. p. 27, ed. Venetiis.

sixth Synod to pronounce against him a sentence of condemnation. But it never gave the least hint that any error whatever was contained in this Pontiff's doctrine. Thus the remarks of Mr. Renouf and of his predecessors fall to the ground.

Art. V.—THE PRIESTHOOD AT IRISH ELECTIONS.

Judgment delivered by Mr. Justice Keogh at the Court House, Galway, on Monday, 27th May, 1872. Printed by order of the House of Commons.

THE recent Galway election and its consequences forcibly illustrate some of the most conspicuous Irish social and religious phenomena. The time has not yet come for commenting in detail on the facts of the case: since at the time we write Judge Keogh's Judgment has only just been printed, and the evidence taken before that judge has not yet appeared. Moreover, further inquiry into the facts has been demanded by the venerable Archbishop of Tuam and others, whom the Judgment inculpates; and we are only too happy that we shall be thus relieved from the task of expressing any precise opinion on those facts, until the heat and asperity of controversy shall on both sides have somewhat subsided. Here therefore we confine ourselves to the central question of *principle;* viz. the grounds on which, and the method in which, it is legitimate that the Catholic priesthood should take an active part in Irish elections. And we shall deal no otherwise with Judge Keogh's Judgment, than so far as it expresses *his* view on this question of principle.

Now at the very outset we are met by one broad fact: No one, not even Judge Keogh, professes to doubt, that the great majority of Galway electors considered Captain Nolan a more eligible candidate than Captain Trench. Yet, on the other hand, it is the Judge's opinion, expressed in every variety of shape, that the former gentleman owed his election entirely to the influence of the priesthood. In other words—by the admission of Judge Keogh himself — the effect of sacerdotal interference has been simply the election of that candidate, whom the voters really preferred. Had an *English* election been in question, this consideration would have been decisive on English public opinion; but the number of Englishmen *is extremely small,* who can bring themselves by *any effort to weigh* English and Irish affairs in the same *balance of principle.* Where England is concerned, the whole

liberal party at least profess to regard landlord influence with profound suspicion; but Judge Keogh—a liberal of the first water—has declared that in *Ireland* "no safer, no steadier, no more legitimate influence than that of the landlord over his tenant could be used" (p. 6). In the same spirit Englishmen are constantly expressing a wish, that the influence of landlords in Ireland may prevail over that of priests; refusing to look in the face the indubitable fact, that these two influences are violently contrasted with each other, in their relation to the first principles of political morality. The landlord (speaking broadly and generally) puts pressure on his tenants (so far as he does so), that they may vote *against* their conviction; but the priest puts pressure on his flock, that they may vote in *accordance* with it. Thus the electional influence of priests is in itself conducive to political morality, with whatever regrettable or even deplorable extrinsic circumstances it may be occasionally mixed up; whereas the influence of landlords (we are speaking exclusively of Catholic Ireland) is in its very essence tyrannical, oppressive, and unjust. This is the point on which we wish to insist in our present article.

We shall be asked—why draw the distinction implied in our last parenthesis? Why do we think differently on the character of landlord influence, in Great Britain and Ireland respectively? It is important for our purpose, that we begin with answering this question in some detail. We will speak then for a few pages on Great Britain alone, and then apply what we shall have said to the special circumstances of Ireland. And we express frankly the bias of our own opinion, that in Great Britain, on the whole, under the circumstances of the moment and in the shape in which it is for the most part practically exercised, landlord influence cannot be truly called oppressive or tyrannical; though neither can we admit that it is, in any high sense of the word, legitimate.

We should start with explaining — we still confine ourselves to Great Britain — that we are very far from admirers of the Constitution in its present state. We have always thought that the whole series of Reform Bills, commencing with 1831, have been built on a fundamentally unsound basis; and that their ultimate issue will probably be nothing less, than the absolute triumph of that movement which Catholic writers call the Revolution. The ground of objection which we take to these Reform Bills, is one which has very often been publicly adduced, and to which we are *not aware* that any answer has even been attempted. The *House of Commons* is in fact the one supreme power of the *State. It was of* extreme moment therefore, that intelligence *as such, that property* as such, should have its fully sufficient

influence; and that every different interest of the country should be there faithfully represented. The voice of the multitude should doubtless carry with it great weight; but on no principles to us intelligible, ought that weight to be predominant over all other influences put together. Under the old system of close boroughs, there was a real and effective representation of divers interests, though by means of a machinery which could not be defended. What we complain of is, that under the Reform Bills there has been no attempt to secure a similar result by more satisfactory methods; that, instead of the reformers cherishing and promoting every variety of suffrage, they have established a dull and leaden uniformity of franchise; and that they have thus enacted a scheme which, if left to work freely, is one of pure democracy. We say "pure democracy": because (as has continually been pointed out) the lowest class of those who receive the franchise will always outnumber all the rest put together; and the constituency of 1831 was as mere a "demos" as that of 1867.

Now one of the many evils which have resulted from these disastrous measures, has been the political demoralization to which they have in some sense given a sanction. The Russian Government has been called a despotism tempered by the bowstring; and in like manner, since 1832, the British Constitution may well have been called a democracy tempered by bribery and intimidation. That pure democracy in Great Britain is ruinous in tendency, we must take leave to call the obvious conclusion of common sense: and nothing *saves* the British Constitution from being a pure democracy, except bribery and intimidation, direct or indirect, explicit or implicit. It has been difficult for many men to see, that practices, which are so necessary, are at the same time so detestable. And it is to our mind the peculiar ignominy of the Reform Bills, that, under their auspices—so far as Great Britain is concerned—every fresh conquest over bribery and intimidation is one further step on the road to political ruin.

Meanwhile there is just one conservative influence,—necessarily indeed short-lived,—but on which, while it lasts, the mind can repose with less dissatisfaction. Even to this day—though in a rapidly diminishing degree—throughout a large portion of Great Britain, a large proportion of tenant farmers vote for their landlord's candidate with hearty complacency. Nor does this denote such an utter negation of political views as might at first sight appear: because the politics of any given landlord are in general substantially those *of his ancestors; and* conservative farmers naturally *place themselves on a* conservative estate, liberals on a *liberal. Beyond this broad* division however into "conser-

vative" and "liberal," it must be admitted that the great majority of British farmers have few definite political convictions of their own; and they are delighted accordingly to follow their landlord's lead. They vote for his candidate, not at all because they are afraid of any punishment with which he could visit them, but because it is their very notion of political virtue that tenants should so vote. And they have an *esprit de corps*, which makes them delight in the influence of the estate to which they belong.

But it is plain that any individual, who rises above a certain (somewhat low) level of conscientiousness and intelligence, cannot long continue without self-reproach thus blindly to follow the multitude. Suppose I am such a person. I must in due time ask myself the question, *why* it is reasonable and proper that I should vote for my landlord's candidate rather than for any other. And it is very far easier to ask this question, than to answer it. The reply commonly given is, that my landlord is far more highly educated than I am, and that reasonable modesty should induce me to follow his judgment rather than my own. Now doubtless reasonable modesty should show me, how incompetent I am to decide by my own lights the momentous issues before me; but why on earth should I seek my *landlord's* illumination, rather than that of some *other* educated person? I hold a good deal of land from A. B., Esq., and I have always found him a straightforward and honourable man enough; but his neighbour, C. D., Esq., from whom I hold no land at all but with whom circumstances have brought me into contact, impresses me as a person far superior to A. B. in respect both of intelligence and of public spirit. Granting then to the full that reasonable modesty will lead me to seek the advice of one more competent than myself,—surely it is C. D. who should be my chosen adviser, rather than A. B.

A much more plausible reason however than the foregoing may be alleged, for my supporting my landlord's candidate. We have already admitted, that this habit of tenants voting with their landlord is about the least unsatisfactory of the conservative elements in the British Constitution. Should I not therefore injure my country more—so far as any one individual *can* produce either injury or benefit—by discrediting and opposing this habit, than I should do by acquiescing in a candidate, who is not absolutely the best of those who are standing? We incline to think that this consideration has real force. The cases are perhaps not rare in which, by the help of my Mentor *C. D. I may fairly* arrive at a conclusion, that I should do less *harm by opposing C. D.'s* favourite candidate, than by weakening *the habit which* now exists of tenants voting with their land-

lord: a habit which, under present circumstances, neither burdensome nor degrading to the conscience of the former.

But whether this is so or not—and we would by no means speak confidently on the point—at all events such a consideration cannot apply to cases, in which some *momentous issue* is involved. Suppose e.g. my landlord's candidate advocates compulsory secular instruction; whereas I am a Catholic, and (after obtaining the best advice of those more competent persons in whom I have confidence) consider that the enforcement of such instruction would be an overwhelming national calamity. Or suppose that my landlord's candidate advocates a measure of some different kind, which I heartily, and after due deliberation with others, regard as frightfully immoral in tendency. Under such circumstances, it is my duty to do all I possibly can within my little sphere, for the purpose of influencing public opinion. I must nail my colours to the mast. I must lift up my voice against public calamity.

Moreover we believe that, in the existing state of opinion, very few landlords would be found in Great Britain to take offence at this, when they rightly understood it; and still fewer, who would dream of visiting my conduct with any kind of penal retribution. Nay, we believe the large majority of British landlords would concur with ourselves, in denouncing any such act of attempted coercion, as an act which deserves severe condemnation from every honest and straightforward man.

In all the cases hitherto given, it will be seen that the voters act in accordance with their honest conviction; they vote just as they think they *ought* to vote. Here is the obvious and unmistakable line of demarcation, between "legitimate" and "illegitimate" influence. C. D.'s advice was "legitimate" influence; A. B.'s threat of coercion (supposing it) "illegitimate." To vote according to *my own opinion*, does not mean "to vote according to the opinion which I *should* have formed *without* C. D.'s advice"; but "which I *have* formed by *help* of his advice." On the other hand, under the name of "illegitimate influence" is included every kind of pressure, which seeks to influence the *vote*, without influencing the *opinion*. And certainly we hold, with the Archbishop of Tuam, that the *ballot* is simply irreproachable *in principle*: its tendency is precisely to preserve that influence which is legitimate, and to get rid of that only which is tyrannical and oppressive.

We now cross the Irish Channel; and come at once into the presence of circumstances, which differ (one may say) not less than grotesquely *from those of* Great Britain. Even on one *point which but incidentally* affects our argument—the perils of *democracy—there is the* broadest contrast. The great ma-

jority of the Irish (thank God!) are so faithful to their religion, that they are more accessible than almost any other people to the influence of their priests; and Catholic priests are in all countries the most efficacious, because the most intelligent and large-minded, enemies of the Revolution. So far as the characteristics of that movement have been introduced into Ireland at all, it has not been even by the agency of Irish Protestants, but by the stupid and ignorant intermeddling of Englishmen; of Englishmen, who endeavour to force on Ireland, by measures educational and other, a principle which is utterly uncongenial to Irishmen of every creed. (See our remarks in April, p. 438.) Bribery and intimidation, even in Great Britain, are deplorable and disastrous evils; but in Ireland they are also *unmixed* evils, productive of no incidental benefit whatever.

Here however we must not be misunderstood. Supposing the legislature had thought fit, both in Great Britain and Ireland, to give direct representation to landed property as such,—we should not have a word to say against an arrangement, which (as we have already said) seems to us indefinitely more just and reasonable than that which exists. In what we are going to say, we only assume the obvious and elementary truth, that every one who has received the franchise—be he landowner or be he labourer—should exercise it according to *his own* conscience, and not that of somebody else.

Let this then be borne in mind. Almost every considerable Parliamentary election in Ireland must be regarded by sincere Catholics as a matter of vital importance; as a matter affecting seriously the position of the Church and the interest of souls. *Whichever* the wrong side may be, to vote on the wrong side, nay or to abstain from voting on the right, is nothing less—as every Catholic must feel who chooses to think—than to betray the interests of his God, his Faith, and his Country. That he should do this from fear of his landlord's oppression, or even from mere motives of gratitude to that landlord,—is in itself a base and disgraceful act: however much in individual cases the moral fault may be justly extenuated, by considering the circumstances of violent temptation under which it was perhaps committed.

But how will the Catholic voter know, *on which side* lie the interests of his God, his Faith, and his Country? We have frankly confessed in the earlier part of our article, or rather have heartily maintained, that an uneducated elector of reasonable modesty will look about for persons of superior culture in *whom he has confidence*, that they may assist him in coming *to a conclusion. But* an Irish Catholic must really be on the *verge of idiocy*, who could think that his Protestant landlord

will be his competent guide on such a question. Take e.g. what Judge Keogh (p. 17) calls "the great religious question which, we were told, poisoned the whole of this election conflict"; viz., that of denominational education. I am a Catholic of good intentions, but imperfectly instructed. What possible reason can I have for dreaming, that my Protestant landlord's opinion is worth one straw on such a question as this? I know with absolute certainty, that the religion which he professes is false and a corruption of the Gospel: what do I know in his favour, which can counterbalance this adverse presumption? This applies even to the most favourable case: but if I further find him urging me to vote against my conscience, then I have direct proof that his political morality is rotten to the core. On the other hand, the priests—who are not professors only but authorized teachers of the one true Faith—combine with hardly a dissentient voice in one particular doctrine, on this momentous subject of denominational education. There is no politician in the world who is reasonably more certain of any political doctrine whatever, than I am of this. And similar considerations apply in their degree to the other numerous political questions, on which the priests are almost unanimous on one side and the Protestant landlords on the other.

If Englishmen then allege that an Irish Catholic voter acts unreasonably, in supporting his priests by the full and undivided strength of his political action, what is the principle on which they must ground such an opinion? They must hold, in consistency, that a voter is never to be guided by the opinion of any one else, of any "C. D." in whom he reposes confidence; that he is never in fact to vote according to his own opinion; that he is either to vote according to *his landlord's* opinion, or else according to what *would* have been his own opinion if he had had no guide to consult. As applied to England, such a proposition would of course be too preposterous to be gravely expressed; but no proposition is too preposterous, for an Englishman speculating about Ireland.

Judge Keogh's language all through shows, how destitute he is of all sympathy with the very *notion* of Irish electors voting according to their conscience. He calls the recent Galway election (p. 17) "the most astounding attempt at ecclesiastical tyranny which the whole history of priestly intolerance presents." Yet in what *language* has this "tyranny" and "intolerance" found expression? He quotes it with hearty reprobation, and we italicize a word or two.

> *The clergy of the four dioceses, ...* having determined to support the *candidature of Captain Nolan, in* conference assembled . . . . request the *clergymen of the four dioceses* to explain to the electors of the several parishes

that the Legislature, in conferring on them the franchise, had intended that it should be used by each elector for the public weal *according to his conscience.* (p. 16.)

The Rev. Father Cannon, that amiable man [the word "amiable" used by Judge Keogh ironically], seconds this resolution:—"That we regard as a recreant and a renegade any Catholic tenant, who allows himself to be *forced* to vote for Captain Trench *against his conscience.*" (p. 20.)

Then comes the Rev. Mr. Macdonogh: he said the landlords had no more right to the votes of their tenants than to their souls. (p. 26.)

On this last sentence our own comment would be very simple. Nothing can more emphatically show the gross political immorality of the landlord party, than that it should be necessary even to *express* so rudimentary a political truth. But the Judge quotes it, as among the most violent of sacerdotal utterances. Later on he thus continues:—

Mr. Furlong *admits* that he used the words "the finger of scorn"; and that he warned them to "*hearken to the voice of conscience.*" (p. 42.)

The Judge accounts it then an *imputation* on the Rev. Mr. Furlong, that he warned electors to hearken to the voice of conscience. Then the Judge continues in these very remarkable words:—

That is the theological device: first you persuade a man that his conscience must lead him to vote for a particular person; and then you menace any man who votes against his "conscience," with all the terrors and deprivations which ecclesiastical influence can supply. (p. 42.)

Words cannot be more express than these in admitting that the influence, to which Judge Keogh objects, is in its substance most *legitimate* influence. Such influence consists exclusively in reaching the *convictions* of the voter; and does not touch his external conduct, except *through* his convictions. This is the one electional end pursued by Irish priests; to press electors by every most urgent appeal, into voting in accordance with their genuine convictions. The Judge speaks ironically (p. 31) of the "*never-failing* conscience clause." He condemns himself out of his own mouth.

What shall be said then of a landlord, who has full means of knowing that his tenants regard their vote in the light we have described, and nevertheless aims at diverting their suffrage from its straightforward course? Though he were to do this exclusively by appeals to their gratitude,—even in this case he would be labouring directly to tamper with their faithfulness *to conscientious* convictions, and with their political morality. *But what if he hints* threats of *temporal* disadvantage *to follow, from their* resisting his wishes? He is then simply

trying to bribe or intimidate them into doing an act, which they sincerely regard as a betrayal of their God, their Faith, and their Country. Such conduct deserves the detestation of every one who has a heart or a conscience.*

Will some of our readers say, that we deal out unequal measure to landlord and priest? that we use language against the former, on which we should not venture against the latter? They shall see. We say plainly this. Let it be proved in a single instance, that some priest has full means of knowing, that certain Catholics honestly regard Trench's election as more conducive than Nolan's to the highest welfare of Ireland; and let it be proved that under such circumstances he sought to deter them from voting for Trench, by threatening them with spiritual evils. Let this be proved, we say, and the most blatant Protestant will not use severer language than our own. The turpitude of such conduct is much greater than that of landlord intimidation: because (1) any moral offence is *ceteris paribus* far more heinous in a Catholic priest, than in a Protestant layman; and because (2) to oppose virtuous action by spiritual weapons, is indefinitely more abominable than to oppose it by temporal. Let such a priest be visited with condignest punishment, and we shall certainly not complain. But we must be allowed entirely to doubt, whether such a priest *exists*. Judge Keogh is diligent in accumulating the worst stories he can find against the clergy; but no one fact of *this* kind can be found in his judgment.

Instead of this, he makes complaints which are so obviously frivolous, that one is amazed he can lay stress on them. Thus (p. 28) he censures the priests, for enforcing on electors the obligation of breaking any promise they might have made for Trench. But all this (as the Judge does not attempt to deny) proceeded on the supposition, that these tenants regarded Trench's election as adverse to God's interests. Now it is a very elementary ethical principle that, if they thought this, their fault lay, not in *breaking* their promise, but in having *made* it. The Judge seems to think, that if I have promised my friend e. g. to tell a lie in his behalf, such a promise binds in conscience; and that if my priest enjoins me to break it, he exemplifies sacerdotal unscrupulousness and tyranny. We call on every lover of morality, be he Catholic, Protestant, or infidel, to protest indignantly against the amazing doctrine here implied.

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* We are not for a moment intending to deny, that many of these landlords possess various very estimable *qualities*. The standard of political morality *is so disgracefully low in these islands*, that many a man will be guilty in his *political capacity of acts, from the* parallels to which he would shrink with *horror in private life.*

In reference to this question, Judge Keogh (p. 23) refers to "Lord Dunsandle's voters": by which choice phrase he characteristically designates those free voters, who happen indeed to be Lord Dunsandle's tenants, but over whose votes—to use a phrase already quoted — that nobleman has no more just authority, than over their souls. We grieve to find (if the fact be so) that one hundred and sixty of these, being Catholics, promised to vote for Trench; whereas it is evident from what follows (even if it could be otherwise doubtful) that they considered his election adverse to the interests of religion. But we are glad to find that they abstained from the still graver moral offence, of *keeping* such a promise.

We now come to what is certainly a more serious matter. A certain priest—according to the Judge, an "insane disgrace to the Roman Catholic religion,"—"said they would use the confessional under the ballot if they required it" (p. 28). We shall not here attempt a theological disquisition; and the less so, because the Dublin clergy have already dwelt on this part of the judgment, in their address to their flock. But we cannot refrain from one remark. We do not see how any one can think himself certain that a case may not arise, in which the interests of religion are so very closely mixed up with some electional issue, that every Catholic who sees clearly its true bearing is bound under mortal sin to take an active part. If such a case should occur, and some given voter commits the offence in question, how can it be avoided that some priest must bring the confessional to bear upon it? Protestants and infidels dislike — some of them abhor — the confessional; but at least, if honest men, they will not think *this* one of its evils, that it enforces a high standard of political morality. At the same time let it be distinctly understood, that we could not attempt any defence whatever of the fact, if it be a fact, which Judge Keogh censures at the top of p. 30.

Indeed throughout we have by no means expressed an opinion, that there are not various priests concerned with the recent election, who may have made very serious practical mistakes; who may, e.g., have used language of very indefensible violence; and who may otherwise have more or less let themselves down from their position as priests of God, towards the level of honest but intemperate political partisans. If this on full examination be found the case, of course we from our hearts deplore it. We would only urge, in extenuation, the heat and excitement of a momentous struggle, the peculiarities of Irish character, and the shamelessness of those principles *which certain landlords* seem to assume as a matter of course.

But evidence is alleged (with whatever truth) of mobs keeping

voters from the poll, and of priests encouraging those mobs. If such evidence is trustworthy, we do not defend those mobs, and still less those priests. But in all fairness let the state of things be rightly apprehended. For instance (p. 23), "the tenants of Mr. Bodkin," a Catholic, "expressed their desire to go with their generous and kind landlord, but one of them is threatened with a bar of iron over his head." Let us assume for the moment that this is all true. Does any one suppose that these tenants considered Mr. Bodkin a more trustworthy judge of what really conduces to the welfare of Ireland, than the large body of bishops and priests who supported Nolan? The Judge does not even suggest this; his very point is merely, that Mr. Bodkin is a "generous and kind landlord." Indubitably it was wrong to threaten one of his tenants with a bar of iron; but it was no less wrong in those tenants to vote against what they believed to be God's cause, because they had found one opponent of that cause "generous and kind." Let us blame both parties: those who intended to be guilty of a base act, and those whose indignation at such baseness led them into violent courses. To our mind however, the fault of the latter is less than that of the former.

We have said very little about Judge Keogh individually. This has not been because we have failed to form a very definite opinion, as to his display of judicial temper and acumen; nor yet because we forget for a moment those political antecedents of his, from which we might have expected just such a document as is now before us. But we feel that there has already been a great deal too much of personal invective and recrimination; and we are earnestly desirous that the question be considered exclusively on the ground of principle. Let the evidence then by all means be sifted to the very bottom, with the greatest attainable candour and impartiality. We are quite prepared for the possibility, that many facts may be established, which no right-minded Catholic will in his cool moments regard with complacency. But we would stake our reputation on this fundamental issue: is it the priest or the landlord, who really in Ireland presses electors to vote against their genuine and honest convictions? And if the latter alternative be established beyond all possibility of doubt—as will most certainly be the case—then all talk about priestly dictation and ecclesiastical terrorism is the merest moonshine. To express a hope that priests may hereafter exercise less influence in Irish elections, is in fact to express a hope that Irish electors may more largely abstain in future from voting in accordance *with their conscience*. This is the plain common *sense of the whole matter.*

ART. VI.—DR. BAIN ON THE RELATIVITY OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

(COMMUNICATED.)

[The contributor of the series on Mr. Mill being obliged, by considerations of health, to suspend his articles for one or two more quarters, we are very glad that we are able meanwhile to place before our readers some comments on *another* philosophical enemy of the Faith.]

The Senses and the Intellect. By ALEXANDER BAIN, M.A., Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen. Second Edition. Longmans. 1864.

The Emotions and the Will. By ALEXANDER BAIN, M.A. Second Edition. Longmans. 1865.

Logic—Part First, Deduction; Part Second, Induction. By ALEXANDER BAIN, LL.D. Longmans. 1870.

THE Law of Relativity may be briefly summed up by saying that it is impossible to know any one object by itself alone: in every knowledge two or more objects are known together according to their mutual difference and agreement. Thus, I know no single atom of matter singly; I know it as differing from the void which surrounds it, and resembling another atom at some distance off it. Furthermore, I do not know even myself in my own individuality apart from others. Self needs to be set into distinctness as an object of knowledge by some foil of Not Self. The proofs of this law are manifold, clustering round on all sides. So the framers of the law think. They tell us how darkness gives all the glory that appertains to light; the remembrance of sickness is the zest whereby health is made pleasurable; it is the passive victim that brings out the operator's activity and power; it is only in comparison with matter and with space that mind knows mind. In a word, fair and foul, light and darkness, order and disorder, power and weakness, life and death, pleasure and pain, justice and iniquity, good and evil, &c., form so many couples, of which the two members of each are inseparable in any mind, and consequently are wholly inseparable. This assumes that there is no being—or rather, I should say, no relation, if I am *to be true to* the relativist theory,—there is no relation outside *of all knowledge;* no object, mental or otherwise, on which *mind does not* somehow prey. It is an assumption which none

but the grossest materialist—and by implication, utter scorner of metaphysics—has ever, with eyes open, refused to allow.

But the mention of mind, and of the objects on which mind feeds, leads in due course to an inquiry into the nature of the relation between the World of Mind and the World of Matter. And here I will summarize the philosophy of the author whom I am opposing, based as that philosophy is upon the Law of Relativity above stated.

"The worlds of Mind and Matter are better designated the "Internal and the External; the External taking in not only "Matter but Space. It will be found that the External is "embraced, without deficit or surplus, by the category of the "Extended; while the Internal, in its negative aspect, is "neither more nor less than the Inextended. Everything "which is an object at all, and yet has no extension, is Mind; "while wherever you find that which you can measure in three "dimensions, in two, or in one, there you may safely place "the abiding either of Matter or of Space. We yet need to "catch a glimpse of the positive aspect of the Internal "World. We find it threefold. Mind, the Internal, is "Feeling; it is Volition; it is Thought; it is all three "together. It is Feeling—every one knows what feeling "means. It is also Volition, that is, feeling-prompted mus-"cular action. For we have no knowledge of Mind except "in connection with a muscular framework. Lastly, Mind is "Thought: that is, it discriminates, it identifies, it retains its "impressions. Discrimination, Identification, Retentiveness "make up Thinking. Having spoken of the Inextended and "Extended, or, as they are frequently called, Subject and "Object, separately, it must be inquired whether they can be "thought of separately. Am I competent to discuss myself by "myself? am I competent to discuss a Not Me wholly in-"dependent of myself? It is necessary to give a wide exten-"sion to the pronoun *I* in order to meet these inquiries. "I may be totally engrossed in the Extended, or, more readily, "in the Inextended; I may be in a Subject state or in an Object "state; but there can be no Object state, nothing extended, for "me, outside of and away from myself. As all my enunciations "are measured by the standard of my own faculties, I am "justified in saying, that neither matter nor space exists except "in relation to me. The prefix *for me* is to be always under-"stood before all my assertions. I am my own measure of "truth. What I think true, that I do think true; that is the "whole meaning *of truth.* There is no truth outside of my "*thinking; no truth, I mean, for me;* nor can I ever signify "*anything except for me.* In that signification—and a grand

"psychological impossibility debars me from putting any other "signification upon the words—I am the measure of all things. "But, as I said before, I might possibly be in a purely object "condition; in that case there would be an extended Object, "independent of the inextended Subject, independent there- "fore of the *Ego*, in the narrower denotation of that pro- "noun, whereby it is co-extensive with Subject only, and not "with Subject and Object both.

"Before advancing to the grand and crowning examination "of the widest meaning of the *Ego*, wherein the Extended and "the Inextended together are merged, it is requisite to advert "to the mode of formation of the duality which composes this "universal Me. I consisted originally of states of active move- "ment, nervous currents outwards, and states of passive sensa- "tion, nervous currents inwards. I went into conscious move- "ment spontaneously, that is, without any stimulus of sensation, "when my nervo-muscular apparatus was fresh from food and "repose. I also had sensations without movement. These two "diverse kinds of consciousness, contrasting together, formed "the duality of the Active and the Passive. This duality of my "nature was primitive. From it sprang a second duality under "the nurture of experience. I thereby learned to distinguish "in me the Ideal from the Actual; the Actual, which varied "with my movements, from the Ideal, which was constant in "movement as in repose. The sight of a dog chasing a hare is "an example of an actual state of consciousness. The idea of "that chase is an ideal state. So precarious is the actual, that "it may be destroyed by the single movement of the closing "eyelids. So strong at home is the ideal, that, carried into "darkness or into the bustle of a city, it will yet subsist, where "no live hare is visible or durst even appear.

"Rehearsing the series anew and further completing it, I "continue:—I was originally a dualism of Muscular Feeling "and Passive Sensation. Thence, by experience and associa- "tion, the custodier of my experiences, I passed into an ulterior "dualism of Ideality and Actuality. Out of this dualism was "born my third generation, Subject and Object. When I "emerge from a consciousness which abides under my move- "ments to a consciousness which changes under them, I be- "come Object, Extended, Not Self: thence repassing to a state "of consciousness which endures, notwithstanding my move- "ment, I become Self once more, an Inextended Subject. But "Self and Not Self, equally with Ideal and Actual, with Sen- "*sation* and Movement, are a pair of inseparables. I could "*not know* Sensation, as such, without Movement, nor an "*Ideal without* an Actual, nor could I know myself without "*the foil that is not me.*"

And now, reader, I ween you wonder who I am that am thus marvellously constituted. Mine is a created, human person like your own; and I am not constituted as I have described myself; only Dr. Bain of Aberdeen, writing books on *The Senses and The Intellect* and *The Emotions and The Will*, says that I am. It is with him that I quarrel, in the name of the God that made us all three, made you, and Alexander Bain, and myself. I complain that the man from Aberdeen has set us up each in the place of God; now I will not be so set up, nor will you, nor shall Alexander Bain set up either himself or us, or any created self whatsoever, to enjoy divine supremacy. The following are the arguments with which I go about to pull him down.

Aristotle says that, of two contradictories, one is enough to distinguish both itself and its opposite; *ἱκανὸν θάτερον μέρος τῆς ἐναντιώσεως ἑαυτό τε κρίνειν καὶ τὸ ἀντικείμενον.** To bring out the sense of this dictum, let me see how Dr. Bain understands a man to know *yellow*. To know it, he says, in its difference from other juxtaposed colours, as *blue, purple, green;* and again to know it in its agreement with the same colours in the fact of being a colour. Take the contrast, *yellow-blue*. Am I obliged to know *blue* in order to know *yellow?* Not at all. I may know *pink*, or *violet*, or *lavender;* any shade will do, to set off *yellow* in my cognition. All that Dr. Bain contends for is that, to know *yellow* as a distinct colour, I must know also some other colour from which it is distinguished. Let us call that other colour y. *Yellow* we will call x; and for *not yellow* we will write $-x$. It does not follow from these data, that $y=-x$, or $x+y=0$; in concrete language, that were a thing yellow to start with, and we painted it say blue, the thing would by that painting lapse into non-entity. In other words, yellow and blue are not pure logical contradictories. One does not merely exclude the other; it supplants it with something positive. Now I ask Dr. Bain whether it is the exclusive or the supplantative element of his much insisted upon "contrasting notion," that supplies the foil which he desiderates for cognition? When I know a white mare by contrasting her with a chestnut, is it the second mare's being chestnut or her being not white that forms my differentiating circumstance? I opine that it is her being not white. She does not differ in having colour, but in not having that colour which the other has. So through any number of "polar pairs," *white-red, white-transparent, white-divine*, &c., there is one only contradiction *diffused*, that of *white* not-white. So long

* "De Anima," i. 5.

as a thing is not white, it does not become either more or less opposed to white by being anything or nothing else besides. This being the case, I go on to affirm with Aristotle, that the negative or non-existent element is known by the positive or existent, and not *vice versâ*. *Not-white* is known through *white*; this order of cognition cannot be reversed. *White* is prior to *not-white* in the mind, not by a priority of time, for the notions are gathered simultaneously, but by a priority of order, in as much as it is through the positive notion that the negative is apprehended. To prove what I say. I experience a contrast of colours, black and white. Wherein does the contrast lie? Not in the white being white, nor in the black being black, but in the black being not white, and the white not black. Beyond this there is no contrast between colour and colour. How then do I perceive a contrast between them? Clearly by knowing *white*, and through that, *not white*, and so knowing *black* in so far as it is *not white*; and again by knowing *black*, and through it, *not black*, and so knowing *white* in so far as it is *not black*. So the knowledge of good and evil may be had from contemplating good alone; for pure evil is pure *not-good*, *i.e.* nothing; an evil thing is an admixture of evil and good. So *not-self* may be learnt from the mere study of self; it can be learnt by this study only. If we actually had experience of a *not-self*, and had not studied self previously, we should not appreciate what we experienced.

If these conclusions, suggested by Aristotle, are correct, Dr. Bain's Law of Relativity must be erased from the statute-book of philosophy. It is then possible to know an object by itself alone; or if you still postulate a dualism in cognition, you may find it in the object known along with its logical contradictory. You may know x by itself; or, if you will to say so, you know x and $-x$. That is enough; you have no need of knowing y. Granting to the full that there is an obverse and reverse side to every cognition, no less than to every medal; I still find no obverse for x except $-x$. You tell me that y is an obverse. Now if y is not an identity with $-x$, call it equal to $y'-x$. Then, I repeat, it is not the y' but the $-x$, which is the obverse of x. But here is the place for my adversary to put in a grave objection, which I must notice. "You admit," he says, "that it is impossible to know x without also knowing $-x$. But $-x$ cannot be learnt except from y, z, &c., *i.e.* $y'-x$, $z'-x$, &c. Therefore, to know x, we must know some other positive reality besides, as y' or z'." To this objection, my answer stands as might be expected, admitting my own major, and denying the minor which the objicient has appended to it. I deny that $-x$ cannot be apprehended without some second positive term be-

sides x, as y' or z', being apprehended with it. But my opponent meets my denial with a proof. "Take a man," he says, "and keep him in a medium at 70° without change of temperature, apparel, or health; that man, living in a permanent 'summer heat,' will have no notion of heat, because he has never experienced cold. There then is the heat, the x by itself, which cannot be realized to the mind for want of the y, the cold." There is some truth in my opponent's statement, but he has exaggerated it, and in the exaggeration lies all that serves his purpose of proof. I reply, therefore, that the man so circumstanced has it in his power to form a notion of heat. At the same time I admit that the notion formed will be faint, and would be vastly clarified by an experience of cold. My reason for saying that he might form some notion is this, that if experience of heat (x) taught him nothing of heat, experience of cold ($y, = y' - x$) would teach him nothing of not-heat ($-x$); and so he would remain under any circumstances hopelessly unconscious of heat. But I admit that his notion of heat would be very faint, and that, both on physiological and on psychological grounds. Psychologists, all in their several phraseologies, distinguish between those conscious states which are attended to, and those which are not. All day long, for example, the beating of my heart is an item in the general aggregate of my consciousness. If I will, I can pick that item out and mark it by itself. But what tempts me to single out any given item for special attention? I am tempted either by the pleasurableness or the painfulness, or the utility of that particular item. Now revert to our typical man, in his room at 70° F. constant. The animal frame has a tendency to adapt itself to circumstances. Bodily pleasure long felt ceases to please, and bodily pain in like manner abates, owing to the internal adaptation which occasions the pleasure-giving or pain-giving agent outside to produce less impression on the body. This is a physiological principle, holding in other processes besides sensation; it does not touch the cognitive process as such, but only the organic details on which the cognitions of a flesh-imbedded spirit are conditioned. Our man will hardly be delighted or pained with the abiding temperature at which he lives. He will feel no call of attention to it on an emotional score. May he not will to notice it, as a means to some useful purpose? He may, but probably he will not, for an unchanging means, like an inflexible rope, can offer little apparent utility. Consequently the habitual summer heat will rank in the mind with the unchanging weight of the bones, and the *regular pulsation of the* circulatory organs; it will lie *always within the call of* attention, but will hardly ever be

attended to. It will be an object of consciousness, but dim and undistinguished, like the foliage in a summer twilight. Now let the thermometer suddenly fall to 45° F. The man starts and shivers, he is probably in pain, certainly excited. The change has been too abrupt for his physical constitution to keep pace with it; so he feels keenly. He is surprised and expectant; his attention is fixed. He remembers vividly his former state, which gives him the full contrast between this temperature and not this temperature. The present then is feelingly discerned in the light of the past. But I have not resigned my first position in conceding thus much; I have rather strengthened it, by squaring it against a very obvious attack. I maintained that a thing could be known by itself alone, without other foil than its bare negative. Opponents pointed out that it is of great advantage for the knowing of one thing, to have its negative involved in a known positive second thing. I admit their observation fully; but I protest that, as a negative can be known only through the corresponding positive, we could not possibly know the first thing by knowing its negative contained in the second, did we not know the first thing, after some fashion, by itself alone.

I have another difficulty for Dr. Bain. He says that we can know only the Relative. I reply, that on his showing, we cannot know even that. He teaches that nothing can be known without its opposite, and that the Relative alone is knowable. What then is the opposite of the Relative? The non-Relative or Absolute. But the Absolute is unknowable; so, therefore, is the Relative likewise; that is, we know nothing, and—worse than the plight of street Arabs—we cannot by any possibility ever be got to know anything at all. Quite a settlement this of the education question.*

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* For the above straightforward and telling objection, the author acknowledges the suggestion of a friend. The same friend also pointed out the application of the passage next quoted from Dr. Bain's "Logic." I find that Dr. Bain has anticipated my friend's objection—with what success, shall appear. I quote Bain's "Logic," *Induction*, p. 392. "The doctrine of Relativity is carried to a fallacious pitch, when applied to prove that there must be something absolute, because the Relative must suppose the non-Relative. If there be relation, it is said, there must be something Unrelated, or above all relation. But Relation cannot, in this way, be brought round on itself, except by a verbal juggle." So the author thinks; now for his reason. "Relation means that every conscious state has a correlative state." Precisely; but is the meaning of the word *relation* given by mentioning its derivative *correlative?* "Which brings us at last to a couple (the subject-mind and the object or extended world). This is the final end of all possible cognition. *We may view the two facts* separately or together; and we may call the *conjunct view an Absolute* (as Ferrier does); but this adds nothing to our *knowledge.*" *In like* manner, I contend, we may call the separate view a

Again a difficulty. I read in the author's "Logic"—*Deduction*, p. 53 :—

An important logical exercise for detecting the fallacies nursed under abstract names, is to translate abstract propositions into the equivalent propositions made up of general names, not abstract.

I suspect the doctrine, that we know only relations, of being fallacious. So, acting on its asseverator's advice, I translate it: "We know only related things." Let me seek out what this means. Things are all related,—the Creator to His creatures, and they to Him and to one another. The proposition then seems as indefeasible, and at the same time as common-place, as this other, we know only existent, or possibly existent things. But I should be unjust to Dr. Bain, if I set him to scorn with this semblance of an exposition. "We know only relations," fairly rendered, amounts to, "we know things only in as much as they are related, not in as much as they are things." But what if I rejoin that they are related only in as much as they are things. For what is a thing? It is an *act* and a *term* conspiring into one *existence*. Thus a particle of matter consists of an *act*, that is, in this case, active power to move; of a *term*, that is, capability of being incited to motion, and of *actual being*, the resultant of that *act* and *term*, forming the *complement* of the same. The relations between thing and thing all arise from these essential constituents of everything. For all relations are either of doing or of suffering or of being, categories which answer respectively to the *act*, the *term*, and the *complement* of the related things. In brief, relation is determined by thingness, and cannot be known if thingness is a mystery.

I hold then that knowledge of the relation between two things is knowledge of those things in themselves. But were one thing only existent, would it be knowable? It might be known surely in relation to other things possible. Nor can there be nothing else possible; for were existence dwindled down to a monad, that monad would be God, and He by His very nature is a fountain of possibility. He would in that case —nay He unchangeably does,—in knowing Himself, know the innumerable creatures whom He might create, an endless gradation and multitude of potential images of Him. I cannot

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Relative (as Bain does); but this adds nothing to our knowledge. "A self-contradiction is committed by inferring from 'everything is relative,' that something is non-relative." Whose inference is that? The inference that Dr. Bain should *have animadverted* upon is, "every conscious state has a *correlative state, therefore every* conscious state of knowing a Relative has *a correlative state of knowing an* Absolute."

refrain from noticing, that even in the Unity of God there appears relation, the relations between the persons of the Adorable Trinity. And in the unity of every created thing, there is relation likewise between the *act*, *term*, and *complement*. I feel that there is something to be studied here; but the divine mystery dazzles me, and even its reflected light is too mighty for my eyes.

I turn back accordingly to Dr. Bain's darkness. There seems to me to be an equal want of light and of truth in his philosophy. A region of night it is; but, unlike the night, the more you look into it, the more indistinct do its objects grow. I have strained my eyes considerably in looking into it, and all my reward has been a better view of "darkness visible." When the devil wishes to be believed, he changes himself into an angel of light, and he does wisely. Dr. Bain has been less sagacious, or less successful. I could not believe him, if I would; the laws of my mind forbid me. I cannot believe the unmeaning, nor the self-contradictory; and unmeaning and self-contradictory to me, Dr. Bain most unutterably is. True, I understand him in detail; but when I seek to set these details into one, they destroy each other, and a blank is left before my intellectual vision. And yet the author finds readers. Thanks to the patronage of an Examining Body, he does. Thanks too to another fact, that he uses two languages, and while he fulminates an assertion in one, he takes care to couch its contradictory in the other. So he is believed in both, because each assertion remains distinct. His first language is English, the tongue of sense, reality, and fact. His second language is his own; not the words, but the meanings which he gives to them. The words are English as before; but the signification is foreign to the understanding of "a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to."* But the English nation is, I venture to declare, beneath the reach of the height that Dr. Bain has soared to.

There is a sort of cypher which, leaving the letters and words unchanged, alters their sense. Thus,

> She feared no danger, for she knew no sin,

might be construed,

> He lost all wisdom, when he lost all faith.

Now, if a writer is consistent in the use of such a cypher,

* Milton, "Areopagitica."

and if the meaning in his mind is consistent likewise, he need only publish a vocabulary that we may learn to understand him. If his cypher is consistently used, but his mental concepts are at variance with themselves, his writings can never be understood as a whole. If, however, while his thoughts are inconsistent, his terms are used now in the vernacular sense and now in the sense of the cypher, he will then be most thoroughly unintelligible, and yet he will delude his readers into fancying that they understand him partially, and hoping that, were his eagle insight theirs, his explanations would be to them as the perfect day. This seems to be the case with Dr. Bain and his admirers. I should much like to see some member of that school draw up a vocabulary of their master's peculiar uses of English, and then remodel his works into as accurate as possible a correspondence with the vocabulary. I should also like to see who would buy, who would read, who could understand the contents of that new edition. A pretty good specimen of it may be got from the concluding pages of "The Emotions and the Will." There the author does not debar himself from a free use of the Queen's English; but, at the same time, the sum of the two volumes at his back constrains him to an extensive employment of his own English. The outcome of it reads like a parody of the chaotic compositions of Comte. Here is a specimen:—

> In rebutting the assumption of a world totally separated from mind, in the largest signification that we can give to mind, we must not use language to imply that actuality is the same as ideality; the two experiences are experiences of our own, aspects of self, but so widely distinct as to give a shock of consciousness when we pass between them, and thereby to develop a cognition.

The peculiarities of this sentence would grow, by its being translated as the author has given warrant. The reader may execute the translation for himself, as I shall suggest, afterwards. Meanwhile, I invite any one that has "The Senses and the Intellect" with "The Emotions and the Will" by him, to turn to the commencement of the former work, and set it side by side with the winding up of the latter. He will behold how it is possible to begin in fact and end in fiction; to start from physiological demonstrations—stray leaves from Bowman and Quain—and culminate in the wildest ravings of Hegel. I advise the author, if ever he undertakes a third volume—he may call it "The Subject and the Object"—that he write it, not in English but in German, or at least announce it as *having been translated* from the German. The speech of *this island cannot deal in* such monstrosities; it is incredible *that a British brain can think* them.

I feel that my language is violent; but my reason accords with it. I speak violently, because I have a clear perception of the outrage which Dr. Bain, and the like of him, these many years have been offering—unwittingly, I trust—to the sacred person of Truth. I speak violently, because I cannot tamely endure to see young intelligences blinded and young hearts unanchored into sin. But I am willing to play the logician rather than the preacher. I proceed, therefore, to show cause for my words; and in particular to dissect Dr. Bain's two tongues, and to insist on his henceforth ceasing to say, in the same breath, *yes* with one tongue, *no* with the other.

I take the liberty of calling the two *English* and *Bainite* respectively. There is a word in the English language; it is the pronoun *I*. Every speaking native of this realm understands what that pronoun means. It were vain to explain it to any who did not. The term is found too in the Bainite cypher. Its signification there is set forth as follows:—I presume that *I* and *self* are synonymous, as *egotism* and *selfishness* fundamentally are:

> The proper meaning of self can be no more than my corporeal existence, coupled with my sensations, thoughts, emotions, and volitions, supposing the classification exhaustive, and the sum of these in the past, present, and future.*

This definition affords an instance of that felicitous blending of two languages above referred to. An intelligent child might quarrel with its catechism, if to the question "Who is God?" the answer ran "God is the Divine Being." Yet a professor of logic at a Scotch university dares to define that "self is my corporeal existence, coupled with my sensations, &c."; *i.e.*, "the *Ego* is the *Ego's* corporeal existence, joined to the *Ego's* states of mind." How account for this apparent tautology? This account may be given: *Self*, the word defined, is Bainite, but the *my* of the definition is English. So it is no more an idle utterance to declare that "self is my existence," than to tell a foreigner who knew Latin but no English, "God est Ens Divinum."

But at this juncture a pair of horns—of a dilemma—appear, rushing to gore Dr. Bain. Either the pronoun *I* means in Bainite what it means in English, or it does not. If it does not, I must ask the learned linguist, what, if any, is the meaning of the pronoun of the first person in his native tongue. *Surely it is not* "a mere name"; and if it does stand for a

* "*Emotions* and Intellect,"—The Will, chap. xi. § 8.

thing, I ask, in the name of the mental philosophy which he professes, for what thing? But if the Bainite *I* is a synonym of the English *I*, then we are presented with the following strange announcement of its meaning: "The proper meaning of self can be no more than my corporeal existence, coupled with my sensations, &c."; *i.e.*, the *Ego* is the corporeal existence and the mental states of corporeal existence, and mental states. The first personal pronoun is thus argued to stand for something impersonal.

The mention of this absurdity prompts me to a full description of the Bainite *Ego*. As already recounted, the pronoun has a broader and a narrower meaning. The broad sense identifies it with Consciousness, taking in Subject and Object, Mind and Matter, everything and—if I may complete for Dr. Bain his Hegelian antinomy—nothing. In that sense, I am the table, I am air, I am space, I am you, and—it is not I that say it—I am God. For proof of this, on Dr. Bain's authority, I cite one passage of his out of many.

> The totality of our mental life is made up of two kinds of consciousness —the object consciousness and the subject consciousness. The first is our external world, our *non-ego*; the second is our *ego*, or mind proper. Berkeley confounded these two: he merged the object consciousness, determined by our feelings of expended energy, in the subject consciousness, determined by passive feelings and ideas. It is quite true that the object consciousness, which we call Externality, is still a mode of self in the most comprehensive sense, but not in the usual restricted sense of "self" or "mind," which are names for the subject, to the exclusion of the object. *

This citation incidentally exhibits the larger meaning of "self" or "me," and expressly declares the more limited acceptation of the term. Thus limited, the *Ego* is the Mind, the Inextended, as contra-distinguished from the *non-Ego*, the Extended, which is made up of Matter and Space.

"What," exclaims the reader, "am I, at the narrowest, co-extensive with Mind? Is all that is not me, mere matter or space? Is there no intelligence but mine?" I wish Dr. Bain would respond to these inquiries categorically, and submit to further questioning upon his answer. His language implies that the answer which I desiderate from him would be returned in the negative. From a single page of his "Senses and Intellect" I cull the following phrases:—"all our experience. . . and all the experience of others"; "other persons tell me the same thing"; "to me and to other sentient beings"; "I and all other beings with whom I have had any communication";

* "*Senses and Intellect*,"—*Intellect*, chap. i. § 38, (2).

"ourselves and all mankind."* Of course Dr. Bain in this page is speaking the truth for himself. The Law of Relativity enacts that his truth shall be *for himself*. It is true then for him that there are other persons besides Alexander Bain. But here a horrid doubt arises. As there are two *Egos*, the lesser within the greater, so there must be for him two Alexander Bains. It is possible then that, always for him, "other sentient beings" may indeed escape from identification with his lesser *Ego*, or subject consciousness, but be caught in his object consciousness, and so Alexander in his full amplitude, *i.e.* in his subject states and object states taken together, will be all the universe of mind, matter, and space, for himself. The horror of such an absorption passes away on remembering that none but extended beings rank as Object, while Mind is essentially inextended. My mind, therefore, is no part of his object consciousness, albeit that my body is. But is my mind really distinct from the subject consciousness, or mind, of my fellow-man? Dr. Bain declares for himself that his mind is by itself distinct and individual, apart from other minds. Yet his declaration cuts so direct in the teeth of his own philosophy, that I must suppose him again in this instance to be a speaker in two tongues. The phrase "other minds" is of course English, but in Bainite, it, like "existence," must be registered for "a mere name": or perhaps it has a meaning, which will appear presently.

Certainly it does not bear the plain English meaning. That it cannot do, if Dr. Bain's argument against the knowableness of an independent material world is to stand. For if we cannot know matter apart from ourselves, on account of self entering into every act of cognition; on that same account quite sufficiently and on no other, we cannot know mind out of connection with self. We may, to be sure, assert a relation between "my mind knowing" and "the mind known by my mind"; we may call knower and known together, a duality; but the only relation and dualism that can here obtain is that which obtained between subject and object. There Dr. Bain told us, "it is quite true that the object consciousness, which we call Externality, is still a mode of self in the most comprehensive sense"; it is therefore equally true that the subject (?) consciousness, which we call Other Mind, is still a mode of self in the same most comprehensive sense. That there may be no doubt about this parallelism, I shall quote Dr. Bain's argument for the first case, and in parentheses adapt it to the second.

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* P. 384, ed. 2.

There is no possible knowledge of the world [whether of matter or of mind,] except in reference to our minds. Knowledge means a state of mind; the notion of material things [and of minds other than our own] is a mental thing [of ours]. We are incapable of discussing the existence of an independent material [or independent mental] world; the very act is a contradiction. We can speak only of a world presented to our own minds. By an illusion of language we fancy that we are capable of contemplating a world which does not enter into our own mental existence; but the attempt belies itself, for this contemplation is an effort of mind.*

I overlook the confusion between the contemplated and the contemplation—in domestic language, between the pudding and the eating—which underlies this argument. I am only anxious that the argument shall carry before all eyes the plenitude of its conclusion; subjecting Independent Mind, as it subjects Independent Matter, to the empire of the universal *I*. Not only then is the territory of the United States an associated aggregate of hypothetical states of consciousness, belonging to Dr. Bain of Aberdeen; the mind of every American citizen is but another aggregate of potentiality having the same North British owner. He is, to himself, America, soil and citizens; he is Europe, Africa, Asia, sun, planets, and fixed stars; he is the sum-total of intelligence linked to the sum-total of matter; he is his own God, not, however, the God of the Christians, nor the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; but the impersonal, indefinite deity of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel.

I must ask my reader to go in spirit to the most lovely scene that he knows of in nature. I cannot take him thither. It will be a mountain slope, or the side of a river, or the seashore, or the mid-ocean, or a home-breathing land of crops and cattle. Let him drink his fill of the delicious prospect, and over the draught let him sing this spell:—"These hills, these waters, these fields, are my recollections of actual experiences of conjoint energies and sensations in the past, and my anticipations of the like in the future, added to my present optical sensation of colour." I know not how this song might be taken by other ears: for myself I have tried the experiment, and my answer is, that if that be philosophy, I will have

* "Senses and Intellect,"—*Intellect*, chap. i. § 38 (1). Further on, in § 38 (6), the author says: "While *sentiens* and *sensum*, or *percipiens* and *perceptum*, may be said to mark the great and vital distinction of subject and object, Mind and the Extended; *cognoscens* and *cognitum* may express a subject and object distinction made within the subject." The Mind is cognoscens as knowing, *cognitum as known* by, itself. But does not this cognoscens *and cognitum mark the consistent* Bainite distinction between my mind and *my neighbour's?* See the author's own text; I have altered his punctuation.

none of it. A child, to me, is wiser than such a philosopher. Let the observer now turn away—he need not go to the trouble, let him shut his eyes—the features of nature are at once obliterated. Two tiny muscles contracting have left all that beauty a blank. I know it will be retorted, a blank for him, but not a blank absolutely. I reply that the Bainite tongue owns no difference between "a blank" and "a blank for him." The two phrases are indentical, since the ethical dative "for the subject" is understood wherever it is not expressed. The Englishman distinguishes between "nothing" and "nothing to me"; that distinction is nothing to the Bainite. He has eaten of the tree of knowledge; he has become like unto God; he thinks of a thing, and the thing is; he forgets it, and its being has fled.

Our observer would be better able to convince himself of this, if he stood alone. But let his solitude be broken, broken without his *fiat* being awaited. Let myriads of intelligent invaders, many as those that recently overran France, or that shall tread down pleasant lands elsewhere in ages to come, appear, lining the hills and defiling through the valleys. Instantly the spectator's thought changes; he apprehends what, in vulgar language, he calls other minds than his own, an army seemingly of upstart, independent gods; if we are to take the English sense of *other* with the Bainite rendering of *mind*. Dr. Bain, perhaps, would not object to this hybrid phraseology. I do. I consider it a clumsy contradiction in terms; clumsy, because couched in two languages, and self-contradictory, because Deity is essentially One. I insist on the adjective, *other*, being construed as Bainite, even as its substantive, *minds*, is construed. The awkwardness of expression will thus be removed; about the contradiction we shall see. *Other*, in Bainite, means *a part of the same whole*. Thus Subject is other than Object, both being parts of the same whole *Ego*. Light is other than darkness, and they make up the one cognition, light-darkness. The whole phrase, *other minds*, therefore, signifies, in Alexander Bain's own manufactured tongue, *parts of the same deity*. The language is now homogeneous; is the thought also consistent?

It would seem at first sight that my personality is above all things mine, distinct, peculiar, and unsharable with my neighbours. It would seem, too, that the pronouns *you, he,* had their meanings, each representing something that was like me, and yet, for all its likeness, was most irreconcilably not me. I can conceive no greater contradiction than, that *you, he, and I should* be parts of one whole. Thunder, lightning, *and hail would* be more conceivably parts of one sunbeam.

Dr. Bain seems to admit the incongruity. How then does he accomplish this fusion of persons into one? Most simply and successfully. He annihilates personality. Let each of us three be no one in particular; then we shall readily be any one. We shall constitute a self that is no self, for the very reason that it is all selves united. *Meum* and *tuum* are superseded by this Great Beast of an Universal Consciousness. The Beast belongs to the order of *Chimæridæ:* its breath is deadly to the soul that believes in it. That Dr. Bain's all-comprehensive *Ego* is impersonal, is manifest from the whole tenor of his writings. They approximate towards being true to themselves, according as we strike out from them the personal and the possessive pronouns. For example, take this sentence above quoted:—

> The totality of our mental life is made up of two kinds of consciousness —the object consciousness and the subject consciousness. The first is our external world, our *non-ego;* the second is our *ego*, or mind proper.

The omission of *our* here will obviate an importunate inquiry as to who are the individual *we* that mentally live, and are totally made up of object and subject consciousness. The fact is that the *we* is no individual designation, applicable to these persons and not to those; its meaning is universal, it stands for consciousness in general, for that impersonal cosmos which is the transcendental god—the *locus*, so to call it, of the Hegelian equation, $\infty = 0$.*

That this unspeakable totality is at once impersonal and nonsensical, I have Dr. Bain's express declaration in a later work; and first for its impersonality. He says:—

> The substance of *Mind* is no other than the aggregate of the three constituent powers, Feeling, Will, Thought. These present, mind is present; these removed, mind is gone. If the three facts named do not exhaust the mind, there must be some fourth fact, which should be produced and established as a distinct mode of OUR† subjectivity. The substance would then be fourfold. But the supposition of an "ego" or "self," for the powers to inhere in, is a pure fiction, coined from non-entity, by the illusion of supposing that because attribute applies to something, there must be something that cannot be described as an attribute.‡

A given mind, on this understanding, amounts to feeling,

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* Perhaps this is the "*Unknowable and Unknown*," which, as Professor Huxley tells us, challenges to itself "*worship mostly of the silent sort.*" "The idols of the nations" were "silver and gold," they were "the works of the hands of men"; but at least they were something.

† Capitals *mine.*

‡ "*Logic*,"—*Deduction, p. 262.*

will, and thought, and no more. No Bainite should call it *my* feeling, will, and thought; for if that personal pronoun is rightly inserted,

> There is an imputation on the sufficiency of the common analysis of the mind. Feeling, Volition, and Intellect, as explained with full detail in the present work, must still leave a region unexplored. A fourth or residual department would need to be constituted—the department of "self," or Me-ation.*

But if the *Ego*, in the narrower sense of *Subject*, is impersonal, still less will it wear any personal character in that broader sense, wherein it includes the Object equally with the Subject world. It is impersonal; it is nonsensical to boot. This addition is set forth in the clearest terms by the uncompromising professor:—

> One portion of Knowledge WE † term the *object* world, the Extended World, and, less correctly, Matter and the External World. The other portion WE † call the *Subject* world, the Unextended Mind, and, less properly, the Internal World. Indeed, when WE † talk of these two departments as dividing between them the universe of existence, WE † are using fictitious and unmeaning language; the ultimate universe, according to the law of Relativity, is a *couple*, the highest *real* grouping of things is this *two-fold* grouping, called Subject and Object, &c. These are the proper *summa genera*. Existence is a mere name.‡

We have seen, then, the *Ego* expanded till it embraced Object—that is, Matter and Space—along with Subject, or Mind. We have seen it merge all other minds into itself, under cover of the antinomy, *Cognoscens* and *Cognitum*. We have seen it stripped of its personal denomination, and reduced from an *I am* to an I-less being. Lastly, we have this very being declared "a mere name." Witnesses protesting strongly use the form, "as sure as I am of my own existence." That is an idle form of protest now, since Dr. Bain has ascertained that there is no such thing as I, no such thing as existence. And yet those two words seem to have meaning for him; they figure frequently on his pages. A complete concordance of all that he has written, would exhibit *existence* and its cognate words scores of times, and *I*'s in hundreds. This is inconsistent. It is using vulgar language, while condemning the same as sense-

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* "Emotions and Will,"—*Will*, chap. xi. § 8.

† Capitals mine. If Dr. Bain does not expunge this troublesome pronoun, he will go nigh to contradict himself. Readers will remember that *we* has no *meaning in Bainite*, and will wonder at his English use of it.

‡ "*Logic*,"—*Deduction*, pp. 255-6.

less; it is saying in English, and gainsaying in Bainite. He should write without reference to Person or to Substance, if all that his philosophy lets him know is a phantasmagoria of phases of consciousness. But, poor creature, he cannot even think in that style, though he is pledged to it; small blame to him then for not writing in it. The blame should light on those fantastic speculations, that have put it out of his power to say, "I am" without forfeiting a foregone conclusion.

It is a characteristic of the style of thought which Dr. Bain has espoused, that it holds for nothing the ordinary opinions of men concerning the workings of their own minds, and the things which their minds work upon. It markedly separates "the philosophical" from "the vulgar." In the early communities of Greece, the nobles took on themselves the titles of "the good" and "the brave," the plebeian children of the same mother city being to them, "the bad" and "the cowardly." We are threatened, not with an aristocracy of birth, but with an aristocracy of intellect. We, the *demus*, have learnt reading, but we cannot read our own minds; only our betters, the metaphysicians, can do that; and they have been at the pains to publish translations of their minds in books, that we may read there and marvel at so much wayward egotism and infatuate self-contradiction. Conning over such pages, I cannot think that their authors are the philosophers that are to be kings during the millennium. They seem to me rather like sea-captains—more desperate than the commanders of the Armada—who having resolved that neither wind nor wave shall divert them one point out from their predetermined track, when they find that the conditions under which they sail will not bend to their will, choose rather to unship their rudder and scuttle their craft, than steer as the weather permits them. These speculators proceed doggedly on the maxim, "every man his own pope," and when it appears that there is truth independent of the definition of any man, they forswear their own existences. It had been wiser of them to have abated a little of their own judgments.

There are two courses open to any adventurer that shall essay to walk the outermost verge of human thought in the region of metaphysics. He may either accept the primitive beliefs of his nature, and let his fruit ripen on the twig where his blossom grew; or he may sever the connection between the man and the metaphysician. If the former alternative shall be his choice, he will abide by such axioms as, that he is,—that his self and his being are not mere names,—that *there are other selves quite* independent of him, or of his *knowledge of them,—that* matter is, in no sense, a part of his

thought,—that there is a reason for every being, a cause for every event,—that, though he can do as he wills, he ought not always to will as he feels,—that the end of his existence is not before him here. With these convictions, cherished in a heart of virgin innocence, he will readily apprehend cogent natural reasons for the belief in God. He will let out his line, to sound the perfections of his Maker, and will fathom some sure knowledge, along with evidence of deep mystery beyond. Another—and I fear not equally sinless—thinker will no sooner get into his grasp the portion of mental substance that belongs to him as a man, than he will waste it in wanton speculations, cobbling up metaphysical quibbles in face of the certainties of his early youth, and fondly hoping that it is granted to man, in this life of mirror and enigma, to arrive at length to believe in nothing that he does not see in its inmost nature and contents. A mortal can answer some questions, but he can put more. Because the questions are in excess of the answers, some go about to destroy what answers there are. This illogical proceeding gives rise to that distinction, which I have mentioned, between the "vulgar" and the "philosophical," and to a disparagement of the common thought of mankind. But it is suicidal for the philosopher to draw any such invidious line of demarcation between himself and his fellows. After all, he is only trying to perform systematically and reflectively the same operations which a child ten years old performs without reflection. If the child's mind works aright, the sage does well to make a study of the process; but if the childish original is a blunder and a flaw, the mature man of system has no subject matter to go to work upon. He has grown into the full command of his faculties, only to find them as millstones without grain.

I know that appeal is made to the hundreds of popular prejudices which science has broken down, and my ears are dinned with talk of the planetary revolutions, and of the laws of motion, of the circulation of the blood, and of the composition of water; but I reply that these were physical discoveries: and physical things, as every astronomer, chemist, and physiologist knows, are removed from obvious experience by the complication of besetting circumstances; whereas the things on which our issue pends are metaphysical and psychological, consisting of the highest generalizations of human thought, and of the every-day operations of the human mind,—things which, by their generality, need little experimental quest, and by *their hourly* rehearsal, become ready matter of inquiry. *Indeed, it has been* a reproach upon philosophers from the days *of Socrates, that* their professional stock-in-trade is so com-

monplace. You cannot view the stars with effect except through eyepieces and object-glasses, or by the reflection of specula; you cannot pry into the nature of inorganic bodies, except you have your test-tubes and acids, and the manifold properties of a laboratory: to be a physiologist, you must sharpen your scalpel, and negotiate for your "subject"; but sit down healthfully in your studio, and, without further apparatus, you shall be a metaphysician, according to the measure of thinking power which God has vouchsafed to accord you. Doubtless, you need something to think about; you may find that in yourself, in the tables and chairs and commonest objects around you: they will lead you by abstraction to higher things, to existences not of this world, to the native region of metaphysics and of all science,—to the eternally true. But when your speculations are ended, if you record them in writing, you will only produce a roll of very commonplace remarks; and the better metaphysician you are, the more commonplace and palpable to the meanest understanding will your metaphysical productions be. This seems a paradox, for the "jargon of metaphysics" is proverbial; it is supposed to be more puzzling than any eastern language. I grant that if you use technical terms, your philosophy will bewilder an inexperienced eye: nor do I object to the use of such terms; they are convenient compendia of expression for academic circles; equal brevity, with ordinary language, could not exhibit the meaning with precision. But I have the strongest repugnance to technical terms which the employer himself does not clearly comprehend. I believe that many works, couched in technicalities, are perplexing from no other reason than this, the author's own perplexity. I would have every technical writer able to paraphrase himself in the vernacular; I would counsel him frequently to come down from his scaffolding, and place himself on the level of a common-sensed, right-minded man. Let him descend, and I will trust him when he soars. Let him walk the earth with me at times, and I will believe his saying in the intervals,

> I'm treading air, and looking round the sun.

I should exact no such condescension from a votary of physical science; for I know him to be conversant with phenomena that are veiled by a curtain to my simple eyes.

I may do well to give my reasons at some length for marking off the mental sciences from the physical sciences, and recognizing the voice of the people in psychology, which in chemistry would *go for nothing*. All my reasons gather to *this head, that mental science* is the science of the conscious

operations of mankind, while the operations about which natural science is conversant are done unconsciously. Mankind have a right to speak in matters of which they are conscious; they have no such right in matters beyond their consciousness. I care very much to secure the approval of the non-professing psychological public for any account I may have to render of the process of willing; I care not at all that the non-professing dynamical public differs with me as to the constitution of matter. I am not surprised that the once well-nigh universal belief of mankind in the sun's revolution round the earth, has turned out a mistake; I should be surprised if their still more universal belief in their own existence should prove a delusion.

I surmise, however, this objection. "Mankind formerly thought they were conscious of perceiving that the sun moved round the earth; whereas they cannot have been conscious of perceiving what we know not to have been the fact; whence it appears that the thoughts of mankind may be wrong even in matters of their own consciousness." That is the objection. And my answer is this. If the ideas which mankind formerly had of sun, earth, and the laws of motion, truly corresponded to their objects in nature, then they really did perceive that the sun moved round the earth, and their consciousness of such perception was not mistaken. But their ideas of sun, earth, and motion, did not correspond to those natural objects. They did not perceive that the sun moved round the earth, for the simple reason that they did not rightly apprehend the things, motion, earth, and sun. Was it then an illusion that they seemed to themselves to be conscious of that perception? I say boldly that it was not. Consciousness cannot be illusory, in that of which it gives no indication. It is the province of consciousness to indicate the conscious individual's states of mind, not to indicate the correspondence of those states to external objects. The nature of sun and planets is to be found out by examining them, not by examining self. We personally are not suns, nor planets, nor physico-chemical bodies. Therefore I reject the inference drawn from the sciences of external nature to the sciences of mind and being.

But though consciousness does not ascertain the equation between the idea and the object, when the latter is an external thing; yet when the object is internal, consciousness does ascertain the equation. I have an idea of myself; consciousness assures me that, as I conceive myself to be, so am I. Since I am a person, it is of my essence to conceive myself. If that conception is wrong, my personality, my very innermost being, *is a lie, and that is* an end to argument; a personified lie cannot argue. *I say,* therefore, as the beginning of all argument,

that I have a just idea of what I am. From that idea of self, which consciousness thus infallibly guarantees, I pass on to ideas of external objects, by a process to be set forth presently. Meanwhile let us utterly discard the doctrine, that psychology, the science of self, and metaphysics, the science of being, are, like the physical sciences, the exclusive property of their professors. No, no. All men have a direct knowledge of psychology and metaphysics; a direct knowledge, though not a reflex one.

It is, therefore, with pain and dissatisfaction that I read the following words penned by a philosopher of a very different stamp from Dr. Bain, the lamented Professor Ferrier. His "Institutes of Metaphysics" (sections 38–41),* have these utterances:—

> Philosophy exists only to correct the inadvertencies of man's ordinary thinking. She has no other mission to fulfil. If man naturally thinks aright, he need not be taught to think aright. If he is already in possession of the truth, he does not need to be put in possession of it. The occupation of philosophy is gone; her office is superfluous. Therefore philosophy assumes, and must assume, that man does not naturally think aright, but must be taught to do so; that truth does not come to him spontaneously, but must be brought to him by his own exertions. If man does not naturally think aright, he must think, we shall not say wrongly (for that implies malice prepense), but inadvertently: the native occupant of his mind must be, we shall not say falsehood (for that too implies malice prepense), but error. The original dowry then of universal man is inadvertency and error. This assumption is the ground and only justification of the existence of philosophy.

I consider that the writer of this extract has been misled, by not remarking that it is one thing to think aright, and another thing rightly to describe how we think aright. I contend that man does naturally think aright—he would not be in his senses, if his thoughts were all askew: but he needs philosophy, if he is to describe correctly the process by which he thinks. A ploughman opines the existence of what in scientific language would be called an absolute non-Ego: his opinion is unquestionably well-founded, but he could not justify it before the least of Dr. Bain's disciples. True, he could not: neither would his explanations of what became of his dinner satisfy any inquirer that had read Huxley's "Physiology" at a girl-school. Yet for all that, his eating is healthy, and his thinking, so far as it goes, is right. Both are well, because both are natural. These naturally well-ordered opera-

* *Quoted approvingly* in the preface to Grote's "Plato."

tions are what physiologists and psychologists describe. But animals vegetate without knowing physiology; and minds understand and will—not on conscious psychological principles. Fancy—what is not to be found in God's creation—a human being for whom nature, with purpose elaborate, had provided an outfit, or rather infit, of indigestive organs, and then had left the poor man to study his "original dowry" of dyspepsia, in order that the health which "does not come to him spontaneously," might "be brought to him by his own exertions." That individual would doubtless be an earnest pathologist; but the science would be bootless, which he used full in the teeth of his nature. So Professor Ferrier's assertion of the catharctic character of philosophy—or of what he understands by philosophy, namely, mental pathology—does put that study in a desirable light—the same desirable light in which the last stimulant is viewed by the dying.

I condemn Dr. Bain, because he contradicts himself. I condemn him because his philosophy, consistently worked out, baffles understanding. I condemn him, on both counts together, because what he says is false, and what he should say, falser. I confess, notwithstanding, that so painstaking an observer of human nature as he is, has not erred in his description of it, without his very error pointing to truth. I am going to offer a specimen, such as I can offer, of how a Christian psychologist may accept what correct indications he has afforded, and assimilate them, and be thankful for them; and still more thankful for the Faith, which makes other men's discoveries greater revelations to him than they were to the discoverers. It will be remembered that man, antecedently to education, is analyzed by Dr. Bain into states of spontaneous active movement, and states of passive sensation. It is evident how this analysis ignores personality. There are states of activity, and states of sensation, but where is the *Ego* that acts and feels? Surely it ought not to be ignored. But to tell what it is, we need a term that hardly occurs in the whole corpus of Dr. Bain's psychological writings; I mean *soul*.

I am not going into a lengthy argument to show that man has a soul. I will only say this much, that if the human body is a substance, or a collection of substances, there must be in the composition of man another substance besides, not corporeal. I know indeed that positivists or phenomenists—the school founded by that hater of metaphysics, Auguste Comte, and for which Mr. J. S. Mill and Dr. Bain have reared up a metaphysical system on the founder's principles, though *regardless of the* founder's prejudice—I know that phenomenists *do not* recognize what I call substance. By substance, I

understand that which has being in itself, and is naturally the principle of its own operations and passive affections; and their comment upon my definition is, that being is a mere name, that things in themselves are unknowable, and that bare "states" are the philosopher's study, not any operative or passive principle. This hostile criticism is not new in my ears. In the preceding pages I have been seeking to show up the perplexed *imbroglio* of nonsense which it involves. I hold then that there exists a something, named material substance, and that it consists of power to set in motion, and capability of being set in motion, together conspiring into the unity of one being. At this rate, the one phenomenon which occurs in the material universe is motion. But feeling and thought are also phenomena of our experience: plainly then, there is another universe, comprising substances of another kind—substances that think and feel—spirits, souls.

The human *Ego* then, I say, is the rational soul quickening the body. Now, before going further, I must draw attention to this fact; that material substances, though they are not actions, are still, so far as in them lies, ever in action. The tip of the pen wherewith I write, is incessantly attracting or repelling other particles round it; the effect of its presence, however infinitesimal, has really been felt from creation, in the uttermost fixed star. Nay, were that steel point the sole matter in existence, it would none the less abidingly perform the agent's part of action; and any second particle, subsequently called into being, would be born into the region of its working. I contend that spiritual substance is an equally sleepless worker. It possesses, furthermore, this advantage, that while matter is inert—moving other matter, but not the mover's own self—the act of spirit is self-reflected or "immanent"; the knower knows his being. But the spirit under our discussion, the human soul, is not, at least in its present state, an angel; it is a spirit in flesh, making up with a material organism one nature of man. Consequently it acts—feeling, thinking, willing, vivifying—subject to material conditions. As a particle can determine no motion unless there be a second particle to be moved; so the soul can do no vital act unless the body be in a state favouring that special vitality.* Yet the particle's self is an ever-energizing motor power; the soul likewise, were it alone, would be a similarly unflagging energizer, and—more favoured than the particle—would exer-

* This comparison must not be pressed, regardless of the difference, that the two particles do *not combine in such* union as that in which soul and body *combine, to form one nature or* principle of operation.

cise its immanent energy at its own discretion. Under the extraneous conditions which fetter the souls of us mortals, our spiritual abilities may dwindle to an imperceptible span, as in deep sleep or *coma*; or they may rise high in the exuberance of youth, health, and joy. In all cases they keep pace with the state of the body, and, up to a certain point, with the determination of the will. Accepting, therefore, Dr. Bain's pet phrase, I say that the soul, of its own spiritual nature, is always ready for "spontaneous action"; and that the man gets into "spontaneous action"—action, however, which he can bridle by his will—whenever the good state of his body makes it lightsome for his soul to deal with. All during life there is a certain amount of spontaneity, but it is when the feeling of life is strong, that the spontaneity rises into notice.*

As the source of this unprompted flow of vigour, Dr. Bain alleges the food. That force which, contained in the bread, meat, and vegetables which we eat, is called chemical or organic, is said to be digested by our organs into vital force. The reader recognizes here the doctrine of the "Correlation of Forces." Of the unsoundness and mischievousness of that much reputed doctrine, in its present fashionable form, I entertain the strongest conviction.† My opponent strongly asserts its value and truth. The assertion may appear an inconsistency in him. How can he talk of "animal activity without consciousness,"‡ while the first axiom of his philosophy is, that the universe and everything in it, or connected with it, is a mere panorama of states of consciousness? Or how can the Idealist, between whose "thinking-shop" and Berkeley's the flimsiest of curtains intervenes,§ derive his mind from matter, his thought from the butcher's stall? An exclusive noting of these anomalous expressions about correlation

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* See the pertinent passage in St. Augustine, "De Musica," lib. vi. c. 5, and compare "Senses and Intellect,"—*Senses*, chap. iv. § 20, and Appendix B of the same work, *ad fin.*

† My conviction is grounded upon the peculiar view of the composition of matter put forward in the Rev. J. Bayma's "Molecular Mechanics" (Macmillan).

‡ Read "Emotions and Will,"—*Will*, chap. vii. §§ 14, 15, 16.

§ The difference between Dr. Bain and Bishop Berkeley I take to be this. The Bishop says, "Whatever the *Ego* knows, belongs to the *Ego's* own being." "No," rejoins the Doctor, "that is not true, unless you take the *Ego* in the widest sense of the term ("S. and I."—*Intellect*, chap. i. § 38, (2)); for there is a narrower sense, in which the *Ego* means only the Subject, the region of passivity and ideas." I have ventured to call this distinction flimsy. *Either Berkeley is*, after all, right, or Dr. Bain's saying, that "the object *consciousness is a mode of self*," means nothing.

has led some persons to rank Dr. Bain among materialists. But it was no materialist brain that "secreted" "The Emotions and the Will." The writer of that work is too much of a metaphysician to be a materialist.* And yet so unfortunate has the course of his metaphysical speculation been, that it has cast him and the materialist together on the same shore. For what else is the denial of substance but the denial of personality, and how is the denial of personality other than a denial of mind? In that unhappy negation of the *Ego*, idealism and materialism, pantheism and atheism, meet. There they "come together into one," and "speak vain things," "against the Lord and against his Christ." One All-Pervading Force that offers itself now to the dynamist for examination, now to the chemist, now to the biologist, or psychologist, or sociologist, or spiritualist, is the "own nearest relation" of the One Universal Consciousness, that is at once yours and mine, and our mutual friend's—us three, and all men and all things —Mind with Matter in its arms—a Totality of Sameness in Diversity. It is indifferent whether we call this Monster the Absolute or the Idea, or whether we call It God or not, for certainly there is no God—no thing even—besides It, in the confession of its votaries. Now, the mind that isolates any one object in such terms, *ipso dicto* adores that object.

Yes, we speak of "godless philosophies," but the expression, if we consider it strictly, appears to harbour a contradiction. Philosophy cannot be godless. She is the science that beats the bounds of furthest human thought; she, therefore, is most nearly conversant with the mystery beyond man. The astronomer, with his telescope, analyzing nebulæ into worlds, is on the track of the Divine Immensity; but unless he carries with him something of metaphysics, he will not recognize anything divine there. The metaphysician, on the contrary, in the contemplation of a grain of dust—such as you have blown in your face in myriads on a windy day—kindles his speculative glance till he is dazzled from the light inaccessible that is the Mind of God. I suppose there is no metaphysical student who does not feel himself thus—not so much perplexed as scared every day that he really studies. But a philosopher may earn from vulgar men the appellation of godless. "From vulgar men," I say, because perhaps more discerning tongues

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* "We incur the absurdity of converting mind into a substance to be viewed by another mind, when we speak of our perceiving faculty as an extended thing" ("S. and I."—*Intellect*, chap. i. § 38, (5)). I do not vouch for this *reductio ad absurdum*, but the conclusion which it bears manifests *Dr. Bain's opposition to materialism.*

would rather pronounce him "no philosopher" than style him at once "philosopher" and "godless." A man may graduate as a "godless philosopher" in two ways. The first way is by philosophizing amiss, and crowning the work, as consistency requires, with a theology of pantheism. In this way the German school have walked, their troops headed by Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel: the other way is the way of English, that is, being interpreted, of inconsistent people. They philosophize amiss with the Germans, and then stop short. They have no theology; they do not expressly insult God; they ignore Him with an ominous silence, amounting to a virtual denial. Or they treat Him as His Representative is being treated in these years 1871–2. They hedge Him in a corner, and tender Him their respects, on condition of His keeping to His own side of the fence, to wit, the side which they have appointed for Him. He shall be God of Kirk and Sabbath, of Bible and Prayer-book, and of the World to come; but He shall not be their God. Their stubborn strength will not bow to serve Him; nor will their heart cling, night, morning, and noonday, wherever their steps or their fancies roam, to the thought that He is there. This sequestration under guarantees which the Creator has suffered, involves the loss of His rights in science. It is announced that faith and science are nowhere conterminous, that no license of speculation can ever amount to infidelity,* so surely is the inviolability of the province of Divine Truth guaranteed by thinkers who ransack heaven and earth without reference to the Maker of them.

Dr. Bain belongs to this inconsistent, halfway school. He does not in set terms deny God; he mentions, occasionally, the Deity, with caution rather than with reverence. Still, I fear not to say it, a personal God enters not into his philosophical system; more than that, a Divine Person is as irreconcilable with his system as with that of Hegel. Only the English relativist wants explicitness. And let not him nor his admirers hope that they will be suffered to halt short of explicit infidelity. Dr. Bain has already in this respect, by a logical development of their common principles, gone further than Mr. Mill; their heirs will still advance along the same path. Educated in Christianity, and thence working its own way to phenomenism, an intellect may manufacture to itself an unstable alloy of these two incompatible creeds. But let that

* "Religious disbelief and philosophical scepticism are not merely not the *same, but have no* natural connection."—Sir William Hamilton, quoted in *Mill's "Examination,"* p. 139, which see.

intellect well forth its discoveries to younger intellects rising round it, their creed, when they are grown up, will be phenomenism, sheer and simple. Let them read, for instance, that—

> Realism is still exemplified in the doctrine of an Independent External World, and also in the doctrine of a separate existence of Mind or Soul.*

It will be wonderful, after that, if their youthful sense of consistency, undimmed as yet by habits of self-contradiction, does not relegate the immortality of the soul, and the personality of the Creator, to the lumber-room of exploded fictions, where the fragments of the Universal Man strew the floor.† I am convinced that no one can logically profess that the being of creatures is other than divine, who does not admit that the being of matter is other than mental. Dr. Bain, as we have seen, attaches no meaning to the word *being*. "I am who am," or, "I am the Being," as the Septuagint has it, is verbiage to this philosopher. Well, in so far as he pronounces existence a mere name, I cannot accuse him of identifying corporeal with spiritual existence. But this he says—"The notion of material things is a mental thing."‡ This, too, he everywhere implies that "matter" means "my notion of matter"; § this, therefore, is his plighted conclusion, "matter is a thing of my mind." Now apply the theory of perception here expressed to the biblical account of creation. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." After working at them for six days, "God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good." What sense should this narrative convey to Dr. Bain? That God suddenly awoke to consciousness of a new activity of His own? That an hitherto unfelt emotion stole over Him? That the world to Him is his discernment of a sphere of divine action? That created goodness is the Creator's inward complacency in His creation? In short, that the world is God, even as God's knowledge and God's love of the world is most assuredly, in being, God? I am not aware what Dr. Bain thinks of the

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* Bain's "Logic,"—*Deduction*, p. 6.

† When shall the All-Pervading Force, and the All-Pervading Ego, and other such pantheist idols, hide their broken godships here?

‡ "Senses and Intellect,"—*Intellect*, chap. i. § 38, (1). Of course every notion is mental, no matter what it is a notion of. But the *notum* and the notio are different things.

§ "My apprehension of the possibilities of exerting myself." So I fancy Dr. Bain correcting the text. But the unwelcome conclusion cleaves still to him, like *Hercules' poisoned robe*. The "apprehension" is a thing of my *mind*.

Book of Genesis, nor how he would answer these questions; but if he thinks that that book is inspired, and would answer the questions with a *bonâ fide* negative, it remains for him to alter his metaphysical theory of perception. If, when reading his Bible, he is the reverer of a Deity, other than self, let him not be a self-amplifying idealist when sitting in his professorial chair. Again I repeat it, the professor may have two minds, one for philosophy and one for theology; but the pupil will apply one and the same mind to both sciences.

He will be right in the application, if the one mind which he uses is right. It is just that, in the distinction which a student draws between the Creator and Creation, he should not falsify his already acknowledged relation of Subject to Object. Let him be reasonable in the latter case, and he may consistently be orthodox in the former. But how shall I declare the reasonable solution of what Dr. Bain styles "the great metaphysical problem"—wherein does the thinker differ from the thing? Briefly and plainly, with the tongue of my childhood, I declare that the solution is this, that the thinker is one being, and the thing another. The two are not a bare relation, floating loose from substance; they are beings, each in its own right existent, each contingently related to the other. Suppose, instead of *thinker* and *thing*, we say, for concreteness' sake, *rifleman* and *rifle*. Then I say that the rifle exists, whether its bearer thinks of it or no; and the bearer exists, apart from the weapon which he carries. When he thinks of his rifle, there springs up a contingent relation between him and it; by *contingent* I mean a relation which actually holds, but might have never held, and might be broken off. Are there not, however, certain objective relations between the man and the rifle, relations which must hold, so long as the two are in being—relations, for example, of distance or of mutual gravitation according to the Newtonian law? Undoubtedly there are. All beings are related one to the other objectively; but these relations, like the actual existences of the beings themselves, do not depend for their validity on their receiving recognition from a created mind. I shall revert to that question presently.

Dr. Bain may tell me that I freely speak of *being* and *existence*. *Tu quoque*, is my reply to him, despite his profession of having gutted those terms of their meaning. When I endeavoured to take him at his word, into what a kaleidoscope of impersonal, unsubstantial visions was the universe resolved! In despair I have returned to think that existence is a reality, *after all; that* mankind is right, and not Hegel; and that

waking wits should not go down before "dreams of dreams,"* dreamt in a cloud of tobacco-smoke and beer-fumes.

There is little profit in defining *existence* or *being*. An understanding on which that concept is not charactered, must be a veritable *tabula rasa*. Definition finds there no letters wherewith to spell out a meaning. The person simply has not come to the use of reason. I could only say to him, parodying Wren's epitaph in St. Paul's, "If you seek Being, look around you." Metaphysicians, whom I trust, do indeed give an analysis of this fundamental element of knowledge. They show how, in a being, *act* and *term*—that is, taking the being in its relation to other beings, *principle of activity* and *principle of passivity*—conspire into *oneness*. This they show; but they presuppose a knowledge of *Being* in their pupil; they do not profess to grow a new concept in his mind, but to dissect what is there already. I should consider it a strong proof of idiocy in an English-speaking adult, if Being were to him indeed "a mere name." At the same time, it is worth while to mention that the name is not applied synonymously, or in the same sense, to all the things to which it is applied, but only analogically, or with a proportion. Substance, uncreated and divine, is a Being; created substance, an atom for instance, is a Being; an accident of created substance, as the shape of an atom, is a Being too. But God is *of Himself* and *in Himself*; the atom is *in itself*, but *of another*, that is, of God; the shape is not *in itself*, but in the atom, and, with the atom, it is of God. These denominations, *of itself* and *in itself*, are not mere appendages to Being; they alter its nature entirely. God is not as the atom is, nor even as the angel is; and angel and atom are not as is the atom's shape. A comparison, lame though it be, with the inherent lameness of all comparisons of earth to heaven, may yet serve for some representation of my meaning. The Crowned and Anointed of these realms is their proper Sovereign; the minister, empowered by her, is, in some sort, sovereign; the coin, with her image impressed, is called a sovereign. So *Being*, in its truest sense, is the peculiar title of the Most High—He only is: substances, however, which He has created and sustains, have a being, so named for that it is a shadow and dependency of His; and again the filmy reality of an accident clings round the being of the substance to which it belongs, and borrows the name which denotes its supporter's reality. Suffice it to have re-

* "Dreams of dreams" is what Fichte, Hegel's master, called all human perceptions.

called these scholastic distinctions, lest any ambiguity should lurk in the coils of my argument about Being.

To rehabilitate my chosen example of sensory perception. How does the rifleman know that he and his Martini-Henry are two mutually independent beings? By attending lectures on metaphysics? No, decidedly not; but by the fact that he is a reasonable creature, and has used his reason on the things of his experience; by this native and exercised birthright of a man, is he marked out for a denier of idealism. Neither Dr. Bain nor Dr. Berkeley has ever pretended, so far as I am aware, that they were preaching a popular doctrine. They go about to rectify the opinion of the masses; and that on a point with which the masses are conversant every moment of their mental lives. For myself, in such a case, I would rather err with the multitude than be right with some dozen professors of metaphysics. I would rather founder with a large and well-appointed steamer, than voyage prosperously in the peculiar cutter which my friend B. has built and rigged for himself; for this reason, that if B.'s cutter, or Dr. Bain's philosophy, is to be true to her contriver's word, then sea and mind alike must cast about for other laws than the laws which they have obeyed from creation, as age to age has testified. Metaphysicians are not the prophets now that they were in the olden time. In the world of yore, when primeval tradition was almost lost, and subsequent revelations were confined to the narrow seaboard of Judæa, men turned to intellects like those of Plato and Aristotle, Seneca and Epictetus, for instruction regarding the great questions, spiritual and moral, which the commonest things of earth are ever suggesting to the thoughtful. At that date Philosophy was, what Cicero styles her, "the guide of life, the discoverer of virtue, the chaser away of vice." And very indifferently did she perform those offices, as the first chapter of St. Paul to the Romans bears witness. But she is degraded now. Christ and His Church have supplanted her. She is no longer a beacon of practical conduct, but of speculation merely; the highest of purely human speculations, I allow, but still removed from practice. I speak of Christians born and reared; for to those minds that wander up and down in search of spiritual truth, philosophy is of the highest importance; and for the sake of these, their co-redeemed, perishing brothers, Christians do well to launch their lifeboat on to the sea of metaphysics. There our understandings may wax strong, buffeting with difficulties; and there, what is *better than* any strengthening of understanding, we *render grateful* service to the Heart of Our Saviour. O

wise I do not know but what we might afford to leave transcendental subtleties for those eternal years, which, in a short half-century, will have dawned on nearly every one of us that is now of an age to be subtle. Why should we persist in running our heads against the wall when the door will so soon be opened? Why, indeed, were it not that abstruse studies are essential, and are growing more essential, for showing to unbelievers a reason of the faith that is in us. Men pretend to set revelation aside, and peer, with reason's eye alone, into that Upper World, of which every thinker amongst them catches glimpses. They must be disabused; they must be taught by a course of instruction ascending from obvious truths to truths which tower into mystery, that the right direction of reason is towards faith, and the sum of her counsels, "Hear the Church." Heretics and infidels have rejected this lesson of reason; but then what have they done? They have turned round, they or their successors, and finding the elementary facts with which they started inconsistent with the position of denial where they now stand, they brush the facts out of the way, raise the drawbridge between themselves and ordinary mortals, and flaunt the banner of their scepticism for credulous outsiders to admire, and imitate as their ignorance can.

I have a philosophy that shall confirm the existence of an independent Not-Self. But I do not believe that fact on philosophical grounds. I believed it before I was old enough to think consecutively; and if, when the power of argumentation came to me, I had been offered a proof to the contrary from which I saw no escape, I should rather have mistrusted my own capacity for estimating evidence than have caught at the conclusion that the universe and I were one. I embark in my philosophy, resolved that if the philosophy founders, I will not suffer shipwreck. I am conscious of myself, and of the limits about myself, too intimately to fling that consciousness away in the paroxysm of a disappointed metaphysician. Primarily and essentially, I am a man; secondarily and accidentally, I seek to become a philosopher. As a man, I know certain truths; as a philosopher, I would fain tell how I know them. If I cannot tell how, still I know them. At the same time, I trust that I can tell how I know an independent Not-Self. Let me make the attempt.

To prove, one must assume. I assume, then—a simple assumption—that I am. Also, that I know that I am. This cognition is to be analyzed. It regards an *exertion*, an effect, and a *resultant state*. The exertion proceeds from my soul, *which, itself ever ready to act,* moves the body when that is

physically disposed for motion. The effect is in the body, the nerves and muscles of which receive a determination to change. The resultant state is in body and soul together, in the body directly, because that alone has been a recipient, and in the soul by concomitance, since the soul is united with the body in oneness of nature. The soul acts consciously, the animate body consciously suffers, soul and body are in a resultant conscious activo-passive state. That is a clumsy metaphysical statement of the plain truth, *I am*. That I have a soul distinct from my body, is here supposed; proof has been offered for it above. The justice of representing the soul as acting on the body, was shown in discussing Dr. Bain's well-founded doctrine of "spontaneous motion." Lastly, the distinction between an impression received and the state thence resulting, is clear, and, I think, worth remarking. It is evident too, that when two beings are compounded into one nature—that is, one principle of doing and suffering—an altered condition of either being must induce a corresponding alteration in the other; so that the compound, as a whole, will be altered. The compound here is the man, the Me. I know me by my action at home. And, knowing that I am, I have entered into the great Idea of Being.

Next comes the difficulty, as to whether I know a Not-Me. I must not assume the affirmative; *yes* or *no* upon this question, is the point at issue. But I shall proceed to prove in favour of *yes*. I assume Dr. Bain's second fact of the primitive mental constitution, the fact of "passive sensation," or "nervous currents inwards." In this fact of consciousness are found the second and third elements of the *I am*, while the first element is wanting. For in passive sensation the body is impressed, and body and soul join in a resultant conscious state; but there is no action of the soul giving a stimulus to the body. In Dr. Bain's phraseology, the "diffusive wave of feeling" is not "spontaneous." But the triad of cognition is still made up. Instead of my own soul—my truest innermost Me*—I mentally place a Not-Me, acting upon my body. I know a *Non-Ego*, then, in questions of sensory perception, has this meaning: "some being, not my soul, is acting on my body; the body receives the action; soul and body are in a resultant conscious state." If this theory is rightly framed, it appears how the *Ego* is involved in every apprehension, and yet the *Non-Ego* may be absolutely apprehended. I suffer, mine is the conscious state; but it is not myself that acts upon me.

* "*My* Me," because I revert in thought upon myself.

Adversaries will impugn—it is the only possible point of attack—my right to couple the action of a being outside me with an impression and affection of my mind. I vindicate my right thus. A fundamentally similar impression and affection in time past, went along with action; the present impression and affection, therefore, are associated in my mind with action. Action, impression, and their resultant mental affection, formerly implied Being; so they imply Being now. But the action then proceeded from me; now the action is not from me: the Being, therefore, which I cognized in the foregone case was my own; in this case it is not my own. But is it well to argue from my own being to foreign being? Certainly, if I am to be a man at all; that is, if I am to generalize, and attain to Ideas. In knowing myself, I came upon the Idea of Being; wherever I find this idea exemplified, there I say is some Being. In an external object perceived, the Idea of Being is exemplified as accurately as it can be exemplified without the object coinciding with my own Being. There is just enough of correspondence for me to identify Being, and enough of diversity for me to disown it for mine.

But I not only am, but live; how is it that I learn to strip the attribute of life off the material things that surround me? Where do I find a suture of division between existence and vitality? Well, I find hardly any division at first: children think, and childish men have thought, that stocks and stones are alive. At the same time, the child's notion of life is confused and inadequate. Experience slowly shows him that the laws of motion are not the same for inanimate things as for living things like himself. The longer he consciously lives, the better he identifies life and its indications; and the better he discriminates it from all things else, marking where no sign of it appears.

I seem to have made the knowledge of self the stepping-stone to knowledge of a world beyond self, slighting the common observation, that children and youthful minds generally are taken up with things outside them, and not till mature years do they advert much to themselves. This well-observed fact, however, makes nothing against my theory. Once cognized, the outside view may be more interesting than the view inside; it does not, therefore, follow that it was cognized first. Both are cognized very indistinctly for the first five years of life. I maintain that the infant, during that period, understands little that passes around it, for the reason that it is as yet unfamiliar with the face of its own inner being. The phrase, "coming *to the years of discretion*," I consider to import *the full recognition by the Ego* of its own existence, and

thence of the existence of beings which the *Ego* is not. From the age of five to fifteen, and onwards, perhaps, to fifty and to death, the *Non-Ego* will still exercise a predominant influence upon the attention; still the *Ego* can, and occasionally does, turn to contemplate itself. That is enough for my argument. Mediately through that self-introspective faculty is the external world perceived.

Metaphysical theories are slippery things. I will state mine again, that the reader may better grasp it. Certain "spontaneous movements" put me in the way of certain "passive sensations." Of the movements, I feel myself the author, or cause, and thereby I apprehend the Idea of Cause; but who shall answer for the sensory impressions? Not mine own mind; for, able as I am to advert to my mental acts, I have been unable to detect my mind in the act of causing these impressions. Yet they must have some cause. Change to me means a caused change; only as a something caused, has the phenomenon of change met my experience. I ascribe those impressions, therefore, to Being other than my mind, Being endowed with independent power to impress my sensibility thus whensoever I may expose it. I recognize the activity of foreign substance, an activity likened amid diversity to that wherewith I myself am active. But I am also passive—susceptible of change. And I find myself able to produce absolute changes on the activities around me. From those changes I gather that the external world too is passive. Knowing its activity and its passivity, I know its substantial being; for "conspiration of an active and a passive principle into oneness" is the metaphysical expression for the natural state of a created substance.

"There now," my opponents say, "the ghost which Locke had laid, has been conjured up, a new bugbear. Who does not know that substance is but a catalogue of properties, with a form of the mind to hold them together? Away with this realistic necromancy! perish objectified forms of thought!"

Well, my friends, but beware lest the inductive sciences, of which you are so justly proud, perish along with that sconted phantom. Induction rests on the principle that what has happened in the past, will happen, under like conditions, in the future. A principle need be solidly and surely set, that bears such a weight of inference as this bears. How then is it established? what is its security? Mr. Mill steps forward. He will prove the principle. "It has been tried in millions of instances, and never been known to fail; therefore it never *will fail.*" But does not Mr. Mill see that this *therefore* slily *performs the* very operation, the justice of which is under dis-

cussion, namely, the leap to the future? What avails it to quote precedents to me, if I entirely repudiate the force of precedent? "But they have always been followed hitherto," you say. "How is that to bar their being departed from henceforth?" Such is the retort. Dr. Bain seems to approve its cogency. Treading as he does, in his logical march, close in the footsteps of his great predecessor, it is curious how, in this particular, he silently eschews Mr. Mill's track.* He acknowledges "We can give no reason or evidence for this uniformity,"—that uniformity of which Mr. Mill had said, "I hold it to be itself an instance of induction." What, then, does Dr. Bain surrender the principle? No. The reason follows in his own words:—

> Without the assumption we could not take the smallest steps in practical matters: we could not pursue any object or end in life. Unless the future is to reproduce the past, it is an enigma, a labyrinth. Our natural prompting is to *assume* such identity, to believe it first, and prove it afterwards.

Then the author, who has written so much upon "the primitive corruption of this part of our nature,"† who has said, "Nothing can be affirmed as true except upon the warrant of experience,"‡ and yet that "It [experience] does not prove that anything will always be in the future what it has been in the past;"§ this same author calmly announces his intention to yield to his "intuitive tendency," and believe, and build his knowledge on the belief, that "What has uniformly been in the past, will be in the future."‖ And he goes on to say of this postulate, "Our only error is in proposing to give any reason or justification of it, to treat it as otherwise than as *begged* at the very outset." ¶

Now I do not quarrel with Dr. Bain simply for making postulates. The lawyer needs laws, and the reasoner needs *data*. But I do grudge his assigning to what he calls "experience," "an exclusive place in our estimation as the canon of credibility;" forgetful that he is assuming throughout the objective

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* Compare Mill's "Logic," Book III. chap. iii. § 1, with Bain's "Logic,"—*Deduction*, pp. 273–4.

† See "Emotions and Will,"—*Belief*, §§ 11—14, with the note there; "Logic,"—*Deduction*, pp. 12, 13; "Logic,"—*Induction*, pp. 377-8; and Mill's "Logic," Book III. chap. xxi. § 1, to which Dr. Bain refers. I invite the reader to consider these passages carefully, and view the *à priori* assumption about uniformity in the light of Dr. Bain's own experientialist disclaimers.

‡ *Deduction*, p. 13.

§ *Ibid.* p. 274. ‖ *Ibid.* p. 274.

¶ *Attention has already been* called to this strange exhibition of Dr. *Bain's, in the* DUBLIN REVIEW for October, 1871, pp. 311, 312.

worth of an intuition, "which experience will not establish." He is like the swan, appearing to swim by merely looking this way and that, while, beneath the water, there are the proud creature's feet working busily. He has really begged everything in begging this postulate. The essence of every induction, the "leap to the future," is but a doing of what he has asked leave to do. And since it is by induction, according to him and Mr. Mill, that all our knowledge, outside the sphere of present consciousness and memory, is gathered, therefore it is on sufferance only that our every scientific conclusion is drawn.

I think this a very humiliating avowal to be wrung from a philosophy which glories in accepting no facts but those that it can carry home, and examine, and, in Plato's phrase, speaking of the experientialists of his day, "take between its teeth."* Phenomenists clutch truths in their hands — the truths of physical science; but they avow that their eyes are shut, their logic and metaphysics are guess-work, the matter of their bodily frames is a puzzle, their mind a mystery; they find no certainty, and doubt whether there is any truth.† They are not philosophers, but "only players," and their game is blind-man's buff.

Are there any thinkers that have their eyes unbandaged? Yes, those who own to their sure apprehension of such propositions as the following:—"I am," "There is a world of being beyond me," "Substance is an objective reality," "The natural and universal beliefs of mankind, on subjects of psychology, are true," "Truth is independent of any man's belief in it." Such thinkers have their eyes open and uncovered; they know what their minds are about; they do not "go forward in blind faith," and upon the "negative force" of the absence of contradiction, "run the risk of going forward in the same course."‡ Theirs is no risk, no blindness; they see the truth of the first principles whence they start, and all that they postulate or assume is that they do see the truth which they do see; in other words, that man is not a personified lie. Not all of these philosophers will explain external perception as I have explained it; but they will arrive by their several methods at the results at which I have arrived: first, that each intelligence is conscious of its own substantial existence, and so enters into the Idea of Substance as an existent

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* Plat. "Theæt." 155 E.

† This doubt is inseparable from the view, that truth is, to each man, "that which he troweth." For "the thoughts of mortal man are unstable."—*Wisd. ix. 14.*

‡ *Bain's "Logic,"—Deduction*, p. 274.

thing; secondly, that each intelligence also perceives substances outside itself.

I perceive that this ivory, which I hold in my hand, is made up of substance. That is enough. I need no postulate about the future. What purpose of mine the ivory as such serves today, it will serve the same so long as it remains ivory. I know that truth of the ivory in the future, when I know the present being and action of the body. For, according to the scholastic axiom, *Quo aliquid est, eo agit*, the ivory, remaining what it is, cannot naturally cease to act as it does. The axiom quoted is bound up in the very notion of *active being*, or *natural substance*. But destroy Substance—as Dr. Bain's Law of Relativity does destroy it—and what pledge of the future does any present relation contain? None whatever. In that case, it is too much to postulate, that what holds now under a certain tenure will hold under the same tenure next moment. To be sure it will; but not on Dr. Bain's principles. Denying Substance, he is "stuck fast in the mire of the deep, where there is no standing-ground;" * he is "come into the depths of the sea, and the storm has overwhelmed" him. He may "labour, crying till he is hoarse," the postulate, basis of induction, cannot be granted to him.

There is left one part of Dr. Bain's doctrine, mentioned by me at the beginning, and not since discussed. I allude to his theory of truth, that whatsoever any mind thinks true, is true for that mind. In his own plain words:—

> There neither is, nor can be, any universal standard of truth, or matters which ought to be believed. Every man is in this case a standard to himself.†

I wish that, on this matter, Dr. Bain would re-study the passage in Plato's "Theætetus," 166-71 and 178-9; not blinding himself to the text with the dust of Mr. Grote's comments. There he will find objected the apparent impossibility, on this Protagorean ground, of any man falling into error. I know the ready rejoinder, "None is ever mistaken, in his own conceit, though his neighbours may think him mistaken." I accept the amendment. But what when the man himself admits that he has been in the wrong? Is it that he was right to himself, when he thought himself right, and now he is wrong to himself in that particular wherein he was right to himself before? But if he is wrong now in having held that opinion,

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* Ps. 69. *Non est substantia*, Lat. Vulg.,—οὐκ ἔστιν ὑπόστασις, Sept.

† "Emotions and Will,"—*Emotions*, chap. xv. § 9. Read the whole of §§ 7, 8, 9.

he must have been somehow wrong in holding it then; else why change a right opinion? Because such change is useful, convenient, and recommendable for practical purposes? Well, let him think it not recommendable, then it will lose its recommendations for him; and for himself—that is all the egotist is concerned about—he may remain tranquil and consistent. Then,

> Si fractus illabatur orbis,
> Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

Indeed the ruins will not strike him at all; he need only think that the frame of the universe is standing, and stand it will, for him. This is the farcical scene that we play, when we deck out created ignorance and weakness in the attributes of the Almighty and All-True. For He only is in His thought essentially infallible, who in His volition is irresistible. He is the Standard of truth to every man, who is the Author of whatever any man knows or is. Some such standard there must be, and it can be none other than God.

I argue the existence of such a standard, as well from the absurdities, already alleged, which its negation involves, as from the universal distinction, which all men draw, between "Truth" and "My conviction of truth." It is the old battle of the external world over again. We will not reiterate it; but this I will ask, "Who does not at heart believe that his conviction may fail, but truth abides for ever?"*

There is a third rejoinder bearing upon the free-thinking position, *Whatever a man believes is true for him.* What means the phrase, *true for him?* Does it mean simply, *believed by him?* Then the position is a tautology. Whatever a man believes is certainly believed by him; is that all? Or does *true for him* mean *good for him to believe?* Then the position is a falsehood. Man often believes what is not good for him to believe. The Pope's infallibility, believed by Catholics, furnishes an instance *ad hominem.* We hold firmly to that dogma, bad for us as it is, in Dr. Bain's view. Therefore, if "matters which ought to be believed" are the matters which are good to be believed, it is wrong, not in my view merely, but in Dr. Bain's, to say as he does, "Every man is in this case a standard to himself." Nay, it would not be difficult to prove, by my opponent's principle of the uniformity of nature, that the list of matters which are good to be believed is the same for all men in the same circumstances. Hence it follows,

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* *Veritas Domini manet in æternum*; and that precisely because it *is veritas Domini*, not *veritas hominis.*

defining *truth* as *that which is good for man to believe*, that there is one list of true propositions, one standard, that is, of truth. We call this standard Absolute Truth. The beliefs of individual minds, according with the standard, are relative truths; lacking that accordance, they are errors. There are indeed cases where absolute truth is not that which is good for a certain individual man to believe. For a maniac, deception may be better than truth. Such cases, however, are abnormal, and arise from some disorder in the believer. Absolute Truth is better for men in their normal state to believe than to deny. Else why censure the "pious fraud," which Dr. Bain says the Jesuits "formally avow," that "of preaching doctrines, in themselves false, as being favourable to morals and social order"? *

If there is a truth, to which all intellects must bow, or err, that truth is with God. It cannot be any human opinion, *quâ* human. We say that such a man, or such a society, are authorities on such a question; we do not thereby mean that they decide how the matter shall lie, but they agree with an Authority above them, which agreement gives a representative value to their decision. The common appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober shows that it is not Philip simply who is the ultimate judge of right. If he could take the title of "our own great delegate," his judgment would be righteous at all times.

And this leads me to touch a matter, which no man can handle but very lightly and on the surface; a matter which none should handle without reverence: I mean the origin and derivation of truth from God. There are many forms of proof, confirmatory of the existence of a Being of Beings. Each form will commend itself to its own cast of mind. A great mechanist, or physical philosopher, I suppose, would be impressed with some argument concerning the Prime Mover. For me, my reason is led straightest to Deity when I reflect upon the multitude of affirmations that must be true, now and now and every now, though man is too ignorant, too forgetful, too preoccupied, to affirm them. And do not tell me that they are merely things affirmable, and not affirmations, for were they pure affirmables and no more, the facts which they concern would not actually hold good. Sir Isaac Newton found that one planet attracted another according to the inverse square of the distance between their centres. Where had that truth lain, formularized though hidden, for fifty-six centuries since Adam, and for æons of geological time

* "*Logic*,"—*Induction*, p. 385.

before Adam yet walked the already old earth? If the Angels knew it, who told it to them? Pythagoras discovered a geometrical theorem, and sacrificed a hecatomb in gratitude. Did he invent the theorem? If it was not invented, but only unveiled by man, in what abyss of wisdom did it lie, deep yet clear, from eternity? How many acts have we ourselves done in secret, and forgotten them? How many passing words have we spoken? How many ideas and desires have we just formed and abandoned? Where is the roll of this history kept? Where is the archive-room? It is not history, they are not facts, if there is no memorial of them. Meditating upon these things, my mind is raised to the inference of an Infinite and Immutable Intelligence; *i.e.* an Infinite and Immutable Being, that understands Himself thoroughly, understands too all other beings, actual or possible, in Himself. Not *in Himself*, as the pantheists teach, for then the vilest of mankind would take precedence of God, since man is still a person, while God would be a medley of things; but *in Himself*, so far forth as His Being is the Archetype on which theirs is modelled; His Understanding, the Glass whereon His Being, and all that is or can resemble Him, finds reflection; His Will, the Mighty Hand, that draws creatures from the Ocean of possibility, and leaves as much behind as it draws.

There is mystery here, I confess, but it is what I may venture to style reasonable mystery. It is mystery logically attained from an acceptance of known facts. It is a mountain too high for us to climb; but a mountain that is not reared by filching away the lowlands about which we ordinarily disport. It is a monument of the limitation of our being and knowledge, and yet a voucher that something we know, and something we are. It is the solution of the riddle of life. It indicates whence we came, and whither we are to go. It lays a yoke upon our necks, and converts the same into a collar of free service. It wounds our pride unto death, and heals our loneliness. An enemy—I call nothing human by that name—has hung a cloud over this Delectable Mountain, and in the same cloud he has wrapped the commonest assurances of our nature. He has drawn this pernicious curtain by the agency of a mistaken metaphysician, whom he has deceived. I have put forward a hand to tear the curtain down; if I have been rude or preposterous, I pray God and man forgive my violence, and teach me, not better intentions, but better grace and skill.

Art. VII.—THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIXTUS THE FIFTH.

The Life and Times of Sixtus the Fifth. By Baron Hübner. Translated from the Original French by Hubert E. H. Jerningham. 2 vols. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1872.

We offer Mr. Jerningham our sincere congratulations. Translation is always, even to the most accomplished, a tedious and trying task. The book which Mr. Jerningham undertook to translate offered (as he himself remarks in his brief and modest preface) peculiar difficulties to the translator. But all his difficulties, both those which are common to translation in general and those which were proper to his own special work, Mr. Jerningham has overcome. We would, however, wish to say that, while the phrase "the sun never set *upon* the Spanish king's dominions" is defensible, the similar phrase which Mr. Jerningham employs (vol. i. p. 6), "the sun never set *within the boundaries* of the Spanish king's dominions," is nonsense. In vol. i. p. 82, it is said that "Michael Angelo . . . would never have *painted* either his 'Last Judgment' or his 'Moses.'" Michael Angelo's "Moses" is a piece of sculpture, and not a piece of painting. Mr. Jerningham might have learned as much from vol. ii. p. 81, where he himself writes, "later only, the painter of the 'Last Judgment,' the sculptor of 'Moses,' appeared in Rome as an architect." Occasionally, too, his sentences lack the requisite unity, by reason of his loose employment of the relative pronoun or copulative conjunction. For instance, in the very first page of the first volume we have the following sentence:—"The work of Gregorio Leti does not reflect either wit or style, and was published for the first time at Lausanne," which reminds us very much of the young gentleman who wrote in his Theme that "Lord Byron was the greatest poet of modern times, and was very much attached to whisky and water." These mistakes, we are aware, are as much the mistakes of Baron Hübner as of Mr. Jerningham. But, while Mr. Jerningham has a perfect right to claim indulgence for "the literal rendering of many phrases which have no equivalent in English," he can have no apology for sanctioning the propagation of loose, ungrammatical writing. Still we must say he is not a habitual sinner. Of offences *such as those we* have referred to the two volumes *do not contain half a dozen* more; and we have referred to

these solely because we wish to see the second edition of the book immaculate. As a translation it is, except in a few trifles, really excellent. The direct, steady, balanced style of the original are all preserved. Nor does the courtly, diplomatic humour of Baron Hübner ever suffer in the words of Mr. Jerningham.

But we owe Mr. Jerningham very much more than congratulations. The historical department of our ecclesiastical literature is so thinly supplied, that any honest addition to it deserves commendation; but to enrich it with such a work as this of Baron Hübner's deserves the highest praise. For Baron Hübner's is a work which, while it will have the deepest interest for English readers, English readers might expect in vain from any one of their own countrymen in this generation. The subject of it is a splendid subject for a biography. Sixtus the Fifth is one of the few men of all times whose life contains the elements out of which the highest genius might draw its inspiration, and upon which the most unwearied industry might be profitably employed. Baron Hübner found the evidence concerning the pontiff in that state of chaos which gives chances to the men who can bring order and light. It was his own good fortune to live in a time when the light was procurable, and to be in a position which peculiarly fitted him for procuring and using it. He made the most of his great advantages. Of a splendid man he has written a splendid biography.

The life of Sixtus Quintus had often been written before—his character had often been estimated in the writings even of those who had not undertaken to give his history; but previous accounts of him generally laboured under these two disadvantages, that they were written, most of them by partisans, and all of them with small authentic evidence to guide the writers. Baron Hübner had before him evidence of the largest and most reliable kind; and this evidence he used simply as a judge and not as a pleader. "It is with the help," he says (vol. i. p. 19), "of the diplomatic correspondence of those times that we have undertaken to write the history of Sixtus V. These documents are the reports drawn up by the nuncios, by the ambassadors of the Emperor, of Spain, of France, of Tuscany, and of Venice—the instructions received from their governments—the autograph letters of the Pope, of Philip II., of Henry III., of the cardinals, envoys to the great powers, and of the agents of the League. These official documents, which are almost unknown as yet, are perfectly authentic, for they have been copied under *our superintendence* from the originals in the state archives *of the Vatican, of* Vienna, of Paris, Simancas, Venice, and *Florence.*" And, in p. 22, he writes:—"It is by gathering

our information from authentic sources and principally from diplomatic reports perfectly trustworthy as to facts, as well as by attaching great importance to the judgments of contemporary writers, that we have gone on with this study, which is the fruit of a long research, having for its sole aim to arrive at the truth as regards Sixtus V., and to proclaim it. Free from all thought of the present, we will bestow our whole attention on the past; for it is an historical work and not a casual story that we intend to publish." This is a time when histories generally do not profess to be much more than casual stories, and when those which profess more do so to impart to fiction the interest of reality. But Baron Hübner has given the world what he proposed to give it—a work which will be at once acknowledged as a genuine addition to true and permanent historic literature.

The plan of the work is as it should be, very comprehensive. We do not admire that method of writing biography lately pretty much in vogue, which appears to start with the supposition that in order to know any man's history as it should be known, we must know the history of all the world beside. Neither do we approve of the meagre method that satisfied our fathers. There is a golden mean; and that mean appears to be determined by the principle that no man's history can be properly written unless it be clearly shown, in the first place, what work he had to do, in order that it may be shown, in the second place, to what extent and with what perfection, and unto what end he did it. Baron Hübner does this for Sixtus, and he does no more. But he does this with an originality of information that makes it invaluable to the scholar, and with a piquant beauty of style which makes it enjoyable by even that fastidious mortal, "the general reader." We recommend, as especially useful and interesting, the chapter on "The Causes and Results of the Renaissance," in volume the first, and the chapter on "The Society of Jesus," in volume the second.

The popular view of Sixtus Quintus,—and Baron Hübner shows how that view became popular,—has not been favourable to that pontiff. He has been looked upon by people generally as a kind of cross between Nero, who fiddled while Rome was burning, and Xerxes, who was ambitious to chain the sea. He was cruel, crafty, hypocritical, avaricious, unscrupulous, thirsting for universal dominion. The worst qualities of the swineherd, the meanest vices of the monk, and the most impudent ambition of the Pope, found their ideal perfection in Sixtus the Fifth. Some good things were said about him, just as some good things are still *said about* Oliver Cromwell. His morals *were irreproachable, his* strength of will inflexible, his courage

unfaltering, his power of work preternatural. But these things were said with a grudge: the one thing insisted upon was that he was a very large blot upon the Papal escutcheon; and as such he was a great convenience. If a man wished to put Catholicity into a corner by a compendious reference to the fruits she had borne, he had only to point to Sixtus the Fifth.

Baron Hübner, we have no doubt, set about the investigation of Sixtus' history with his own share of the general prejudice. He was not disposed, and even in his book does not appear disposed, to treat the rude old Pontiff gently. He goes out of his way occasionally to give Sixtus a touch of his humour. "He despised," he says (vol. i. p. 217), "this world's riches as long as he had not any"; and the sincerity of the Holy Father's grief for the death of Francis, Duke of Tuscany, is proved from the fact that Francis (vol. ii. p. 61), "showed him endless attention; sent him the early fruits from his garden, *and never asked him for money.*" He does not conceal or palliate the faults of the Pontiff—his merciless severity; his rudeness to his court; his terrible fits of anger; his unfairness towards the Jesuits; his shiftiness with Philip of Spain; his bitter references to Gregory XIII. But the Baron is, like Sixtus himself, if severe and merciless, also just. He has the truth, and he tells it. He has the light, and he lets it in upon that "darkness visible" that lay over the Pontiff's history. He shows Sixtus as he really was: a fierce man in a fierce time; a judge who showed no mercy, because to show it would have been to encourage crime; a king who, neither from his own subjects nor from foreign potentates, would tolerate the smallest infringement of his rights; a true Dalmatian, with much of St. Jerome's genius and all St. Jerome's fire; a great Pope, if ever there was one; fit imitator of the great Hildebrand; fit model for other Popes that have yet to reign.

It is a very trite remark, though they who know it to be but a truism do not always act as if they believed it true, that a man's acts can be judged fairly only in the light of the man's circumstances. It is not hard to be virtuous if you have neither passion nor temptation; it is but natural that your face be a pleasant one when all your affairs prosper and all your future salutes you with smiles. But when all around you is confusion, and when all the world is plotting to carry the evils of your present into your future? Sixtus the Fifth was Pope at a juncture when an easy Pontiff would have been the ruin of Europe, and (humanly speaking) the ruin of the Church. The Reformation had laid hold on Germany, England, Denmark, France. *It was threatening* even Italy and Spain. Among professing *Catholics something* worse perhaps than Protestantism,—a

liberalism like the liberalism of our own time,—was doing such fearful damage, that a confessor's first question to his penitent was a question as to whether he was not a secret infidel. "Society was therefore placed," says our author (vol. i. p. 58), between Protestantism on the one hand, which was "ready to cross the Alps, and a weakened faith and corrupted morals, the inheritance left by humanism, the effects of which they were only beginning justly to appreciate." France was torn and trampled, covered with blood and dirt, even worse than she is at present. Philip of Spain was looking for the establishment of a monarchy which would make him the master of Europe. The huge German Empire, unhappily in the hands of Hapsburg impotence, was slowly falling to pieces; while from the East were heard the first muffled movements of that great Mussulman advance which, later on, was stayed only under the walls of Vienna. In such terrible times when the whole world, religious and political, was passing through one of those great periodic convulsions which, in the moral as in the physical world, are destined to introduce a fairer order and a more perfect life, Sixtus the Fifth was called to take that position which is alike the loftiest and the most difficult to hold.

Nor in his own City and States had the new Pope much cause for comfort. Italy swarmed with robbers. During the reign of the preceding Pontiff they numbered as many as 27,000. One of their leaders was in the pay of Protestant princes; and, in league with them, was planning the destruction, perhaps, of the Papacy itself, but certainly of the Pope's temporal power. There was such a good understanding between the bandits and the Italian nobles, that the former were always sure of asylum even in the palaces of the Pope's own city. Nay, "in Rome, during the reign of his (Sixtus') predecessor, neither man nor woman was in safety in their own houses even in the middle of the day." (Vol. i. p. 263.) And the banditti were not the only cause of the new Pope's trouble at Rome. Both the city itself and its inhabitants were in a deplorable state. Everything was tending to stagnation. St. Peter's was incomplete, and people said it would never be completed. Nero's Obelisk was still prone in the mud, and even Michael Angelo had pronounced that there it would lie for ever. The Springs of Adrian were still leaping in the Latin Hills, but the aqueducts were all broken, and Rome had to live on muddy water. There was no security for life or property, and, consequently, there was little industry, and less enterprise. Even in ecclesiastical matters there was a lack of business efficiency at Rome. The old system of conducting Church affairs through a single Consistory was still in great part followed. But it was

daily discovering its unfitness for the Church in the new and difficult relations with European States upon which she had entered since the Reformation. The Consistory was not, and could not be expected to be, equal to the task of transacting the immense amount of business which now fell to its share. And, besides, a great portion of that business was, from its being of a partially political character, totally unsuited to a Court which, though composed of the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries, yet always inevitably represented various rival nationalities.

In the reign of Sixtus the Fifth, short and troubled though it unhappily was, all this was changed. The banditti were either captured and brought to justice, or driven, terror-stricken, out of Italy. Law became so potent that, "to quell a street-row, it was enough to whisper that Sixtus the Fifth was Pope." St. Peter's was completed. The Obelisk of Nero was raised up once more, and fixed in the great piazza of the great Cathedral of the world. The waters of the Latin Hills again came down to the Eternal City. "Monuments, streets, piazzas, fountains, aqueducts, obelisks, and other wonders, all the work of Sixtus V., have almost made me fail to recognize Rome," writes a contemporary of the Pontiff. (Vol. ii. p. 135.) "If I were a poet, I would say * * * that, thanks to the power of that fervent and exuberant spirit, a new Rome has arisen from its ashes." The great Roman congregations came to transact the business of the Church with that masterly ease which comes of method and divided labour. And all this was substantially the Pope's own work. What he did not formally do he did virtually by that wonderful energy which was not merely an example but an inspiration to all around him. Into his short reign of five years he compressed the work of fifty. It looks as if what Baron Hübner says (Vol. i. p. 227) were literally true, that "Sixtus, foreseeing death, wished to replace time by the extent of his will, and called upon hours to give him what years seldom grant to ordinary mortals." And that his almost superhuman activity was always guided by the very highest principle which should rule one in his position, even his bitterest enemy, Olivarez, King Philip's ambassador, has to admit in confidence to his master. "Appeal specially," writes Olivarez, in a secret letter to Philip (Vol. ii. p. 154), "appeal specially to the religious sentiments of His Holiness, for he is full of zeal for all that concerns the faith." All this Baron Hübner narrates with a clearness of arrangement and fulness of detail that leave nothing to be desired.

But naturally it is to Sixtus's political relations with the *various European* powers, and especially to his relations with

France and Spain, that the author pays most attention. It is this portion of the Pope's history which has been supposed to be peculiarly damning, and it is on this portion that Baron Hübner was specially enabled to throw light. The popular impression about the Pope's Franco-Spanish policy has been that he was, at the same time, most selfish and most suicidal, most crafty and most absurd. He wished to destroy heresy by a general coalition of the Catholic Powers; he wished to destroy the Catholic Powers by submitting them entirely to himself; and he wished to destroy himself by thus constituting himself, not the Common Father, but the common tyrant of all. To attain these ends, he used all manner of means unscrupulously. He hoarded up money to fit out armies and fleets. He instigated Philip to sail against England. He tried to instigate Venice to sail against Turkey. One day he favoured the League, and the next he advised Henry the Third to murder the Guises. Now he planned with Philip the dismemberment of France, and presently he abandoned Philip when he feared that the plan would fail. At first he called down on Henry of Navarre the curses of heaven; he shortly after gave him his secret support; and, had he lived long enough, would have probably commissioned him to cross the Pyrenees and ruin Spain. Baron Hübner, of course, had heard all these accusations. He had, however, too slight a turn for controversy, perhaps too high a sense of a historian's dignity, to honour them with formal notice. But he gives them their answer. And the answer is taken, not from hearsay or from partizans of the Pope, but from the extant correspondence of the Pope's enemies, who would hardly tell a lie in his favour, and of the foreign ambassadors, whose very existence in office depended on their narrating events to their Courts with the most perfect precision. And what is the answer? It not only exculpates the Pope, but forces the admission that (Vol. ii. p. 372) "Sixtus the Fifth saved France from incalculable miseries, and has deserved well of the Church and of humanity." Were it only for this one portion of it, the book of Baron Hübner would be of the highest value. The case is made out so perfectly, the grand old Pontiff comes out so triumphantly, that the question may be considered as put to rest for ever. We must be very brief; but we shall try to give, in the author's own words when we find it possible, the Baron's conclusions regarding the Franco-Spanish policy of Sixtus the Fifth. They will be found explained and defended in the chapter with which the Baron's book concludes.

In presence of the events of which France was the theatre, *Sixtus aimed at two things:* the preservation of the Catholic

religion, which was seriously compromised, and the maintenance of France in the rank of the first power of Europe. He was convinced that if the new creed should be enthroned in France it was all over for some time, nay perhaps for generations, with the Catholic religion in Europe. He was equally convinced that even though France remained Catholic, still if she lost her position as a leading power, the Catholic Church in Europe, even "the centre and focus of the faith," Rome itself, would lose its independence, and the Catholic religion, thus mortally struck, must then have slowly but inevitably perished. Here then are the conclusions at which those had arrived who were interested in the maintenance of the Catholic religion, and naturally no one was more interested in it than the Head of the Church. Religion and France must both be saved; if this cannot be done, then France must be sacrificed to save religion.

Now the future of France was hardly more important for the Pope himself than it was for Philip of Spain. The vast kingdom to which Philip had succeeded was made up of many disconnected and dissatisfied provinces. In the centre of the great European movement—so hostile to Spanish interests—lay the Spanish tributaries of Flanders, Franche Comté, Milanese, and the kingdom of Naples. To hold these in proper subjection the road to them from the Iberian Peninsula should lie open, and that road lay through France. In India and America were Spanish provinces of immense wealth and importance, but separated from Spain by many leagues of sea. To maintain a power over her European provinces, and not to lose, sooner or later, her transatlantic possessions, two things were necessary for Spain, the possession of France, and the dominion of the seas. No one understood this better than Philip himself. "I must have the power," he said, "which God has given me; to possess that power I must have France and the sea." And hence, all through the negotiations with Sixtus, Philip insisted on the dismemberment, which meant the destruction, of France. Sixtus wanted to save the Church, Philip wanted to save Spain. Both the Church and Spain were to be saved through the medium of France. But the Church was to be saved through France Catholic and independent; Spain was to be saved by making France, Catholic if you will, but a Catholic province under the dominion of Philip II.

The policy just ascribed to Sixtus was the policy which throughout the struggle he constantly and consistently pursued. His changes of conduct were all simple necessities of *his pursuing that* policy. When he was made Pope, France *was really divided* into only two camps, the Calvinists and

Catholics. It was the policy of the Pope to prevent the success of the former, and hence does Sixtus issue his 'privatory' bull against the King of Navarre. But after awhile he clearly perceived that the Catholic camp was really divided into two irreconcilable factions, and that over either of these, or over both of them, the King of Navarre would be sure to triumph. Then came the murder of the Guises, to widen still more the breach in the Catholic party. And, lastly, came the murder of the king and the abandonment of the League by many of its firmest adherents, apparently insuring the success of Navarre. But the success of Navarre meant the Calvinizing of France. To save France from being Calvinist, Navarre must be beaten, and there was no one to beat him but Philip of Spain. Accordingly the Pope proposed at Madrid, that he and Philip should in concert attack the King of Navarre. That exposed France to dismemberment, but, in the eyes of Sixtus, national dismemberment is better than national apostasy. Philip, who had long resolved to have France, with or without papal permission, jumped at the offer. To give France one chance more, Sixtus determined that in the projected war he should have the whip-hand of Philip. The papal troops were to be in a majority, and the commander of the entire army was to be the nominee of the Pope's.

But another change took place. It soon became certain, not only that France would not resign her Catholicity, but that, if Henry of Navarre wished to be her king, he must be a Catholic. The Catholic spirit of the country showed itself with such force that the conversion of the future sovereign was no longer a useful means of success, but an actual condition of his accession to the throne. Even in his army the parts were changed. The Huguenots were in a minority, and were fast dwindling down to the rank of mere auxiliaries. All this the Pope was perpetually hearing, and with it came constant assurances that the king, possibly from conviction, possibly from expediency, was about to recant. There was just one way in which the Sixtus policy of saving both France and the Church might still be successful. That way Sixtus saw. He followed it. He got rid of his engagements with Spain, certain, as he now was, that France would issue from the crisis both Catholic in religion and independent as a nation. Was he wrong in so doing? We have stated the facts almost entirely in Baron Hübner's own words, and we leave the reader to form his own conclusion. But Baron Hübner's conclusion is expressed in the words quoted already—"Sixtus *the Fifth* saved France from incalculable *miseries, and has deserved well* of the Church and of humanity." *And in the justness of that* conclusion we fully concur.

We cannot conclude this article without making a remark which this book of Baron Hübner's has very pointedly suggested. We all believe that the more we hear of the truth the more the Church will profit by it. But that belief does not always haunt us when we think of the Church's rulers. We are shy of speaking about such men as Sixtus the Fifth and Alexander the Sixth. Yet the book which we have just been reading shows cause for glorying in the memory of the one, and hints a suspicion that if the history of the other were properly known, he too would come out triumphantly as, if not a splendid figure among Popes, certainly a splendid figure among Kings. The Baron's book does more than hint it. At p. 50 of the first volume, the Baron writes:—"Even Alexander the Sixth himself was looked upon by his contemporaries as a great Pope, unfortunate though his memory is to us. The history of his reign, *which has still to be written*, must have come down to us in a very altered form, or the moral sense of his generation must have been strangly perverted since Ariosto, in his poem published under Leo the Tenth, and while Lucrèzia Borgia was still alive, could sing the praises of the latter without offending the public conscience." The history of Alexander has indeed to be written. And when it shall have been written by a man with the honesty, ability, and opportunities of Baron Hübner, we dare prophesy a vindication of Roderick Borgia, not less splendid than our author's vindication of Felix Peretti.

Art. VIII.—CATHOLIC PRIMARY EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

Education to be Real must be Denominational. By Frederick Canon Oakeley, M.A. London: Burns, Oates, & Co.

Three Letters to the "Tablet," of May 4, May 18, and June 1, 1872. By Frederick Canon Oakeley.

CANON OAKELEY has published a criticism of the remarks which we made in April, on the educational position of English Catholics under Mr. Forster's Act. It will be more satisfactory, if we begin by reprinting his three letters *in extenso*:—

Sir,—The writer of the article on Education in the new number of the *Dublin Review* has done me some unintentional injustice, in supposing

my late pamphlet to be directed primarily or principally against the Government system, as at present enforced in English Catholic schools under inspection. Thus, he speaks of agreeing in my principles but dissenting from my "application" of those principles; and meets particular objections which I bring against the actual operation of the undenominational system, by a defence of what he believes to be the practical working of the new Act in Government-aided schools. I venture to think that he is here somewhat mistaken as to his facts, and I shall presently give my reasons for this impression. But even were I fully to admit them, my argument would remain intact; since, whatever may be the case in our English schools under Government, it is certain that in the Irish National Schools, and in schools conducted on the principles of the League, and in the projected Board schools, the statements which I have made, for example as to indirect religious teaching and sectarian history, are strictly correct.

In fact, the main object of my pamphlet, as denoted by its title, and explained both in the preface and opening sentences of the pamphlet itself, is to defend the denominational or dogmatic system of education against that which is now gaining ground in this and other countries; and to argue against what the writer of the article agrees with me in regarding as the false theory, not especially on Catholic or even religious grounds, but on such as are recognized even by our opponents. This is what I mean to sum up, in the words "education to be real must be denominational." I deal, or at least intend to deal, throughout my pamphlet with the question *in the abstract;* although of course in doing so I am led to illustrate my principle by facts, or supposed facts, tending to show the practical operation of the false theory. Certainly in these exemplifications I include the effects or tendencies of that false theory, in the department in which they come most directly home to me as the manager of a Government-aided school. But I think that I have seldom if ever named the Government, except in conjunction with the School Board, and this for the very reason that I was anxious to divest my remarks of all appearance of especial hostility to the Government system as carried out in England; while in some cases, as, for example, where I speak of the Fenian proclivities of certain schoolmasters trained under the Irish National system, I plainly imply the breadth and extended scope of my argument. I entirely agree with my reviewer, in appreciating the remnants of denominationalism which are still preserved to us in this country; and I agree with him that the action of the Government upon our Catholic schools is as yet less injurious than it might have been expected to be, or may conceivably become: nor do I think that anything I have said in my pamphlet is inconsistent with this admission. Still I do see, even in the present Government regulations, the germ of probable, as well as the reality of actual mischief, and I think that the best mode of arresting the downward course of things is to expose the real, however modified, evils of the actual system, while at the same time doing full justice to the good which is preserved in it. Although, therefore, it is not *necessary to my* argument to deny what the reviewer *has said respecting the advantages* of the present Government system, I

will yet give my reasons for considering, that his view of these advantages, and not mine of their counterbalancing defects, is liable to the charge of exaggeration.

1. No devotional act is allowed during school hours. When the Angelus bell of the church sounds, the children who used to act upon its invitation must now be mute. Which, to say the least, is a necessity not helping towards edification. In schools taught by nuns it was formerly the practice for the children to note the striking of the clock by some momentary devotional act. This too must be discontinued. 2. No religious hymn is allowed during school time; although singing is now encouraged as a part of education, and in infant schools is a necessary part of it. 3. Bible instruction is interdicted. 4. Indirect as well as direct *doctrinal* teaching is forbidden. The reviewer throws doubt upon this statement, but I will give my reason for making it. At the recent inspection of my own Poor Schools, her Majesty's Inspector (being, according to the present rule, a Protestant, and in this case a clergyman) lighted upon a book of historical sketches, in which a pious Austrian nobleman is described as having met a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, and got off his horse to do honour to Our Lord therein present. The Inspector forbade the use of the passage, and impounded the book. 5. And now as to what are called sectarian views of history. The reviewer sees no reason why a book of history, in which the Reformation is condemned, may not be used in a Catholic school, or one in which it is eulogized, in a Protestant school. But he forgets that, since the conscience clause does not prevail* during school hours, Protestant children may conceivably be present during those hours in a Catholic school, or Catholics in a Protestant one; and I greatly doubt whether the Government inspector would allow the ears of the possible minority to be offended by language adapted to the opinion of the majority. At least, if no interdict on this subject as yet exists, I have reason to believe that it is threatened. A distinguished Protestant Government Inspector, to whom I sent my pamphlet, and who pronounces its argument unanswerable from our point of view, adds, in reference to my remarks on history: "As to history, you have hit on one of our great difficulties; which, I think, will have to be got over by including that subject in the religious department, and so bringing it under the operation of the conscience clause." 6. It is perfectly true, as the reviewer insists, and no doubt very important, that a certain time is allowed twice in the day for exclusive religious instruction. But then he has forgotten to add, that the times fixed are singularly inconvenient for the purpose; the one being so early that it is very difficult to muster the children, and the other coming in at the end of their school work, when they are tired and impatient. It must also be borne in mind, that the period allowed in the morning comprehends the time for preparatory devotion; and that confession has occasionally to be included in the hour set apart for religious instruction. Moreover, should my correspondent's anticipation be realized, and other subjects besides those directly religious relegated to the religious hour, a still further deduction will be made from the present

* "Prevails"?—Ed. D. R.

allowance for catechetical instruction. At best, however, I cannot consent to regard mere religious *instruction* as anything like an adequate substitute of religious *education;* which I understand to imply the free power of introducing religion as a *permeating* element in the teaching of children. It is thus only that religion can be made interesting to children, and in this respect it is that we are so painfully crippled. Here I will take occasion to observe, that there is one remark of the reviewer which positively amazes me, and which I cannot but fear may be interpreted in a sense very wide of his intention. He says (p. 120), "an atheist might imbue a child's mind with reading, writing, and arithmetic as well as the devoutest Catholic." Will not persons be found to infer that, since these subjects form the staple of popular education, and since the religious department belongs, of course, not to the ordinary teacher, but to the clergy, it is immaterial whether such ordinary teacher be an atheist or a Christian? I well know that this is not what the reviewer means, but I neither like the remark, nor agree with it. Surely reading at all events is not perfectly open ground; to say nothing of the fact, that children sometimes ask questions of their teacher, and are, moreover, very quick in discerning his characteristics. To wind up my catalogue of *gravamina*, I will ask those who are better read in the Act of 1870 than myself, whether it be not one of the provisions of that Act, that whereas the Protestant inspector may enter the Catholic school at any time, the Bishop or priest can enter it only once a year? I ask this question hesitatingly, and do not wish to make more of the prohibition than it deserves. But, if real, it is certainly significant of an animus, and something little short of an insult.

In one respect, I think that the reviewer has been unfair to the Government. He regrets that for the future no building grants will be made to Catholic schools out of the public funds. This is true. But then it must be remembered that numerous and liberal grants have been and are being made, in answer to thousands of applications sent in on or before December 31st, 1870. It is also not so certain that the difficulty of obtaining such grants rests entirely on the side of the Government. Our own Bishops are far from regarding them as desirable; and I know of one instance in which a priest who had made application for a Government building grant, and was on the point of receiving it, was required by his diocesan to withdraw his claim, on the very reasonable ground that it is perilous to risk further Government complications.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

April 26th. FREDERICK OAKELEY.

SIR,—As the Editor of the DUBLIN REVIEW has kindly promised to notice my letter to you of a fortnight ago, I feel it right to add to that letter some words of modification, explanation, and enlargement, in order that my reviewer may have the full case before him, and understand precisely the issue between us. I have reason to believe on enquiry that the different conclusions *at which he* and I have arrived, as to the practical *operation of the new Act* in our Government-aided schools, are owing in

great part to the different interpretations put upon that Act by different Government inspectors. I am recording the results of one experience, and my reviewer probably of another; and thus it is possible that we may at once differ, and yet both of us be in the right. It is true that I have not formed my conclusions simply upon my actual experience of our own inspector's words or actions, and I will go on to state on what other grounds I have formed them. But it is certain that the several Protestant inspectors, with whom the clergy of London have to deal, do differ materially in the interpretation of the Act, or at least in their mode of carrying it into effect; and thus that books or practices which are allowed by some, are discountenanced by others. A good deal seems to depend on the personal opinions of the inspectors themselves. Thus I have heard within the last few days of one of them, who is an ultra-ritualist, having allowed and even commended the use of books in which Catholic doctrine is indirectly taught, and having listened without protest or objection to the recitation of the Angelus at the appointed hour, with other such practices of periodical devotion. I am also informed that the same inspector offered no objection to the singing of our religious hymns. But in our district we have an inspector of different views; who not only objected to the use of books elsewhere allowed, but told me expressly that although the Government is disposed to treat us very leniently, and not to interfere without necessity, yet that such is the pressure employed by the secularist party, that, if we should attempt to take advantage of their good will by straining the Act in our own favour, we must expect to draw down upon us a new code of regulations, in which practices heretofore tolerated would be absolutely forbidden.

Two courses appear to be open to us. The one of them is, to load the hours of secular teaching with as much religion as we can get into them according to the laxest possible interpretation of the Act, and thus to go on till we are stopped. The other is, to regard our compact with the Government as one which obliges us in honour, not certainly to interpret the Act in too stringent a sense, but on the other hand not to strain it beyond its legitimate meaning and the obvious end to which it is directed. For myself the latter of these modes of action seems to be at once the more honest and the more politic; but if the former be sanctioned by our authorities, and practically admitted by the Government, I shall be only too happy to adopt it. But as I read the Act, and as I believe the Government intends me to read it, the case stands thus. There is a time appointed for exclusively religious, and there is another time appointed for strictly secular instruction. The former, as all admit, is inconvenient; but it no doubt gives the opportunity for a certain amount of doctrinal teaching, though in a dry and technical way. From this instruction, all those children whose parents object to it are at liberty to withdraw. But from the secular instruction they are not at liberty to withdraw, if actually in attendance at the school. It seems to me obvious that the Act cannot intend any doctrinal instruction whatever, either direct or indirect, *whether as conveyed* by history or otherwise, or any specially Catholic *practice, to be introduced* during the time at which the Conscience Clause

does not operate*; and that, inasmuch as this Conscience Clause is our protection in Protestant schools, as well as our hindrance in our own, we have a certain interest in upholding the principle upon which it is founded. For if by any chance one of our Catholic children were to find its way into a Protestant school, the evil of such a mis-location would be greatly increased, by as lax an interpretation of the Act on the other side as we are tempted to apply to it on ours. I had intended to supplement this letter by some valuable observations on the whole subject, which I have received from an excellent Catholic friend, who cordially sympathizes with the general principles of the DUBLIN REVIEW. But my letter has run out so unexpectedly, that I cannot further trespass on your kindness, and will venture to ask for a renewal of it in your impression of next week.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

May 15. FREDERICK OAKELEY.

SIR,—I can assure my critic in the DUBLIN REVIEW with the greatest sincerity, that unlike most arguers I desire to find myself in the wrong in the little amicable controversy towards which I trust that the present letter will form my final contribution. My natural love of peace and quietness, the respect I feel for the intentions, and the allowance we must all be disposed to make for the difficulties of those who are chiefly responsible for the new Education Act, and above all my interest as a priest and school-manager in the maintenance of our connection with the Government, all incline me to hope that my misgivings as to our educational condition and prospects are groundless or exaggerated; and dispose me to receive with gratitude and sympathy the suggestions of those who are at once thoroughly agreed with me in principle, and more hopeful than myself on the subject which causes me anxiety. It was therefore with pleasure that I received and read the able report of the excellent secretary of the Poor School Committee, and that I have since heard of the favourable reception which this report has met at the hands of the authorities who preside over the Education Department. I will say also that, had my own experience as to the practical operation of the new Act corresponded with that of some of my reverend brethren, I should have agreed with my critic in considering that so far, if we had not gained, at all events we had not lost by the changes which the Act has made in the constitution and conduct of our schools. But when I find that, as I stated in my last letter, the construction put upon the Act by various inspectors is materially different, I cannot help coming to the conclusion that the favourable operation of it is a mere accident; and that since it is so vaguely worded as to admit of almost contradictory interpretations, it is not only an occasion of great inconvenience and embarrassment to us at present, but it may become an instrument of serious mischief in the hands of an executive less tolerantly disposed towards us than those who have now the administration of it.

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* "*Operates*"?—ED. D. R.

For instance my critic tells me, if I remember right (for I have not his words before me) that indirect religious teaching is still permitted during the hours of secular instruction; and that, as to history, I may be entirely satisfied that, in a Catholic school, Catholic views might be inculcated through its medium. But I must remind him that in the first place the Act does not recognize any school as specifically Catholic, or otherwise denominational, but employs the general term "public elementary schools" to describe all institutions designed for primary teaching; and presumes in theory that excepting during the hour of religious instruction, children of any religion may resort to them. Moreover, I have just received practical evidence that indirect religious teaching by means of history is, in the judgment of one inspector at least, forbidden by the Act; though whether or not his objection will be adopted by the Government, I am not as yet in a position to state.

But if the Act in some of its provisions be ambiguous, it is in others only too plain. For example; it provides in the seventh section that "it shall not be required as a condition of any child being admitted into or continuing in the school that he shall *attend or abstain from attending* any Sunday school or *any place of religious worship, or that he shall attend any religious observance, or any instruction in religious subjects in the school or elsewhere* from which observance or instruction he may be withdrawn by his parent." Now let us observe the effect of this provision, the salient points of which I have italicized. The description is general, "any child, &c.," and consequently any Catholic child who should habitually abstain from Mass or catechism, or whom his parents should choose to withdraw from all Catholic instruction, or send to the Protestant Church, could neither be dismissed from the Catholic school, or punished, or placed under any disadvantage whatever in comparison with the children who might be observant of all their religious duties. He may play outside the church in the face of the people on a Sunday during the time when Mass is being said, or catechetical instruction given, and if bidden to come in, he may defy the priest, even though he be a manager of the school, and take shelter under the Act of Parliament. This, as I know from experience, is no imaginary case. Nothing but unwillingness to trespass on your space prevents my following up this subject more at length. As it is, I will content myself with leaving the exposition of the difficulties under which the new Act places us in the hands of an able and thoughtful correspondent. I do not say that I make his views without exception, my own, but I think that they are, at all events, sufficiently important to deserve a special treatment from the pen of the DUBLIN reviewer.

"The DUBLIN omits one very serious consideration, *i.e.* the schools are not under the control of even the managers. You cannot refuse admission, if you have room, to a heretic, and in small places the heretic boys and girls might outnumber the Catholic. You cannot expel a Catholic boy for neglecting his Easter duties, or even Mass on the holy days of precept. All your school may be outside the church, and you are without redress. . . . . *I cannot believe* that the children, knowing this, will be none the *worse for it.* If you admit the Bishop into your school (which is at your

option) you must give notice first to all who would like to absent themselves; then the Bishop, when he comes, is your delegate and servant, for he is there by virtue of leave given by you. Then you cannot admit him more than twice in the year. The schools are not under the Bishop at all, for he cannot visit them when he pleases. . . . . On the whole, and in theory, we have given up the children to the State, and are acting, not as the Church, but as the servants of the civil power. . . . . The indifferentism that must come out of the new scheme will be very visible in the course of ten years, and in twenty the mischief may be irreparable. If we could have the Pope's sanction we should be safe, even in the furnace; but without it I am afraid, and the more so because of the Fribourg Brief, which distinctly says that schools out of which the authority of the Church has been thrust cannot be frequented. The DUBLIN puts the Brief on one side by calling it an ideal, whereas it is distinctly practical, and was issued to meet a real fact. There is no more of the ideal about it than about a sentence in a court of law." The compensation which the Act gives us for all which it takes from us is the gracious permission to use schools built at the expense of Catholics, and maintained principally by their contributions, for the instruction of the school children, at a stated and very inconvenient time, in the rudiments of their religion. But it neither obliges the teachers to give the instruction nor the children to attend it, nor places either of the parties under any disadvantage for their neglect of duty.

I will now briefly call to mind in conclusion the circumstances out of which this little amicable controversy arose. The operation of the new Act in Government-aided schools upon which, contrary to my desire, the question between the reviewer and myself has turned, was but one of several illustrations, which I gave in my pamphlet of what I there called the undenominational system of education, and by far the least conspicuous of those illustrations. The object of my pamphlet was to show, not specially that this particular illustration of the system, but that the system itself, is shallow and unphilosophical. I waived the question of its religious bearings because I was concerned merely with an argument *ad hominem*. I have been led by the force of circumstances to speak exclusively of that which is decidedly the most harmless of the examples of the sort of education with which this nation is to be flooded. I cannot help thinking, though I am of course a partial judge, that enough has been elicited in the progress of the discussion to prove that the new theory of national education is superficial and something worse.—With sincere thanks for your kind insertion of my letters,

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

May 25. FREDERICK OAKELEY.

P.S.—The above extract from my correspondent's letter will explain and rectify an impression which I hesitatingly conveyed in my first letter as to the restriction which I had supposed to be placed by the Act upon the visits of the priest or Bishop. *My* correspondent describes more correctly than *I did the nature and extent of this* restriction.

We have profound respect and regard for Canon Oakeley; as has every one who enjoys the pleasure of his acquaintance. Further, we cannot but feel most grateful to him, both for the admirable exposition of (what we hold to be) the one true educational doctrine, which he has given in his pamphlet,—and also for some excellent remarks in the same strain interspersed through these letters. Nevertheless we must begin on this occasion with a friendly remonstrance. The question he has raised is indeed of urgent practical importance; it is one on which the unanimity of good Catholics is an object especially to be desired; and one, nevertheless, on which the most loyal and zealous sons of the Church differ from each other (it may almost be said) fundamentally. We heartily feel with him therefore, that excellent service will be done by the most careful and frank criticism of conflicting arguments. But then *in order that* such service may be done, it is necessary that whoever engages in the discussion shall take pains to apprehend rightly, first, the precise position of his opponents, and secondly, the precise drift and bearing of his own words. We cannot but think that in both these respects Canon Oakeley has been somewhat deficient.

We will begin with the *second* of our two complaints. We think that, in one or two particulars, he has not sufficiently apprehended the drift and bearing of his own words. The strongest instance of this appears in his third letter. His anonymous correspondent does not hesitate to declare, that, in the Holy Father's judgment, those English Catholic schools which are now receiving Government help, "cannot be frequented."* Yet it is simply undeniable, that all the Catholic bishops in England, without exception, earnestly exhort the faithful to send their children to Catholic schools, and that the large majority of these schools receive Government help. Canon Oakeley then publishes the opinion of an anonymous friend, that all the English Catholic bishops earnestly exhort the faithful to do that which, in the Holy Father's judgment, may not be done. Canon Oakeley does not even give the weight of his own name, as a guarantee for this allegation; but, on the contrary, adds, "I do not say that I make his views without exception my own." And he leaves this anonymous statement to produce what effect it may—however injurious to the reputation and due influence of Catholic bishops — on those

* "The Fribourg Brief," he declares, "distinctly says that schools out of which the authority of the Church has been excluded cannot be frequented." *And the very purpose* of his argument is to show, that the English Catholic *schools which now* receive Government help are incontestably in this *category.*

readers of the "Tablet," who may be unguarded enough to credit it. We well know that Canon Oakeley will be quite as much shocked as we could be, at the notion of so acting; and yet (as it seems to us) he *has* so acted. This is the very thing which we so much regret; that he has taken no sufficient pains to understand the drift and bearing of his own words.

We will not conclude our article without carefully considering this Fribourg Brief, and showing how completely Canon Oakeley's friend has misunderstood it. For the present however, we pass to a second instance of that carelessness on Canon Oakeley's part, which we deprecate. In our April article we incidentally made a remark, which is next door to a truism; viz. that "An atheist might imbue Catholic children with their 'three Rs' as effectively as the devoutest Catholic" could do (p. 420). Canon Oakeley has really no more doubt of this proposition, than we have. However grievous he might account the calamity that Catholic children should be instructed by an atheist,—and he could not possibly account it more grievous than we do,—he would never dream of alleging, that such children might not be most effectively imbued with their "three Rs." Such children, he justly thinks, would receive an injury incalculably *graver* than this; but they need not receive this particular injury. Yet, in his first letter, he says that our proposition "positively amazes" him.* He must understand us then as meaning,—so our readers will at once say,—that it is *immaterial*, whether a Catholic or an atheist imparts secular instruction in a Catholic school. But he does *not* understand us so; for he says in so many words, "I well know that this is not what the Reviewer means." What then *is* it which he understands us to mean, against which his arguments are relevant? He does not give the faintest hint, and we cannot form the faintest conjecture.

Perhaps, however, what he intended to say was, that our article, *taken by itself*, would imply a certain opinion, which, *on other grounds*, he was confident we did not hold: that opinion being, that secular instruction could be as beneficially imparted to Catholic children by an atheist, as by the devoutest Catholic. If he really meant this, he does but illustrate our *other* criticism of his letters; viz. that he has not taken sufficient pains to apprehend our various statements.

We reply then firstly, that the very clause he quotes, taken by itself, cannot be fairly understood in the sense he gives it. To teach a child his "three Rs" "effectively," does not

* *He does not even take the* trouble to quote our words correctly. For *the word "effectively" he substitutes* the more ambiguous word "well."

mean to teach them "in such a manner as shall conduce to piety and Catholic docility"; but to teach them "so that they shall be really learned and acquired." This is the one legitimate sense of the adverb in such a connection; and it is the sense in which we employed it.

But if our article is looked at *as a whole*, Canon Oakeley's allegation,—if it really *be* his allegation,—is far more surprising. In p. 413 we had said:—"We quite agree with Canon Oakeley, that Catholic children will suffer grievous spiritual evil by learning even the 'three Rs' from non-Catholic teachers, and among non-Catholic companions." In p. 422 we gave an opinion, that "the question of securing thoroughly accomplished Catholic teachers, assumes under existing circumstances quite exceptional importance." In the paragraph immediately preceding that from which Canon Oakeley quotes, we call it "*the most important part of all*," that "*discipline be enforced* from first to last *on Catholic motives*" (p. 420). Could he understand us as contemplating two different officials in each school, one to teach, and the other to enforce discipline? Or, on the other hand, could he suppose us to think, that an atheist will enforce discipline on Catholic motives?

But now take the paragraph itself, from which Canon Oakeley isolated one single half-sentence:—

> Then consider further. The main—the almost exclusive—staple of primary secular instruction must ever be those matters which we have mentioned; reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and the like. Now the character of these studies should be observed. Of course the *act* of study, like all other human acts, may and ought to be animated by religious motives; but religion is simply irrelevant to *the study itself*. There is no strictly *religious* method, we say, of imbuing a child's mind with his "three Rs"; and an atheist might imbue Catholic children therewith, as effectively as the devoutest Catholic. Doubtless it would be somewhat more conducive to their spiritual well-being, if the two-hour study were occasionally interrupted by some religious act: nevertheless at best this would be *simply* an interruption (p. 420).

If Canon Oakeley will but patiently read through this not very long paragraph, he will find it impossible to mistake our meaning. We drew a distinction between such studies as reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, on the one hand,—and such as history, e.g., on the other. It would be intolerable tyranny, if Catholic teachers were commanded to teach *history, without* reference to the characteristic doctrines of their *religion; because*, in the judgment of all Catholics, the matter *so imparted* would be a *perversion* of facts, and not history at

all. But there is no corresponding hardship in reference to the "three Rs"; because, as we expressed it, "religion is simply irrelevant to the study."

As we have been led to say so much on this particular question,—the question of Catholic children receiving secular instruction from non-Catholic teachers,—it will be more convenient to proceed at once with our few remaining remarks on this particular theme. It seems to us then, that several excellent Catholics are by no means sufficiently alive to the disastrous results of such an arrangement. Children in general are very far from being the voluntary or even passive recipients of instruction: on the contrary, in order that they may give requisite attention, it is necessary to ply them with motives of every kind; to visit them with exhortations, threats, promises, punishments, rewards. In our view, there is no one more important part of religious education, than the administering such addresses on sound Catholic principles; while, on the other hand, nothing more injures their Christian growth, than irreligious and capricious discipline. So long as they are under the direction of a well-principled and well-educated Catholic teacher, that blessing is secured to them, which Canon Oakeley so much desiderates; for religion is a "permeating element" of their whole training. On the other hand, it afflicts one with the keenest grief to think that, as time goes on, so large and increasing a number of Catholic children are likely to be placed under the instruction of non-Catholics. We will heartily allow everything which can be alleged, on the importance that the Catholic poor should not fall behind their fellow-countrymen in secular knowledge. Yet such an evil is to our mind hardly more than dust in the balance, when compared with the calamity of their breathing, in the tender years of childhood, a non-Catholic atmosphere for so many hours of every day.

Having spoken on this particular part of our subject, we will now enter on a more general course of remark. Canon Oakeley said in his original pamphlet (p. 12) that "true education" had been "rendered *utterly impracticable* by that which is now required by our Government in all schools receiving support from the State." These were very strong words of his; and they were calculated, in our humble judgment, seriously to mislead Catholic opinion: the more so, because of the very high place which he justly holds in Catholic estimation. It was for this reason that we thought it important to point out, what we considered the exaggeration of his statement. *It now appears* however, that he himself accepts *Government assistance* for his schools; and doubtless he

reckoned on this circumstance being so taken into account, that his words would not be understood in a more stringent sense than he intended to give them. But we assure him we had not the remotest suspicion of this circumstance, until we read his letters.

On the other hand, those letters are calculated to convey a very mistaken notion, on the amount of our sympathy with the recent Act. In his third letter indeed, he actually ascribes to us the opinion, that "if we [Catholics] have not gained, at least we have not lost, by the changes which the Act has made." We will therefore briefly remind our readers of what we really did say in April. We gave an opinion (p. 413) that "since that Act has been passed, most earnest and self-sacrificing efforts may be necessary, for the purpose of averting, not only grave violations of principle, but *grave practical calamities*." We did not "*dream* of contending, that the recent Act has not in some considerable degree interfered with the means which a Catholic teacher has at his disposal." (pp. 419-420.) "Catholic children will suffer grievous spiritual evil in non-Catholic schools." (p. 413.) "It is urgent that Catholics shall strain every nerve" against "the evil influences with which they are now threatened." (p. 422.) It is no social progress, but much the reverse, that children of the lower orders be imbued with that degree and kind of secular instruction which is now proposed. (pp. 422-3.) "Seldom has there been a more anxious prospect . . . than at the present time." (p. 427.)

Still we do not wish to understate the divergency which exists, between Canon Oakeley's language on one hand, and our own opinion on the other. We heartily agree with him indeed, that the attendance of Catholic children at Anglican or secularist schools is a grievous calamity; but he has said —so far as his *words* go—that true education is impracticable, even in *Catholic* schools which receive support from the State. If this were so, it would follow that no clear-sighted priest could accept Government help, and that no clear-sighted Bishop could *permit* his priests to accept it. But, as we have said, Canon Oakeley shows by his acts how far his language is from expressing his true mind. And for our own part—lamentable as has been the injury inflicted even on *Catholic* schools by the recent Act,—we think nevertheless (p. 420) that a Catholic teacher "has still full power, through proportionally increased efforts, of making his school thoroughly *Catholic in spirit* and in tendency." So far as Canon Oakeley *dissents from this* statement, he mainly defends such dissent *by reciting various* evils introduced by the new Act, on which

he thinks we have not laid sufficient stress. We think he has done excellent service in drawing attention to those evils; and we hope that, by reprinting his letters, we may have done something towards giving his comment even increased circulation. But to our mind no one of the evils, nor all of them put together,—however seriously some of them may *impede* a Catholic teacher's work—make that work by any means impossible or hopeless. Let our readers judge.

There is one positive mistake indeed, though only one, into which he thinks we have inadvertently fallen. He doubts the truth of our statement, that the Catholic teacher is at liberty to inculcate Catholic views of history during the two two-hour periods of secular instruction. If we could mention however, without impropriety, the source of our information on this head, Canon Oakeley would see that there cannot be more irrefragable authority, as to what was intended by *the framers of the Act*. Then the Report of the Poor School Committee speaks expressly on a matter, whereof that committee must of course possess certain cognizance. "So far as history is taught at all in the secular instruction of the school" —so speaks the Report—the State "does not require that the books used by the school should set forth particular views as to history. To do so would at once destroy its neutrality." And lastly the anecdote, told by Canon Oakeley for the purpose of invalidating our statement, on the contrary confirms it. The "distinguished Protestant Government inspector," to whom he sent his pamphlet, says that it may possibly be necessary *hereafter* to proscribe history during the period of secular instruction: thus implying, by his very form of speech, that no such proscription at present exists.

On the other hand Canon Oakeley mentions a case, in which a book (as we understand him), used as a *reading* manual, was proscribed by the inspector because of its indirect Catholic teaching. If this decision were even final, it seems to us (we confess) a matter of small importance. Our own notion is, that a child's intellectual faculties are so engrossed by the mechanical difficulties of the art he is learning, that no religious lesson of any great moment can be simultaneously imparted by his book. But if Canon Oakeley means that the book in question was actually used as a text-book for historical lessons, we are confident that the prohibition would be reversed on appeal.

In his second letter Canon Oakeley recounts several facts of great importance, which illustrate the different interpretations placed *on the new Act by different* inspectors. In the same *letter he also raises a question* of much practical interest, as to

the most suitable course to be adopted under present circumstances by Catholic school managers. Our own feeling is entirely accordant with his; except indeed on that particular detail of which we have just spoken, the study of history.

In his third letter Canon Oakeley says most truly, that great weight should be accorded to the recent Report of the Poor School Committee, which we just now mentioned. That document indeed throws light on the subject in so many different ways, that we are confident our readers will thank us for reprinting that portion of it which relates to our present theme, notwithstanding the many pages of our number which it will occupy. We must explain however, that there are one or two somewhat important particulars, in which, for our own part, we are unable to accept its implied lessons. In the first place, unless we entirely misapprehend its bearing, it is worded throughout on the theory,—against which we protested in April (pp. 422-3),—that what now goes by the name of popular education is a social advance, and not (as we conceive) a social retrogression. In the second place (consistently enough with its assumption of that theory) it does no kind of justice (we think) to the standpoint of those, who gravely doubted, before ecclesiastical authority had given its judgment, whether Catholics would act wisely in uniting their schools on any terms with the State, and promoting in any way that high-pressure secular education of the masses which is now in vogue. But these are at present mere matters of abstract speculation; and in regard to what is immediately practical, our readers will find (we think) that the view we took in April is fully sanctioned by this high authority. Here then shall follow the passage in question; and all who peruse it will be struck with its lucidity and completeness of statement:—

> A year ago a wave of the tide, which everywhere in Europe is striking against the Church in Her relation to the School, passed over England. In what position has it left us? It is of importance to consider, in this matter of primary education, exactly where we stand,—whether it is in the same position which we held before, or in another one; and if another, in what the change consists. A review of the past is often the best mode of understanding the present, and therefore of putting it to the best account. It often likewise supplies a warning, and sometimes a preservative, against evils which threaten the future.
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> The period which elapsed, from the commencement of the union of Catholic primary schools with the inspection of the Privy Council down *to the Education Act*, may be termed the past. This period commenced *for us in December, 1847*,—when certain minutes of the Privy Council *admitted for the first time* Catholic, like other schools, to the public grants

administered by it,—and terminated on the 31st of March, 1871, when the Act began to take effect. The inspection of Catholic schools thus inaugurated was confined to secular instruction only; and the inspectors were not to be appointed without the concurrence of the Catholic Poor School Committee, which was thus acknowledged to represent the Catholic body. What we have especially here to note is, the attitude of the Government in respect to the union of religious with secular instruction. During the whole of this period this union was a condition of all grants; though the mode in which it was carried out differed in the various religious communities with which the Government had to deal. Thus in Anglican schools the inspector was appointed with the concurrence of the Archbishop of Canterbury or of York for their several provinces; and this concurrence was a larger one than that given in the case of Catholic schools, and in virtue of it the inspector exercised supervision over both religious and secular instruction, and both obtained marks for participation in grants. But in Dissenting, as in Catholic schools, though there were no marks for religious instruction, and though the inspection did not deal with it, yet the religious community was credited with having given it. In the Anglican schools, indeed, the Privy Council determined, by the examination of the inspector in the schools, and by the questions given in its papers to teachers who wished to obtain the certificate, how much religious instruction it would require, and what should be its quality. But in Dissenting schools, as in Catholic, it left the religious community to determine both the amount and the quality of the religious instruction. Thus greatly as both amount and quality might differ in the British and Foreign Society schools and in Catholic schools, yet the one and the other received grants at the same time from the Government, on the same condition of supplying what each considered fitting religious instruction. During all this period the Government repudiated practically, by giving it no grants, the notion of what has now come to be called secular education. It said, in fact, by its acts, there is no education without religion; but as you, with whom we have to deal, are at issue as to what religion is, we do not enter into your differences, but require of each of you to educate your child in religion as you understand it. It followed, of course, that the inspection was more thorough in the schools of the Established Church, as it embraced both religious and secular instruction; while in the case of the other two classes of schools just mentioned, the religious community was more free; so much so, indeed, that it could neglect, if it chose, the religious instruction left to its care. But this was not the meaning of the system, nor the intention of the Government. On the contrary, from the beginning to the end it recognised religion as forming part and parcel of education. In the case of the Established Church, it saw by its inspection that this condition was fulfilled. In the other cases, it credited the religious community with the fulfilment of the condition.

What has been just said of the Government in its attitude towards the Church, defines likewise the position of the Church during this period. The *Government gave its money grants* in return for a certain amount of *instruction and efficiency in teaching*, of the existence of which it satisfied

itself by its inspection. As to all the rest, the freedom of the Church was complete. There was no interference with the books used; no limitation as to the times of teaching various subjects; no time-table relegating religious instruction to one time and secular instruction to another. A great increase in the severity and precision of the inspection took place when the Revised Code was introduced; and the payments which at first were made to teachers and for pupil-teachers were gradually merged in a capitation grant. But all this did not affect the perfect liberty of religious teaching which existed in the schools of the various religious communities, in virtue of which British and Foreign schools and Catholic schools, which hold principles as to the mode of conveying religious instruction in absolute contradiction to each other, were enabled to share the same grants. The efficiency of each was supervised; the conscience of each was respected. The yearly inspection was a guarantee to the State, that a certain standard of instruction was reached. If the school fell short of this, it was fined accordingly; but the State did not say "You shall give so much, and at such hours, to secular instruction." Year after year attention was drawn in the Reports by this Committee to the liberty thus enjoyed, and to the great opportunity left to the Church to leaven the child with its own spirit. Perhaps this liberty and this opportunity will be more deeply appreciated, under the less favourable state of things which has now been introduced.

The advantages derived from this joint action of Church and State may be thus briefly alluded to. And first, when the Privy Council began to administer the public grant in support of primary education, anything like a system of primary education, or a class of qualified teachers in either sex, can hardly be said to have existed. Gradually, and as the result of many tentative efforts, came the recognition that there is such a thing as an art of primary teaching. In the preceding chaotic period it was often seen that men and women, who had succeeded in nothing else, betook themselves to teaching; and pretended to impart to children what they had either not at all, or very insufficiently, learned themselves. It is more remarkable that managers were reduced to allow teachers of this sort in their schools. We cannot wonder that it soon became apparent to those who then directed the public administration, that it was necessary to create a race of teachers. This was done by the formation of the class of pupil-teachers, and the founding of training-schools to carry on and perfect the work so begun. By and by it was found further, that the training-school involved the necessity of practising-schools in immediate connection with it. All this was the work of years,—a work continually growing, correcting itself, and expanding by the lessons of daily experience. Much of it was already done and in operation, when Catholic schools were admitted into the system; and there can be no doubt that, as a general rule, our schools needed these improvements as much as any others. The recognition that there is truly an art of primary teaching, and the formation in *training-schools of young* teachers who have already passed several years *in preliminary pupilage*, were the necessary bases of all future improvement. *Next came* the application of the best method of teaching in

inspected schools. To establish this, the regular training of the teacher required to be followed by the maintenance of an uniform system of inspection. The inspector is the living rule, who carries from one school to another the result of the whole experience won by the system which he administers; he can point out, and by pointing out correct, defects in discipline and errors in method, besides noting the good or bad spirit of the school; and it is one of the most valuable arrangements of the Privy Council, that the capacity and rank of the teacher are not gauged simply by a written examination, but by a searching inspection of the school, which is his living work. But, fourthly, the rules of the Privy Council insured in the schools which they inspected buildings proper in dimensions, in arrangements, in salubrity; a supply of books; and the employment of teachers, whose certificates should be some guarantee at least of their suitableness for their work. And, more especially since the application of the Revised Code, their grants have been paid only for actual results ascertained and attested by the inspector after individual examination; and there can be no doubt that this has a great bearing on the efficiency of the school. As administrators of the public money, the Committee on Education would take nothing for granted. Probably one of the first results of their experience was a conviction, that the unconditional payment of money grants has no tendency to improve the teaching and management of a school. Perhaps none but those who have had the opportunity of comparing together the condition of schools which are under a settled system of inspection and of uninspected schools, as to the matters above mentioned,—that is, as to teachers, method of instruction, discipline, supply of books, and suitable buildings,—will have an adequate notion of what has been done for primary education since the establishment of the Minutes of Council. These advantages were common to all schools; but there are two which belong to us specially. The necessity of the teacher being certificated, in order to obtain the grant, induced a great many Religious to apply for it. In this they made a great sacrifice of natural feeling for the good of the school; but thereby was effected the union of an external standard of secular qualification with the piety of the Religious life, and the blessing on teaching thence to be expected. For while a Religious, who is likewise an accomplished teacher, is invaluable,—on the other hand the religious life does not of itself bestow the requisite knowledge and training, and the Rule does not always prescribe teaching, so that there is nothing to ensure that a Religious merely as such must be a good teacher. Wherever it is possible to join the two things together, and especially where the Religious Rule enjoins as much attention to teaching as is imposed on the secular teacher by the contract in which he engages, the gain to the school is great. And we may hope that the attainment of the certificate by so many Religious during the period we are describing has often realised this gain. The other advantage which our past history makes of singular value to us is, that during the whole series of these grants, *extending* over twenty-three years, a great public *department, representing Parliament* and the State itself, treated Catholic *school-managers and teachers like* other citizens of a free Government, and

Catholic poor-schools like poor-schools not Catholic. We had fair play and no favour; and the Privy Council, seeing by the operation of its own rules in a great variety of detail our needs and difficulties, was helping us to do an indispensable work. Hence has followed the removal of many prejudices and misconceptions on both sides. But, to realise how great an advantage this has been, it is requisite to remember that this is the first time for three hundred years that Catholics have been treated with fair-play in the distribution of a public grant; and more particularly the first time they have been helped in the work of education, without any sacrifice of their religion being imposed as a condition of the help.

It is only after considering the six points above enumerated, that we come to the money grants themselves. We hold that the importance of the conditions under which these grants were earned exceeds their money value in itself. If we could have had the same money by yearly unconditional gifts, it would have done us little good in comparison. The prime and chief value of the grants lay in the improvement of education, of which they were the instrument. It lies still in the altered condition of the educating power which they have brought about. It consists in the aggregate of the teachers created, the schools built, the reading-books produced, the inspection submitted to, the standard of instruction set up, the hearty co-operation in a good work of two powers which had been enemies for centuries. Its value for the future will consist in the continuance of these things. The grants thus made to Catholic schools in Great Britain down to the 31st March, 1870 (which are the last published, but do not include the last year of the period under consideration), amounted to £487,799. 4s. 4d. The number of children in average attendance at day-schools in the year ending the 31st August, 1870, amounted to 77,333, and in the night-schools to 10,353. So much, then, for the terms of union, the relative position of the Government and the Church, the system of instruction carried out by means of their co-operation, the moral and material aid secured by it, and the amount of the population which it had reached before the passing of the Education Act. We have now to consider how much of this system is carried on in the new one founded by that Act.

The Act established a new mechanism—the School Board—in order to reach that portion of the population, which the voluntary and denominational schools had not touched. But it likewise recognised all that these schools had done, and proposed to continue to them the Parliamentary grant which for so many years they had been receiving. At the same time in so doing it imposed certain changes in the conditions under which the grant for the future was to be received. The first of these was, that every school receiving such a grant should be a "public elementary school" (Act, Clause 7); whereas before it had been a school of some one denomination, which had voluntarily come into connection with the Privy Council by applying for a grant. In virtue of the character thus imposed *on it, no child attending* it should be required as a condition "to attend *any religious observance*, or any instruction in religious subjects in the *school or elsewhere, from* which he may be withdrawn by his parent."

And to facilitate this it was required, that "any religious observance practised, or instruction in religious subjects given," should be at the beginning or end of the morning or afternoon attendance, or both (Act, Clause 7). So far the school is truly made "a public elementary school;" in the sense that to whatever denomination it may belong, children of parents not belonging to such a denomination may be sent to it, without their being required to attend its religious observances or instruction. But, on the other hand, these religious observances and instruction are left unrestricted at the times not reserved for secular instruction. The liberty thus left is most expressly guarded: for "the school shall be open at all times to the inspection of any of her Majesty's inspectors; so, however, that it shall be no part of the duties of such inspector to inquire into any instruction in religious subjects given at such school, or to examine any scholar therein, in religious knowledge, or in any religious subject or book" (Act, Clause 7). The Act further enjoined, that "the school shall be conducted in accordance with the conditions required to be fulfilled by an elementary school in order to obtain an annual Parliamentary Grant" (Act, Clause 7, 3), "which shall be those contained in the Minutes of the Education Department in force for the time being" (Act, Clause 97). By this it will be seen that all "public elementary schools" stand henceforth under two authorities—one, the fixed text of the Education Act; the other the Code of the Council Minutes "in force for the time being." And the power of this second authority—which is the living interpreter of the Act—was seen at once, when it added to the conditions of the Act in the 7th clause, requiring that religious observance or instruction should only take place at the beginning or end of an attendance or at both, the much more onerous condition that "attendance at a morning or afternoon meeting may not be reckoned for any scholar, who has been under instruction in secular subjects less than two hours" (Code, Art. 23). The Act, that is, relegated the religious instruction to a particular time; but the Code came upon it, and limited the possible extent of that time. It is one inconvenience to be limited to a particular time for religious instruction, which incovenience is imposed by the Act; it is quite another, when the possible hours of school attendance being limited within a narrow border of excess, four of those hours, two in the morning and two in the afternoon continuously, are required to be given to secular instruction. This second inconvenience was added by the Code to the Act; and makes the joint effect of Code and Act much more stringent than the text of the Act by itself, in the very point wherein the chief change lay.

With these restrictions and conditions, the Education Act continued on the system of Parliamentary annual grants as it existed before. Indeed it confirmed these grants by placing them, after examination, under the safeguard of an Act of Parliament, and that an Act made to inaugurate a system of national primary education; and it likewise increased their amount. The result is, that the Act has placed all "public elementary schools" under the supervision of the Committee of Council entitled "the *Education Department.*" But these schools are of two classes. The one class comprehends all Church of England, Dissenting, Catholic, or other

schools, in which specific religious instruction, over and above the two periods of two continuous hours of secular instruction, may be given under the restriction of times noted above. And these schools receive in return the Parliamentary annual grant. The other class comprehends all Board Schools, in which "no religious catechism or religious formulary which is distinctive of any particular denomination shall be taught" (Act, Clause 14, 2). These schools are subject to the Revised Code, and according to it receive the Parliamentary grant; but are further to be built and maintained by rates, and managed by boards. It would be a complete mistake for any such School Board to suppose itself a Board of Education, for all the first class of schools in any given district does not fall under its jurisdiction at all. The sole Board of Education is the "Education Department," which stands in relation and supervision to every "public elementary school." What, then, is the position of the State represented by the Education Department, with regard to the Church, under the Act and the Code?

The chief change consists in the new attitude taken up by the State as to religious instruction. In the old system, all its grants were made on the condition of religious instruction being given in the school. In the large majority of the schools aided by it, those of the national Church, its inspectors were likewise the Church's inspectors, and examined in religion as well as in secular knowledge. In the other schools aided by it, its inspection stopped short of religion, but supposed it to be taught by the community to which the school belonged according to its several belief. In the new system it is strictly laid down, that any grant of the Education Department "shall not be made in respect of any instruction in religious subjects"; and that the conditions of its Code "shall not require that the school shall be in connection with a religious denomination, or that religious instruction shall be given in the school" (Act, Clause 97). Thus while the idea of the old system was that there is no education without religion, the Act, without saying anything on the speculative truth, withdraws the State's supervision altogether from the subject of religion, and declares that it will make its grant for secular instruction only. We may here note two things. First, that the position thus taken up with regard to the various religious communities is simply neutral. It does not favour one more than another. It is the propagandist of none, the guardian of the freedom of all. For, secondly, with regard to religious instruction, this is put under a certain restriction of time, but under no restriction of quality. As to time, four hours continuously, two in the morning attendance and two in the afternoon, are to be given to secular instruction. This constitutes that for which the State makes its grant; this is the subject-matter, which it narrowly inspects, and pays according to its efficiency. But outside of this time, it permits religious instruction, and does not claim to interfere with its quality, or with the use of the schoolroom. It by no means claims to impose the use of certain books; but only that religious instruction *shall not be given* during certain hours. And so far as history is taught at *all in the secular instruction* of the school, it does not require that the *books used in the school* should set forth particular views as to history.

To do so would at once destroy its neutrality. It remains then, that all which has hitherto been taught in Catholic schools as to specific religious instruction may be taught still outside the margin of the four hours; and that as to whatever secular instruction is given during the four hours, it remains still in the hands of the teacher and manager to give the tone and spirit of the school. School buildings are still at liberty to inscribe upon their walls such texts as "The Word was made Flesh, and dwelt among us" "He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross"; or to put up a statue of the Virgin Mother with the Child in her arms, and the image of Christ crucified. The change is the greatest in the schools of the Established Church; for here the State withdraws from the religious supervision which it had previously exercised. In Catholic schools it had no such supervision before, but only stipulated that religious instruction should be given; now however, with regard to all public elementary schools, it warns its inspectors that it shall be "no part of their duty to inquire into any instruction in religious subjects given in the school" (Act, Clause 7, 3).

And this defines the position of the Church in the new system. It is plain that the perfect freedom which it possessed before is interfered with as to time. No grant may be claimed for any attendance of the child in the day-school, wherein two hours of continuous secular instruction through the whole school is not given. As the school hours, which are limited to six hours a day by the rule which does not require the attendance of pupil-teachers for more (Code, Art. 70, *f.* second schedule), are in practice scarcely ever more than five, out of which is to be deducted the time for marking in the registers, this condition limits considerably the time to be given to specific religious instruction; while by fixing it at the beginning or end of the school time by a time-table to be rigidly observed, a liberty previously possessed of giving religious instruction at any time to a class in a school is incidentally taken away. Again, the irregular scholars, those who come late, or who leave early to carry dinners, &c., get the smallest share of religious instruction, while they are the class that most need it. The conclusion is, that whereas before the Church was free, she now works in chains, but yet she is allowed to work. Adequate religious instruction can be given, where there is a resolution to do the utmost, and where there is full co-operation on the part of managers and teachers. Her schools are still her own, though it may cost her more effort to pervade them with her spirit. Is it not a fresh call upon the devotion of managers and teachers? There is more labour and more difficulty in discharging a primary duty than before. But there is no impossibility. This brings us to the question, What advantages do we derive from accepting the co-operation of the State on the new terms?

We retain the six advantages mentioned above as belonging to the old system. They embrace the possession of qualified teachers, training schools, the best method of instruction, supported by uniform inspection acting on the teachers and the taught, the encouragement of Religious to take *the certificate, and equal* treatment by the State. The keeping up of *all these things by an external* power, and the maintenance of an extrinsic

standard of secular instruction, set up by the State and kept up to the mark of gradual progression for the whole country, are a great good to us. The submitting of our pupil-teachers and teachers to an unrestricted competition, the treating of our schools and their results with rigid fairness and no favour, although the original condition of having only Catholic inspectors has been removed without any compensation to us, however hard the discipline, may in the end be serviceable. If there be a present loss, the change may lead to greater exertion, and be succeeded by larger gain. But the very exertion is a good. In what was said above, these things have been considered in themselves; but connected with them, and in fact, as their motive power, is a large annual Parliamentary grant—say £40,000 a-year at present. If this were withdrawn, if we had to replace and continue on by our unaided exertions the works which it supports, may it not be doubted, considering the nature and extent of our population, whether we should be equal to the task? At this moment we have no inspection of secular instruction save that of the Education Department. The schools which are not under this, as a matter of fact, go without inspection as to the efficiency of their secular instruction. But, moreover, it is a great many years since this Committee urged the universal employment of religious inspection. It is still only partial—it is not uniform; the several inspectors do not confer together, nor work on any agreed standard. But inspection has been considered by the Education Department from the beginning as the primary condition of efficiency. Does not every one who has given attention to schools, or examined and compared them, agree with this judgment of the Education Department? But inspection is only one of the advantages above named. It must be supported by training-schools and qualified teachers. Could we maintain them all if we had to stand by ourselves?

It is undoubtedly a downward movement for the State itself to retreat from avowing that religious instruction forms an essential part of education. This, as we have seen, it did avow by its condition of making grants up to the Education Act. But to us as Catholics, where the State has not the blessing of possessing the Catholic Faith, its complete severance from any interference with religious instruction has its advantages. Under the Education Act and the Code its self-chosen attitude is that of a policeman, who has his eye always on the school to see that no child is forced to receive religious instruction against the will of his parent. What is true religion, and what is false, is beyond such a policeman's cognisance. He has simply to prevent the exercise of force upon the scholar in the matter of religious instruction. But in her long life of eighteen hundred years the Church has fought with persistent perseverance for the free-will of man. It is a condition which she not only can, but will keep, and exact from others in the freedom of religious instruction. This must be looked upon from two sides: freedom, on the one hand, to teach completely the religion to which the parent belongs, and to which he wishes his child to *belong; freedom, on* the other hand, of the parent to object, on behalf of *the child, to all teaching of* a religion which he does not accept. If we *retain full and entire the* former freedom, we do not object to the latter.

Indeed, Catholic schools before the passing of the Act were frequented either by Catholic children only, or by such others as the parents sent thither by choice. The concession of their liberty made by Catholic schools, in accepting for the first time a time conscience-clause, is far harder on them than on the schools of the Established Church, because in their case there was no reason to impose such a restriction. In their schools nobody's liberty had been violated, nor any complaint heard from a parent that a child received religious instruction against his will. The jealousy as to the imposition of religious instruction on unwilling scholars has a reason in the case of a national school in country districts, which may be the only one where scholars not belonging to the National Church may be able to attend; but its application to schools intended for Catholics, and frequented by others only at their choice, had no such justification. Still, so long as this is accompanied by the positive freedom for those who value it to make religion the basis of education and to teach it in the school, it can be borne. But an advance beyond this point—any attempt to make the parent receive on behalf of his child secular instruction, from which religious instruction is violently severed by the will of another, is persecution. "Public elementary schools," which receive the Parliamentary grant under the Minutes of Council, are still free, at a certain time, to give religious instruction; but "public elementary schools," which are under a Board, are prohibited from using any distinctive religious catechism or religious formulary. But it is precisely by means of such that the Catholic religion always has been, must be, and will be taught. It follows that our only safety in the present consists in supplying for all our children schools in which full freedom of all religious instruction—as we understand that term—is allowed. And here it is both fair to the Education Act and important to ourselves to note a provision in Clause 76, whereby not only sanction is given, but an arrangement is made, for the inspection of the school "by other than one of her Majesty's inspectors," "as well in respect of religious as of other subjects." As much as two days in the year are allowed for such inspection, and it is stated that "on any such day any religious observance may be practised, and any instruction in religious subjects given at any time during the meeting of the school." By this clause not only is the full freedom of religious instruction in what the Act terms "voluntary" schools recognised by the Act itself, as forming part of the school's course of teaching, but the efficiency of such instruction is cared for by the suggestion of annual inspection in regard to it. And it follows that any "voluntary" school, in which such inspection and examination are not carried out, would sink below the religious level of the Act itself. This last remnant of the conditions of the past, wherein religious instruction was never absent from the idea of education, is most valuable in itself, and yields to us a position in which we may maintain that which we most value, as a right guaranteed by the Act itself.

What condition of things, as to the relation of the State to the Church *in the matter of primary education*, may be coming in the future, is *unknown to all. But in estimating* the present, and the value of the

position which it offers us, a considerable element is the view of other possibilities. The golden age is passed; we stand in the silver; we may have to encounter the iron. In the golden age, the State would make no educational grant without the condition of religious instruction. And of that instruction, the quality, the amount, and the time were all unrestricted, at the disposal of the Church. Yet many were found who censured connection in primary education with the State on these terms. This Committee advocated such co-operation consistently from the beginning, and to a certain degree it was carried out; but no one will deny that it might have been carried out with much greater energy and to a much greater extent. In the silver age the work of religious instruction is allowed, but not encouraged; the four pounds of flesh are rigorously required; the blood, "in which is the life," is sparingly permitted. Even so, if the Church will exert to the utmost Her power, She can still animate this flesh; She is allowed not only to teach reading, writing, and arithmetic, but what moral use man is to make of them; and the State does not compel her, as the price of its co-operation, to treat man as if he were brother of the ape. Shall we stand aloof, or make the most of this concession? Perhaps it depends on the efficiency with which it is used,—that is, on the fact whether we are able to raise the labouring population out of the ignorance in which they lie,—whether this condition of things be a mere breathing time or a permanent state. But it should not be forgotten that an iron age may come. Such an age would be when the State should prohibit, in schools which it assisted, definite Catholic religious instruction. It is sufficient here to note that on such terms co-operation of the Church with the State would be impossible; and it would remain for it, at its own expense and risk, to provide its schools and all which should maintain them in efficiency. There is an old myth which still "speaks to the wise." An unknown woman came before the Roman king and offered him nine volumes at a high price. He refused, and she departed and burnt three of her volumes; and returned with the six, asking the same price. The king refused again, and she went away once more and burnt three others; but she came a third time, and demanded for the three remaining the same price which she had asked for the whole nine. And then we are told that the king, who refused the nine volumes and the six, paid the whole price for the three. Thus, when the action of the Church was entirely untrammelled, we might have formed such a body of male and female teachers,—by the aid of the State,—that every school should have been supplied with them before an Education Act arose, and no large portion of the population been left outside; or, again, we might, as some advised, have kept aloof from all co-operation with the State; in which case do not the facts cited above show at what a terrible disadvantage we should have stood on the appearance of such an Education Act as that of 1870? So now we may fold our hands, and leave the waifs,—who appear to be half our number,—to schools which must have a spirit hostile to *ours, and in which* our belief cannot be taught; or we may so use the *liberty still left us, and* the aid still supplied to us, that our schools shall *be more thoroughly leavened* with Christian education than before. But

should the liberty ever be taken away, which God forbid, what we are now doing, the energy now put forth, and the experience now obtained, will probably determine whether we shall be able to keep those committed to us, or be condemned to lose them.

Such then is the language of the Poor School Committee: the same which we ourselves held in April. The recent Act has inflicted severe injury on Catholic schools which receive Government help; yet not such fatal injury, but that, by proportionally increased efforts, these may be made to continue thoroughly Catholic in spirit and in tendency. Such also is the Archbishop's judgment, as expressed at the great educational meeting of June 20th. The new arrangements, he said, "place the religious instruction of our schools at a notable and a formidable disadvantage"; and "we must therefore, with a concentration of attention, vigilance, and energy, maintain the religious efficiency of our religious instruction."

We have spoken hitherto exclusively of the *present;* but we feel, quite as strongly as Canon Oakeley can feel, the alarming prospect which threatens Catholics for the *future.* In fact, these perils of the future were our very reason, for protesting against what seemed to us undue depreciation of the present: "It is not possible," we said (p. 413) "that Catholics should throw themselves heart and soul into the impending contest against irreligious education, if they consider the *existing* system inevitably and hopelessly irreligious." Had it been the case, as Canon Oakeley said, that true education is rendered utterly impracticable by the State's conditions of help, Catholics would have had no resource, but to do the best they could in their own strength; and, so far as education is concerned, they would have been comparatively indifferent to the political arena. Our own conviction on the contrary is, that they now retain much which is worthy of energetic political struggle; and that they have means, moreover, of retaining it, for a very considerable time at least. But then we also think that, *in order* to retain it, they must put their shoulders vigorously to the wheel. Let them exert then their united strength, that not one denominational safeguard now existing be removed, and that the compulsoriness of instruction be not advanced one single step beyond its present position. In so much as this, by co-operating heartily with other denominationalists, there is every hope of their succeeding, for at least a very considerable time. And while such is their *political* attitude, let them *domestically* (if we may so express ourselves) *strain every nerve,—by building* and endowing Catholic schools *and training Catholic* teachers,—that they may be more and

more prepared to meet the evil day, when at last it comes; and that even in the present they may make more and more provision for those unhappy children, who otherwise, by an unjust and cruel law, are placed under non-Catholic secular instructors.

Doubtless, as we also said in April (p. 422), they should "use their best efforts," if opportunity be offered, "to obtain some amendment of the law in the interests of true religion." But we think there is so little probability of important success in this direction, that they would but waste strength by laying any very great stress on the accomplishment of such a result. In truth, seldom has a political end been pursued under greater difficulties, than those which now cripple the Catholic politician in this matter of education. Bad as are the terms which the Church has obtained under Mr. Forster's Act, we are only surprised that they are not much worse; and we believe that Catholics owe far more than they sometimes suppose, to Mr. Gladstone's influence with his party. They stand between two cross-fires. Speaking broadly and generally, the Catholic conclusion is derived from two premisses, of which the major is denied by liberals, and the minor by conservatives. That the State should exert itself to promote good religious education,—this is the principle which Catholics assume. But liberals deny the principle; while conservatives, admitting the principle, deny that *Catholic* "religious education" is really "good." And so it turned out, that the very same men who supported Mr. Gordon against Mr. Gladstone, would have voted (it was understood) to a man, in favour of Mr. Fawcett's attack on the same Minister. They proceeded on a very intelligible ground: viz. that the Empire's true religious interests are advanced, on the one hand by promoting presbyterianism in Scotland, and on the other hand by repressing "popery" in Ireland.

Then, there is another complication. Catholics of course are directly at issue with most liberals,—while so far agreeing with most conservatives,—on the vital importance of Christian education. But a large number of Protestants advocate Christian education under the particular *shape* of teaching children the Protestant Bible; and, in fact, Mr. Gordon's motion on the Scotch Education Bill went precisely to this point. Here then the remedy is worse even than the disease. That a Catholic child be instructed by an heretical teacher in an heretical translation of Scripture,—is even a *greater* evil in the Catholic eye, than that he should be placed under such a *teacher for the acquirement* of purely secular knowledge. Certainly it seems to us, that Protestants who advocate religious

education have in general been anything rather than ambitious of Catholic support; and that they would often rather fight alone, than make common cause with a creed which they abhor. Catholics owe it mainly to Mr. Gladstone,—such (we emphatically repeat) is our own strong conviction,—that they have not been visited with far more gross and unmitigated injustice, than has in fact befallen them.

And this leads us to another remark. Canon Oakeley refers, in one or two parts of his letter, to the *insulting* treatment which Catholics have received: in that, e. g., Catholic schools are not even designated by the *name* "Roman Catholic," and that Catholic bishops and priests are limited as to their power of entering a Government-aided Catholic school.* Now we hope we shall not be misunderstood when we say, that, to our mind, every *insult* inflicted by Parliament on Catholics, which is not also an *injury*, is a positive and great benefit. There is a vast amount of (what we may familiarly call) anti-Catholic *steam*, latent in public men of both parties, which will inevitably vent itself somehow or other; and, so far as it vents itself in insult, there is less to fear in the way of injury. Hard words, according to the proverb, are indefinitely more tolerable than broken bones. Or to put the thing more worthily and truly, the Church will most gladly endure to be called by every ignominious name, and treated with every contumelious device, so only she can thereby earn greater liberty of training towards heaven those souls, for which her Master died. To suppose there can be any real sympathy between two such bodies as the British Parliament and the Catholic Church, argues surely a strange blindness to the most conspicuous facts of our time.

These are the general observations which we have at this moment to offer, on the state and prospects of Catholic primary education in England: and it will have been seen that our apparent differences with Canon Oakeley arise almost exclusively from misconception of each other's language. But a special theological question has been incidentally raised, which we must not conclude without noticing. Our readers will remember, that an unnamed correspondent of Canon Oakeley's has criticised the view which we put forth in April, concerning

* At the same time what does this limitation amount to? Catholic managers may have any religious observance they like in their schools for any time, and on as many days, as they please, if they merely abstain from marking in the registers on those days, and give liberty to non-Catholic children of going away for the occasion. Nay, and two days in every year, *chosen by themselves, may be* entirely devoted to religious work, and yet *count towards the Parliamentary* grant.

Pius IX.'s Fribourg Brief. This Brief, he considers, "distinctly says that schools, out of which the authority of the Church has been thrust, cannot be frequented." "The DUBLIN," he adds, "puts the Brief on one side by calling it an ideal, whereas it is distinctly practical, and was issued to meet a real fact. There is no more of the ideal about it than about a sentence in a court of law." We contend for the exact contrary. It is a great pleasure to deal with an opponent who so unreservedly defers to Papal authority; and our controversy with him cannot but be most amicable. Yet we must argue (1) that the Brief says what our critic thinks it does *not* say; and (2) that it does *not* say what he thinks it does say. And we make one little preliminary remark. We pointed out in April (p. 416, note) that the Irish bishops consider the Brief to have been issued ex cathedrâ; and we infer, from our critic's whole tone, that he (as well as ourselves) is of the same opinion. We shall word our arguments therefore on this assumption, though those arguments are substantially the same on *either* hypothesis.

Firstly then we are to ask, what is the direct infallible teaching of this Brief. And we have authentic information, as to the principal errors which Pius IX. intended therein to condemn, by referring to the 47th and 48th propositions of the Syllabus; which are the two expressly laid down as censured by the Brief in question. They are as follows:—

Prop. 47. "The best constitution of civil society requires that popular schools, which are open to children of every class,—and that public institutions generally, which are devoted to teaching, literature, and science, and providing for the education of youth,—be exempted from all authority of the Church, from all Her moderating influence and interference, and subjected to the absolute will of the civil and political authority [so as to be conducted] in accordance with the tenets of the civil rulers and the standard of the common opinions of the age."

Prop. 48. "That method of instructing youth can be approved by Catholic men, which is disjoined from the Catholic Faith and the Church's power; and which regards exclusively, or at least principally, knowledge of the natural order alone and the ends of social life on earth."

So far then is it from being true, as our critic thinks, that there is nothing of the ideal about this Brief, that the very opposite is true. The principal errors which it was intended to condemn, were errors establishing a false *ideal* concerning the work of popular education. We may further infer, with some confidence,—though this is irrelevant to the question *between our critic* and ourselves,—that as on the one hand *Pius IX. spoke ex* cathedrâ in his condemnation of a *false ideal; so on the other* hand he spoke ex cathedrâ in his ex-

position of the *true* one. This exposition is contained in the passage, which the Irish bishops quoted, and which we reprinted.

Secondly, our critic considers the Brief to "say distinctly" that certain schools "cannot be frequented." Now there is but one passage in the Brief, on which he can possibly found this opinion; and we will at once place it before our readers.

> Certainly indeed, when, in whatever places and regions, a most pernicious plan of this kind were undertaken or accomplished, of expelling from schools the Church's authority, and when youths were miserably exposed to loss concerning the Faith, then the Church not only would be bound (deberet) to attempt everything with intensest effort and never spare any pains that the said youths should receive the necessary Christian instruction and education, but also would be compelled to admonish all the faithful, and declare to them that such schools, being adverse to the Catholic Church, could not in conscience be frequented.

Our critic, it appears then, understands the Pontiff to declare by his Fribourg Brief, that no Catholics in any part of the world may in conscience send their children to any schools, from which the Church's authority is so expelled, as it is in those English Catholic schools which now accept Government aid. Yet he need not have looked beyond the British Islands themselves, to see that he has made a great mistake somewhere. He will not deny that *the Irish National schools* are to the full as much removed from the Church's authority, as are those which he denounces. Now Pius IX. was specially consulted about these schools; and he responded that Catholics may be permitted in conscience, under existing circumstances, to send their children thither. What he had expressly sanctioned in *one* place, he could not intend by this Brief to declare unlawful in *all* places.

Our critic then is certainly in error; and if we look again at the wording of the Brief, we shall see where his error lies. In the first place, one thing will be at once seen: Pius IX. does not, as wielding the Church's authority, declare that certain schools may not be frequented; but expresses an opinion, augury, judgment, that under certain circumstances the Church *would* be compelled to declare this. Moreover, our critic must consider him *mistaken* in this opinion, augury, judgment; for he thinks that the very contingency contemplated by the Pope has now arisen; while it is indubitable that the Church has issued *no* such declaration, as that which the Brief (if so be) teaches us to expect. Our critic's interpretation *of the Brief, then, is less* respectful to Pius IX. than is our *own.*

We do not indeed ourselves admit, that the Church's authority *is* removed from Catholic Government-aided schools: still we do not lay stress on this consideration; because clearly that authority *is* removed from those *non-Catholic* schools, which Catholic children are unhappily obliged by law in various instances to frequent. We say then, that the Pope's words are to be understood with the obvious and recognized qualification: "Unless circumstances so change, as to affect the balance of spiritual good." This is no subtlety or refinement, but the broadest common sense. Take for illustration an extreme case. In this that or the other country, certain given schools give admirable secular instruction, but are imbued with an anti-Catholic spirit; while a parent has the fullest liberty, so far as the State is concerned, to send thither his children or not to send them. He is strictly obliged in conscience *not* to send them; for he may not obtain for them good secular instruction, at the price of peril to their souls. This is indubitable Catholic doctrine. But now let us suppose circumstances totally to change; let us suppose, e. g., the State to *enforce* attendance at the schools. Would it not be simply childish to infer, from the indubitable Catholic doctrine above mentioned, that under these *new* circumstances a parent is obliged in conscience to resist tooth and nail the policeman, who comes to summon thither his children? and that they again (if they have arrived at the age of reason) are obliged in conscience to refuse entering the schools, until dragged there by main force? We have supposed the extreme case, of State authority *enforcing* non-attendance; but, short of that, Government may, in a great variety of ways, put forth such strong pressure, that much greater spiritual harm than good would result from combined Catholic recalcitration. The doctrine remains intact, that instruction may not be sought at the price of spiritual evil; but it by no means follows from this doctrine, that a less spiritual evil may not laudably be incurred to avoid a greater. And it is absurd to suppose that Pius IX., in his Fribourg Brief, intended to deny by a sidewind this obvious truth.

In fact, if our critic wishes to take this Brief for his guide, he ought surely to arrive at the conclusion directly opposed to his own. Pius IX. considers that if a certain contingency arose, the Church would issue a certain declaration. But she has *not* issued such a declaration; therefore the contemplated contingency has not arisen.

The importance then of the Fribourg Brief consists, not in *its laying down* any rule which binds under all possible *situations, but in its* placing before Catholics the true ideal

of popular education. The impossibility under which English Catholics find themselves of practically pursuing this ideal in its integrity, is an evidence of the disastrous circumstances in which they are placed. We do not think they can pass through the present crisis, without undergoing serious spiritual evils. But we think that the best method of *minimizing* those evils is that, which has been indicated (it seems to us) by the bishops, which we sketched in our last number, and which we have now endeavoured more fully to explain and vindicate.

NOTE ON THE SECOND ARTICLE OF THE APRIL NUMBER.

THE following remarks occur in our last number (p. 285) :—

> A question has quite recently been raised, how far it can be legitimate for a Catholic writer to allege publicly a charge of doctrinal unsoundness against any theory, which certain other Catholics may maintain. Doubts have been expressed, whether it is in accordance with the Church's spirit and principles, to adduce such a charge otherwise than in the way of private appeal to ecclesiastical authority; and whether a different practice, so far as it prevails in England, has not arisen from Catholics living in the midst of a Protestant world. Now as we have ourselves from time to time made accusations of the very kind here censured, we shall not be suspected of undue aggressiveness if we briefly refer to this allegation: for if it could be maintained, it would follow that the view of our duties, on which we have habitually acted, is seriously opposed to ecclesiastical principle. And as our purpose is exclusively to speak in our own defence, we must beg our readers to bear in mind a fact, which we have often mentioned; viz., that whatever we write with any doctrinal bearing, is submitted to censors, who are appointed by the Archbishop of the diocese in which our REVIEW is published.

The writer, to whom we here principally referred, explains, that his remarks had no reference to ourselves, and do not cover our particular case. "Even in principle," he says, "and certainly in practice, there is a wide difference between controversy carried on in a recognised organ of Catholic literature, which has a responsible editor, assisted (though a layman) by censors appointed by authority,—and an anonymous charge in the columns of a newspaper, even the Editor of which is 'not responsible for the opinions expressed by his correspondents,' who have no technical restraint but the law of libel." Nothing can be more straightforward and satisfactory than this statement. The question raised is one of great and constantly recurring practical importance, and one on which it is very desirable that Catholic writers should be united in judgment.

We are in entire accordance with another remark, made by the same writer with some reference to ourselves. We are as far as he can be from desiring "the most unbridled independence of anonymous comment in matters of doctrine." "The press," he adds, "is a valuable weapon for the defence of the Church, but every one knows that it is a weapon peculiarly liable to abuse." We heartily concur.

Notices of Books.

A Scheme of University Education in Ireland. By a PROTESTANT CELT. London: Stanford.

WE mentioned in our last number, that we defer to a future occasion all detailed criticism of the various plans which have been proposed, for University education in Ireland. We will only say therefore, concerning the one now before us, that it is most ably and carefully wrought out, with a very complete and ample reference to all the various necessities of the case. The general spirit of the pamphlet is truly admirable; and we can only hope that there are many Irish Protestants, who resemble our author.

There is one fundamental truth, repeatedly forgotten in England, to which he draws attention. We cannot express it better than in his own words:—

"It not unfrequently happens in controversial affairs, that one who ought to be a suitor in court places himself in the position of a judge. In imagination he sits upon the bench, and he lays the flattering unction to his soul that he has perfect judicial impartiality; while in reality he carries with him all the one-sidedness of the plaintiff or defendant.

"The 'Secularist' or 'Non-Dogmaticist' (call him by what name you please) does this. He fancies that he is a judge, and he says, 'I am just. I am impartial. I am judge, and I treat you various Dogmaticists—Catholic, Anglican, and Presbyterian—all alike, with even-handed justice. I am not as Queen Elizabeth and other sinful persons of that class, one favouring Protestants and persecuting Catholics; I am a just judge.'

"To this the Dogmaticists reply, 'Who made you a judge over us? This is no question of Catholic against Protestant. It is a far greater and more important one. It is one of us altogether against you. Come off the bench; you are only a suitor.'

"The question of abstract justice which we have at present before us in Ireland then is this. How is the State to deal justly, as between 'Dogmaticists' and 'Non-Dogmaticists'?

"Is it just for the State to give to the latter sect, and to say no to the former?" (pp. 6, 7.)

But not only are these "Non-Dogmaticists" a mere sect like any other; beyond all possible doubt, they are the very smallest sect of all. "All will agree that the Non-Dogmaticists and their secular allies"—so far as Ireland is concerned—"are at present in a hopeless minority" (p. 8). To legislate for Ireland in the predominant interest of undenominational education, is not *merely to legislate in the* predominant interest of one single sect,—but it is to

legislate in the predominant interest of the smallest and most insignificant sect existing throughout the whole country.

Our author draws another distinction (pp. 8, 9); viz., between Catholic Irish "Ecclesiasticism" and "Non-Ecclesiasticism," as he respectively calls them. Our impression is, that he is here mistaken in his statement of fact, through his unacquaintance with Catholic doctrine. There are two different classes of important questions, which have to be considered in any scheme of higher education: the former class being those which are connected directly or indirectly with faith and morals, the latter those which have no such connection. Thus it is a question of the *former* class, whether some given philosophical or historical opinion be cognisable on theological grounds as false or objectionable; while it is a question of the *latter* class, whether such opinion (admitted to be theologically unobjectionable) be really in accordance with reason and with facts. Again, it is a question of the *former* class, whether some given arrangement of studies give sufficient prominence to the inculcation of religion and morality; but it is a question of the *latter* class, whether some given arrangement of studies be the best for developing the learner's intellect, imagination, taste. Now all Catholics, who understand the first elements of their religion, will admit that on questions of the *former* class the Church is de jure absolutely supreme: whereas, in regard to the *latter* class, there is no specially clerical prerogative; and the most loyal Catholic may earnestly desire, that the laity should have a co-ordinate and influential voice in their decision. Only of course it is always exclusively within the Church's province to decide, what *are* those particular questions over which her supremacy extends.

If our author had duly pondered on this simple distinction, he would have been more accurate, we believe, in his statements of fact. Moreover, he would have been more sparing in his sarcasms on "the Irish Catholic Sinbad" (p. 9); and would thus have avoided what, we think, is the only blot in his very excellent disquisition.

The Life of S. Jane Frances Fremyot de Chantal. By EMILY BOWLES. London: Burns & Oates.

THIS volume forms the second of the quarterly series, conducted by the managers of the "Month," a series from which very valuable service may be expected for the Church: and Miss Bowles has given us in it a beautiful and touching sketch of the life of the great Mother of the Visitation. We are told by the Editor in his preface, that "the work was originally intended as a sketch of the life and character of the great Saint whose name it bears, chiefly in connection with her own family and children," *but that afterwards* it was thought a pity not to complete the narration "by *some account of Madame* de Chantal herself, not only as a mother in the *natural order, but also as* the Spiritual Mother of numerous generations of

souls so dear to God and so precious to the Church, as the Nuns of the Visitation are well known to have been." We heartily rejoice that this second thought has been acted up to, for the result is one of the most interesting, and in its own way one of the most perfect sketches of the outer life of a great Saint that we have ever had the happiness of reading. The child-life of S. Jane Frances in the rambling old house at Dijon, her married and widowed life at Bourbilly,—beautiful Bourbilly with its grand old trees, and green meadows and sloping vineyards, and in the distance the forest "stretching for miles, and filling with its purple outline all the space to the horizon,"—her more anxious life at Monthelon, where the gloom of the old castle, so different from Bourbilly, must have seemed to her typical of that darker gloom of sin which in some measure hung over the place; her meeting with S. Francis de Sales, who was to be for the whole of her future life as "the good Angel of God, accompanying her, and ordering all things well;" her work among the sick and poor; her final vocation; the history of her dealings with her children and all connected with her; the chosen souls whom God gathered round her to serve as foundation-stones of the Visitation; her life at the Gallery-house at Annecy; the progress of the great work of the Visitation; her intercourse with Angélique Arnauld and S. Vincent de Paul; her last journey and illness, and the last night of her life on earth,—all these scenes stand out before us as so many vivid pictures of the life of the valiant woman, whose "strength and beauty are her clothing, and who shall laugh at the latter day."

We have said above that the work before us is a sketch of the *outer* life of the Saint, and as nothing more seems to have been intended either by the authoress or the editor, we have no right to complain that we have not received more solid information as to her *inner* life, by what might be called a more "hagiological" and definite treatment of her practice of heroic virtue. We would not, indeed, have our readers to suppose from these remarks that we are not permitted to have glimpses of her inner life, for we are favoured with many such glimpses, but then they are glimpses only. We are not allowed *steadily* to gaze deep down into those depths of heroic sanctity, where lie the *roots* of that Divine life whose fruits are unto everlasting. This life of S. Jane Frances is not a life which we can take up and find our attention at once concentrated on the Saint's heroic struggle after some particular virtue, which we ourselves are endeavouring by God's grace to cultivate, and which we may perhaps wish to compare with the exercise of the same virtue in the lives of other Saints. This is not a life in which the heroic virtues of the Saint are all set down each in its proper place, along with facts, gifts, and miracles, so that without difficulty we may apply the lessons to be learnt from them to our own daily spiritual life; in other words, this is not a life for *spiritual reading*. In our last number, while fully admitting that biographical lives of the Saints are most valuable, and peculiarly suited to the tastes and needs of the present day, we dwelt on the necessity, which we think exists, of *also* having Saints' lives written on such a method and in such a style as may best serve for spiritual purposes. Now, although this *life of S. Jane Frances*, as we said above, is intended to be merely a *biographical sketch*, and nothing more, and as such cannot fail to be pro-

ductive of much very important service; yet, as it illustrates in a very marked manner what we consider to be the disadvantages of the biographical method, we may perhaps be allowed to dwell somewhat at length upon the subject.

No one, we venture to say, who takes up this beautiful book—say, for instance, during his quarter of an hour for spiritual reading—but will find it rather a distraction than a help, in some respects a positive hindrance to his purpose. He has only a few minutes at his disposal, during which he hopes to take in enough of solid spiritual food to sustain his soul during the struggles and weariness of the day. What does he find? Page after page of beautiful writing and often of minute description, the very charm of which carries his thoughts far away from the Saints' heroic virtue, and even from his own soul, the nourishment of which is the sole object for which he has taken up the book. The style is so attractive that he stops to admire it, perhaps even reads a passage or two aloud, in order that the sweet sound of the melody may fall upon his ears. It is so picturesque, that it is suggestive of many thoughts—all beautiful in themselves, but charming the mind far away from the main object in view. The human interest,—and it is so great that we ourselves confess that we could hardly lay down the book till we had finished it,—prevails to such an extent over the saintly element—although of course this is never altogether absent—that the reader becomes absorbed in the story rather than in the sanctity of the Saint; and when the time for spiritual reading is over, and he lays down the book, he finds that, after all, however much his mind has been entertained and delighted, his soul has not been fed with the bread of the strong, which he stands so much in need of for the nourishment of his spiritual life. He opens the book, we will say, at chapter xi., and his eyes fall on the following striking passage (p. 96):—

"It would read more like some fairy story than a record of real life were we to follow the little Baroness de Thorens through the first year of marriage in the old Castle de Sales. It is wonderful that, with all the pictures we possess of possible heroines in poetry and prose, no painter has tried his hand upon the actual beauty of this extraordinary and touching scene. Nothing could be depicted more full of grace and charm than the figures of this young Bernard, bright-faced and golden-haired, with his large, transparent blue eyes, and his girl-baroness, with her richly-coloured young face, sweet with its modest gravity and a kind of peaceful responsibility. We can imagine her sitting at work either in the long galleries or antique chambers of the castle, with their high coved ceilings and deep windows with stained glass, or kneeling in the quaint oratory, roofed with blue and sown with stars; or again, wandering with her chivalrous husband among the exquisite valleys, gazing with rapt delight upon the mountains bathed in rose-coloured and purple light, or gathering primroses and violets from the rich spring carpet, which at the time of their coming home spread under the hoary oaks and pines."

Now what will be the ejaculations which this beautiful passage, so full of *purely* human interest, will call forth from the reader, except such as these: "*What a perfect picture!*" "How I should like to see it made the subject *of a painting!*" What will be the practical resolution taken after reading it,

except, perhaps, at once to form the plan of a summer tour, in order to gaze at the mountains bathed in rose-coloured and purple light, and to stand under the hoary oaks and pines rising above the silvery lake of Annecy? Surely it would be a mistake to call the reading of a saint's life, written in this way, "spiritual reading." Nor are we, we think, in any way unfair in quoting the above passage, for the life of S. Jane Frances is literally full of similar picturesque descriptions. To us it seems that for lives of the saints designed for spiritual reading, the advice of S. Francis de Sales with regard to the ecclesiastical music of his holy daughters of the Visitation should be followed, of which we are told (p. 109) that it was his earnest desire that "the natural pleasure (taken in it) should be sweetly, gradually, and without violence checked and pruned, and never be allowed to stifle the growth of grace," and that therefore the office tones should have no beauty to recommend them. We do not, of course, say that the natural pleasure we must all feel in such descriptions as that given above stifles the growth of grace in the soul; but we do say that it distracts the mind from the true object, and deprives the soul of the true fruit of spiritual reading, just as beautiful figured music, although under certain restrictions it has its own work to do in the Church of God, would be both a disturbance and a hindrance to the worship of religious communities who have to sing the Divine Office or the Office of our Lady, much in the same way as spiritual books ought to be read, but of course in a less degree,—*pausatim*, and with reflection.

We may seem to have been pointing a moral at Miss Bowles's expense, for she does not *profess* to have written her work as a provision for spiritual reading. Again, therefore, we will say that such lives as that which she has written are especially valuable at the present time, and we know none more so than the one before us. As helping to correct the corrupt influence of the literature of the day, and as encouraging a pure and healthy taste in the place of so much that is sentimental and enervating, as well as making known this great Saint to many who would never read about her in any other way, it will be of incalculable benefit; in hours of recreation, above all in the refectories of our religious houses, convents, and colleges, it will be most warmly welcomed; nay, it will even importantly assist its readers in knowing those depths of the Saint's soul which cannot *adequately* be exhibited, except in some life framed on a different type. We are most anxious that we should not be thought to be desirous of discouraging biographical lives in their own proper place. It was to prevent this misconception that we repeated, over and over again in our April number, even at the risk of wearying our readers, that such lives were most important. But we contended then, and still contend, that what we have called the Italian or "hagiological" method, should not be allowed to fall into disuse, because of all methods it is the best adapted for the nourishment of the soul, inasmuch as it is founded on the actual results of the Saint's heroic lives, as brought to light and established in the Processes of Canonization,—results for which alone the Church now honours them upon her altars. We freely confess, that *apart from spiritual reading, the* biographical method has many advantages *which might render it* preferable to any other method; but if the Lives of

the Saints are to form, as they ought to form, a most important part of spiritual reading, the place of which no other spiritual works, even those of Rodriguez or Scaramelli, can supply; if, according to F. Faber, *all masters of the spiritual life tell us* that the Lives of the Saints should be read slowly, *pausatim*, and a little at a time, then surely the style of the Processes is more suitable than the biographical method, which from its human interest is almost incompatible with spiritual reading in its strict sense.

We dwell at length upon this point, because we fear, notwithstanding all our efforts in our April article to prevent misunderstanding, a much valued contemporary, from whom we always differ with pain, and whose opinion on such points we should always wish to treat with the greatest respect, has in his last number, while noticing the very work before us, somewhat misunderstood the arguments on which the advocates of the Italian method would wish to rest their position. Far be it from us to run down any style of life which can do good to souls. The boundaries of the Church of God are wide, the wants of men's souls are many, and our mother's heart is large. All styles of Saints' lives are good, all are useful. Writing in April we said: "By all means let us have Lives of the Saints of as great literary merit as possible, written from different points of view,—biographical, historical, psychological, intellectual,—all these are good and useful." Surely, then, we could not be understood as running down the biographical method when we added: "But if we have at heart the growth of our people in holiness, do not let us lightly set aside or undervalue a method consecrated by the wisdom of past generations, which the foresight of our first Cardinal Archbishop inaugurated in the midst of us, and for which F. Faber so earnestly contended." Who could say, for example, that the intellectual life of S. Thomas of Aquin, as written by F. Vaughan, was not greatly needed in England; yet if we should contend that a life in which the heroic sanctity of the Saint should be more definitely brought forward still remains to be written in English, could we be said in any way to be running down F. Vaughan's admirable life? If not, then in contending for the necessity of "hagiological" as well as biographical lives, we can in no way be said to be running down the latter. To us it seems that in England, at the present moment, there is greater danger of the former being altogether superseded.

Our contemporary has also taken exception to the use of the term "hagiological" in reference to the Italian method. For our own part, we have made use of the term partly for the sake of convenience, as opposed to "biographical,"—the inner life of the Saint being more prominently set forward in the one case, the outer life in the other,—but much more because, as canonization has to do with the results of heroism, and not with historical or biographical interest, or with natural character; so the method which treats of those results seems to us more worthy of having applied to it the term "hagiological," than that which deals more prominently with characteristics of the Saints, that had nothing to do with placing them on the altars of the Church. Hagiology, of course, may be taken in a wide sense; but in the *common language of the* Church it bears, as we take it, a distinct and definite meaning, namely, the science of holiness as studied in the lives of the *Saints and servants of God.*

There is yet one other remark of our contemporary upon which we can hardly refrain from saying a word. F. Faber, it is said, the great advocate for the Italian method, was also the author of "All for Jesus," and of those other spiritual works by which his name will hereafter be chiefly known. "These books," it is further remarked, "were meant, we suppose, for spiritual reading, as well as for other purposes, and we can hardly help smiling when we compare their attractiveness, their popular character, their absence of technical arrangements, their general brilliancy and discursiveness, with the series of Lives which he seems almost to have rejoiced in making comparatively stiff and ungainly." Now we suppose F. Faber would have been the very last to wish his own spiritual writings to supersede the more methodical spiritual works which have treated of the science of holiness. He wrote to *popularize* dogma and spirituality, and to make men read about the doctrine of the Church, and the spiritual life, with which they would never become acquainted in any other way. We feel sure he believed—and his own attractiveness as a writer adds weight to his belief—that a far higher kind of spiritual benefit would be derived from reading, under due circumstances such Saints' lives as those which he edited, than could be obtained by the most constant study of such religious books as those which he wrote. The latter in his judgment, we are confident, would have achieved one of their very highest ends, so far as they might stimulate their readers to make due use of the former.

We can assure our readers that we write in no narrow spirit, with no wish to exclude any kind of life, with no desire to cripple the efforts of others who are trying to work for God's glory in the way which seems to them best, but simply and solely from a deep conviction of the immense importance of Saints' lives written upon the method which we have been advocating. Far then from running down biographical lives, to which we wish all success, we are but pleading for that other, and as we believe higher, method which has given so much spiritual nourishment to so many souls, that it may not be altogether set aside or forgotten. To us it seems, that "the life of a Saint on paper is the most perfect for all spiritual uses, when it represents, as far as may be, in its effect and influence on others," not so much "the life of the same Saint as it influenced those who saw and knew most of him while upon the earth," as the life which influenced the Church of God in declaring him to have reached the level of heroic sanctity, and therefore to be worthy of a place upon the altars of her Lord.

We have only to add that the materials for the biography of S. Jane F. de Chantal are stated to have been chiefly taken from two French works, *Les deux Filles de Ste. Chantal*, and the Abbé Bougaud's *Histoire de Ste. Chantal, et des Origines de la Visitation.*

English Church Defence Tracts, Nos. 1, 2, 3. London: Rivingtons.

NOT the least benefit, accruing from the Vatican Definition, has been the cessation of that frivolous and shallow talk about corporate reunion with Rome, which at one time was in fashion with Dr. Pusey's friends. This talk produced a very undesirable result with certain excellently-intentioned but not clear-sighted Catholics, by inducing them to labour, in the supposed interests of charity, to pare down and minimize the Church's doctrines. We have ourselves always thought—and have often expressed our *reasons* for thinking—that one minimizing Catholic may easily inflict greater injury on the Church, than a hundred men of equal ability could do who assail her from without; according to the proverbial contrast, between open enemies and traitors (however *unintentionally* traitors) in the camp. Now, thank God, all this coquetting with heresy is necessarily at an end; and we are glad to see that the Tracts before us assume towards Catholics the one reasonable attitude of Anglicans, uncompromising hostility. At the same time this position of public hostility (if we may so call it) affords no defence for the personal imputations, which here meet us at every turn; and which culminate in the denunciation of S. Alphonsus and "Jesuit casuistry," wherewith the first tract concludes. One learns to be surprised at nothing: otherwise one would be transfixed with amazement that an admirer of Dr. Pusey—with the notorious "Eirenicon" fresh in his memory—should twit his *opponents* with being "unscrupulous in assertion" and "culpably careless as to the grounds of their statements."

Again we have read with much pleasure some remarks in the third Tract. It is of great importance, we quite agree, that inquirers should fully understand, how wide and how profound is the intellectual submission required from every Catholic. Doubtless there are two or three overstatements on this head: to talk e.g. about "the pitiless energy of a Spanish inquisitor" is very misplaced rhetoric (p. 7); and to call the "Cùm ex Apostolatûs officio" a dogmatic definition, is to trifle with a serious subject. But then on the other side there are actually passages, which might be more vividly coloured. We cannot admit (p. 10) that no utterance is ex cathedrâ which is not, *in point of form*, "addressed to all Christians"; nor can we admit the implication of the first Tract (p. 8) that S. Leo's Dogmatic Letter was not, on Vatican principles, an ex cathedrâ Act. As to the remarks on Pope Honorius (tr. 3, p. 10), and on what is ridiculously called the "qualifying clause" of Florence (tr. 1, p. 9)—these show that their writer has not even given himself the trouble to *look* at recent controversial literature.

Perhaps the most singular circumstance connected with these "English Church Defence Tracts" is, that they do not contain one syllable of "defence" of the "English Church." The second, indeed, upholds the validity *of Anglican ordinations*; but supposing its whole argument were conceded, *it would only follow that* the English Establishment possesses one charac-

teristic, which every Anglican admits to be possessed by various bodies which he himself denounces as heretical. Yet even as regards this small matter, one most curious circumstance meets us in the Tract. There is no controversialist whose objections have a more peremptory claim on the attention of Anglicans, than F. Newman; because he writes with special reference to Anglicanism, and against a theory which he himself held for many years of his life. No one would have thought it possible beforehand, that his arguments have been as simply ignored as though he had never written, and that his very name is passed over in silence. A greater compliment could not be paid to the irrefragable solidity of his reasoning.

Now for the first and third Tracts. There are two different classes of men, who may derive much theological light from ecclesiastical history. They who possess learned leisure, are able thoroughly to investigate the various facts and citations on which controversy turns; and the greater the number of those who do so, the better for Catholic interests. But there are many educated men, quite incompetent for this, who may nevertheless form a trustworthy judgment for themselves on the general bearing of ecclesiastical history. It is to this latter class that these Tracts purport to be addressed; "readers who may not have time for deeper investigation": and yet the Tracts do not touch the general features of ecclesiastical history, but are confined to those isolated passages which are only for men of learned research. How unscrupulously they handle these passages, F. Addis abundantly shows in the pamphlet to which we devote our next notice.

Suppose then such a reader as is professedly addressed in these Tracts, gave his mind to the issue involved: it is obvious what his first question would be. He would ask, What are the *theses* maintained by the respective combatants? *what* is that divinely-given constitution of the Church, which either party maintains to be testified by Tradition? The Roman Catholic answer is most intelligible. "The Church by divine appointment possesses corporate unity; and the means given her by God for preserving that unity, is the precept of strict union with the Holy See, imposed by Him on every baptized person." Our inquirer next turns to the Anglican controversialists. "What then is *your* statement, gentlemen, as to that divinely-given constitution of the Church, which you allege to be testified by Tradition?" But not one word of reply could he obtain. Take e.g. the fundamental attribute of *corporate unity*. If they say that corporate unity is involved in the Church's divinely-given constitution, they ipso facto exclude themselves from the Church. If they say that corporate unity is *not* therein involved, they are brought into shameless contradiction with the unanimous and most express testimony of Antiquity. Let any educated man read through those impressive patristic passages on ecclesiastical unity, which Mr. Allies has brought together in his volume on "Dr. Pusey and the Ancient Church" (pp. 90–115). He begins with S. Clement, who was Pope before S. John's death, and carries the series uninterruptedly down to the time of S. Augustine. No one doctrine, so he plainly shows, more absolutely possessed the mind of the Fathers—not *even the doctrine of our Lord's* Incarnation and Resurrection—than the *doctrine, that visible and indefectible* unity is an essential attribute of the

Church. S. Cyprian is as urgent and clear on this point as any modern Roman Catholic can possibly be. And their *actions* are even *more* irrefragable proofs of their true mind, than their *words*. If any one proved to demonstration that the modern Roman Catholic doctrine on Papal prerogatives is false, he would thereby show,—not at all that the Anglican communion is part of the Catholic Church,—but, on the contrary, that the Catholic Church has ceased to exist.

We have been not a little surprised by the absence of *novelty* in these Tracts; not a point being attempted in them, which has not been long ago substantially met by Catholic controversialists. We have been more grieved than we can say, that Canon Liddon, who has elsewhere so powerfully defended a vital portion of the Faith, and for whom we desire to entertain unmixed respect, prefixes his initials to these truly discreditable productions.

Anglican Misrepresentations: a Reply to "Roman Misquotations." By E. W. Addis, of the Oratory. London: Burns & Oates.

THIS is (we think) the first publication of a writer, from whom we expect signal services to the Church. He is no merely old-fashioned theologian; but, on the contrary, while standing of course on the solidity of the ancient Rock, he labours to be thoroughly acquainted with the phenomena, and equipped with the weapons, of the present. We only wish he had begun with a worthier antagonist; for it is poor work indeed, to deal with such wretched performances as these "English Church Defence Tracts." We may add however, that he does his best under this disadvantage, by refusing to content himself with what might suffice as an answer to his feeble opponent, and by grappling thoroughly with the various questions he treats.

We cannot reprint the whole pamphlet, and we have some difficulty in making a selection out of its excellent materials. "By far the most important subject of which his opponent treats," as F. Addis himself remarks (p. 4), is S. Irenæus's well-known passage on the "potentior principalitas." We are not acquainted with any other controversialist whomsoever, to whom we would refer for so fair, complete, and lucid an exposition of this passage as F. Addis's (pp. 4–12). Then he has treated admirably (pp. 14–16) the recognition of Roman supremacy by the Council of Sardica. Again, in pressing the unanswerable arguments derived by Catholics from the phenomena of Nestorianism, he has added (what we have not otherwise seen adduced) the singularly strong language of Pope Sixtus III., on John of Antioch's submission (p. 29).

In pp. 30, 31 he says: "Though the infallibility follows as a logical *consequence from the constant* teaching of the Fathers . . . . . it is not *necessary to maintain that* this consequence was in all ages of the Church

as clearly apprehended by every one as it is at present." We are disposed to wish he had pressed this a little further. We cannot ourselves see reason for confidence, that S. Cyprian (p. 14) or even S. Augustin (pp. 26-28) held explicitly and reflexly the full doctrine of Papal infallibility. We expressed more fully what we here intend, in July, 1867, pp. 29-33.

We shall look with keen interest for F. Addis's next publication.

Discussions and Arguments on various Subjects. By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. London: Pickering.

Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England. By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. London: Burns, Oates, & Co.

WE have to commemorate two new volumes of this new issue of F. Newman's works.

The first-named volume is composed of papers, some written before and others after his conversion. We confess we should have somewhat preferred an arrangement, under which the two classes had been kept apart, and the former accompanied throughout by corrective Catholic notes. But this is a comparatively small matter; whereas it is no small matter at all, that posterity shall have ready access to such masterly productions, as the lectures on Antichrist and on the relations of Scripture to Catholic dogma.

The second volume we have named shows, by a certain lightness and one might almost say jauntiness of tone, its author's then fresh delight in his escape from the heavy shackles of Anglicanism; from those services which made him "shiver," and those formularies which made him "shudder." We believe that the volume has produced a most powerful effect on English public opinion, in removing a thousand misconceptions of Catholic doctrine and practice, among multitudes even of those who are never likely to become Catholics. To mention one only of its many excellences, we have always thought that his treatment (Lecture IV.) of Mr. Blanco White's testimony on the state of religion in Spain, is among the most complete and exhaustive pieces of criticism anywhere to be found.

A Sermon Preached at the Requiem Mass for Miss Catherine Boys. By AMBROSE ST. JOHN, M.A., of the Oratory of S. Philip Neri, Edgbaston. London: Burns, Oates, & Co.

WE cannot express our full feeling on the beauty of Miss Boys's character as depicted in this sermon, or on the touching simplicity of the sermon itself, lest we might be accused of exaggeration. Miss Boys was

a pious "evangelical" in the Church of England, when she first came across Mr. Henry Wilberforce and Mr. Ambrose St. John, as her Anglican incumbent and curate. Mr. St. John soon became a Catholic; and after heart-rending conflicts and perplexities, not without quasi-miraculous help from the Mother of God, Miss Boys followed his example. She deliberately resolved on a single life; for twenty years she devoted herself to deeds of charity; she was (it may be said) sole foundress of the Deal Mission; she constantly supported sixteen persons, having no more means on which to reckon than an income varying from £80 to £100 a year. She was so venerated by her Protestant and Catholic neighbours alike, that on the day of her funeral, as F. St. John expresses it (p. 1): "The windows of the shops are closed, blinds drawn down, work at a standstill, as if for the funeral of some member of the Royal Family." May she pray for those of both communions whom she has left behind, that they be brought into union of mind and heart with each other, by union with the full truth!

We wish F. St. John had not introduced debateable matter into his otherwise so exquisite sermon. But we cannot agree with his implied opinion (p. 18), that Englishmen excel inhabitants of other countries in their hatred of hypocrisy and their love of truth; nor do we see that any advantage results from "comparisons," which are proverbially "odious." Indeed, F. St. John has worded his last paragraph strangely enough: "*Though* a most fervent Catholic and ardent lover of the Holy See and of every Catholic devotion, she was English to her heart's core . . . especially in her hatreds and her loves. She hated dirt, she hated hypocrisy, and was, above all things, an intense lover of truth." Such words run as though there were a certain *antithesis*, between loyalty to the Holy See or the practices of Catholic devotion on one hand, and hatred of hypocrisy or love of truth on the other. That Miss Catherine Boys possessed these last qualities in truly noble fashion, we have no doubt whatever; and she obtained every assistance towards this —not at all by being English—but by being "a most fervent Catholic, and ardent lover of the Holy See and of every Catholic devotion."

The Creed of St. Athanasius. Charlemagne and Mr. Ffoulkes. By the Rev. J. Jones, S.J., Professor of Theology at St. Beuno's College. London: Burns & Oates. 1872.

THIS admirable pamphlet of the learned Father Jones is a most welcome publication in its present form. Our readers probably know it already in substance, for it appeared before in the "Month" for March and April of this year. It has been recast; and if we had not been entirely satisfied with it in its previous form, we should say that the remodelling has added to its *clearness* and force. It is a thorough sifting of a theory rashly hazarded, and *in a short compass* contains all that has been said against the authority of the "*Quicunque vult*," and at the same time most lucidly shows how utterly

baseless is that reasoning which would deprive us of that most marvellous compendium of Christian belief.

Mr. Ffoulkes is a prolific writer, who has been for some years busy with the traditions of the Church, with the faith we profess, and the discipline under which we live; nor need we now repeat what we set forth a few years ago on his utter incompetency for such topics as he loves to handle. He has now openly deserted the communion of saints: he has entered the army of the adversary, in the midst of which he is fighting, apparently unaware, to his great loss, that they who fight against God will never want an enemy, and that God has never yet foregone the challenge. "Cui deest gratia ecclesiæ," said John of Salisbury; "tota creatrix Trinitas adversatur."

It is well known that since the revolution of 1688 the "Quicunque vult," or, as it is commonly called, the Athanasian Creed, has been regarded with disfavour among the Anglicans. Laymen denounced it, and the ministers of the established religion faintly defended it. Some of the latter never took any notice of it, and never read it from one year's end to the other. Of late this dislike has become strong, and the public sees, with a grim satisfaction, the men it has called learned and pious cry out for the suppression of a formula which very few believe, and which is not defended by those who think they believe it. This being the state of what is called the public mind, Mr. Ffoulkes very naturally took advantage of it, and, in another form, repeated a previous attack on the doctrine of the Most Blessed Trinity, which he had delivered in the book called "Christendom's Divisions," and again in an "Occasional Paper of the Eastern Church Association, No. VII." The immediate object of attack then was the "Filioque"; but the assailant of the "Filioque" is, of necessity, an assailant of the whole Catholic faith. In some places, no doubt, Mr. Ffoulkes seemed to attack only the insertion of the "Filioque" in the creed. Yet in other places he assailed by implication the doctrine itself.

Besides, Mr. Ffoulkes is in favour, or was at one time, of union with the Greeks, who not only will not admit "Filioque" into the creed, but deny the doctrine. He was of opinion that the words in the creed "perpetuate the miserable schism." Now, if the public use of them perpetuates a schism, so most assuredly will the belief in them; for it is impossible to preserve the unity of the church without preserving also the unity of the faith.

Let us now return to the pamphlet of the learned Jesuit professor. Mr. Ffoulkes had undertaken to show that the Athanasian Creed is a dishonest forgery of Charlemagne and his friends,—a forgery, according to him, made for the purpose of changing the doctrine of the church. The Emperor has been for some time a bugbear to Mr. Ffoulkes, and we ought not to be surprised at any villany attributed to him. In this particular villainy of forging a symbol of orthodox doctrine he was aided, it seems, by good men, to say nothing more of them; and yet good men in general abstain from forgery. But as the proofs are convincing to Mr. Ffoulkes, the character of Alcuin and others may not stand in his way, when he has made up his mind to bring so terrible a charge against them. Father Jones discusses this part *of the case with admirable* clearness and force, and even takes the trouble to *show very grave reasons* why it was very unlikely that Charlemagne should

have given way to the criminal folly involved in forging a new creed. Though he does not make Charlemagne a perfect Christian, he does a good service by bringing out the excellences of his character, and the real nobleness of mind which he undoubtedly possessed: his sagacious rule and iron will, but at the same time his filial reverence for the Holy See.

It is not necessary to justify all the acts of Charlemagne, nor would it be necessary to lay aside the Athanasian symbol, even if it could be proved that it was a composition of the Emperor alone. There are many things in use in the church the authorship of which cannot be settled, or at least has not been settled up to this day. We should not be disposed to give up the "Veni sancte Spiritus," if it could be proved to have been the work of King Robert: we recite it because it comes to us on another ground, not that of authorship or of beauty. So in the same way the symbol of St. Athanasius, even if it were the work of Charlemagne, will retain its place in the divine office in spite of its supposed origin. But, then, that origin cannot be proved. At present, however, there is no reason shown why we should change even its name. We and our fathers have received it as the "Symbolum *S. Athanasii*," and the designation is a thousand years old, by the confession of its adversaries. It is not very reasonable to suppose that so important a summary of Christian doctrine should have been accepted in ignorance, and its name supplied by hazard or by fraud. Nor can we imagine any state of circumstances which could have helped it into the divine office, if its origin be, what Mr. Ffoulkes would have us believe, a fraudulent forgery.

"As long, therefore, as this creed cannot be shown to be of later date, or of another source, as long as it cannot be shown that there is in it or its history that which forbids us to cling to the time-honoured tradition that he, if not the author, gave it at least his sanction, I will not deem it a duty to call it by any other name; but if the interest the present question has excited should be the occasion of revealing to us anything more of its obscure origin, I shall have no difficulty in accepting whatever may be in store for us" (p. 65).

These observations of Father Jones are most just; for what right has anybody to suggest the abandonment of the creed, on the ground that he thinks it a forgery of somebody? Let us have some proof of the assertion, for most assuredly we ought to have something better to rest on than the guesses of men who do not believe the doctrine it contains, and who, for that very reason, perhaps, are too ready to discredit a writing which is inconvenient for them, and at variance with the opinions which they think they hold.

It seems to be admitted that the word or words, "Filioque" in the Nicene Creed had not received the sanction of the Pope for some time after that creed had been so "interpolated," to use the words of Mr. Ffoulkes. But how, where, and when the change was made is a matter not quite so clear. We know that the chaplains of Charlemagne used the creed in its new form, and that it had been so used also in Spain for some 200 years before Charlemagne. Beyond this, the words "Filioque" in the Creed have not been *traced; nevertheless*, it would be rash to say that the insertion was made for *the first time in Spain*, because there is no appearance of novelty about that *insertion, and, for all we know*, the Spanish bishops may have used the *creed in its present form* all their lives.

We know that Spanish bishops, when they recited the Nicene Creed, did so for the express purpose of disowning the Arian heresy ; but Mr. Ffoulkes, in his many writings, tells us that Charlemagne's intentions were of another kind. His object was to place a barrier between the East and the West, and to make the division between the Latins and the Greeks the more distinct. But we need not believe in this malignity of the Emperor, for it is not proved, and Mr. Ffoulkes does not say that there is any evidence of it beyond this,—that on his hypothesis it accounts for facts he does not apparently understand himself. The notion gravely put forth by him is this, that Charlemagne forged the Athanasian Creed for the purpose of defending the insertion of the "Filioque" in the Nicene Creed. These are his words as quoted by Father Jones :—

"This effect" [the creed or its use] "was deliberately planned by Charlemagne, and planned for a twofold purpose. First, to justify the interpolated creed to the Pope, and convict the Greeks of error in rejecting it ; and, secondly, to substitute 'the Catholic faith of Athanasius' in the West as a standard of orthodoxy for that of Nicæa." P. 17.

This most singular notion is dissected by Father Jones, and we shall leave it in his hands, for nothing can be added to his exposure of its absurdity. Mr. Ffoulkes, we believe, belongs to the school of culture and historical research, and we poor Catholics, who hold the Creed as our fathers held it before us, are generally objects of pitiless scorn to that school. But still, we think that we have never yet shown so many signs of intellectual weakness as our censors have shown, for if we do cling to beliefs which they reject, there is nothing contemptible in that ; we are so far the more respectable ; for it is assuredly more respectable to hold what we have been taught than to give way to all the new discoveries which men think they make, the great bulk of which, in the course of time, is invariably found to be new mistakes, or old mistakes clumsily revived.

This is the notion put before us by Mr. Ffoulkes to account for the existence of the Athanasian Creed. The Emperor Charlemagne wished to remove out of sight, or out of memory, the Nicene Creed, which is said or sung so frequently in the Mass, and to which the people had become used. To accomplish his purpose he forges, or procures the forgery, of another creed ; but he does not get rid of the old creed, nor replace it by the new ; and Mr. Ffoulkes has not shown that any attempt whatever was made to change the Liturgy. Then, again, the Athanasian Creed which the Emperor wished to substitute for the Nicene Creed, was never used in the Mass anywhere ; whether it was used at all in the public offices of the Church in the time of Charlemagne is a matter about which men have doubted. Then, again, it is very difficult for ordinary people to see what Charlemagne could possibly gain by the use of the Athanasian Creed when he had interpolated the Nicene Creed for his purposes. It would most assuredly have been easier for him to do his work, whatever it was, by means of the "interpolated" Creed, with which the people were familiar, and among whom the "interpolation" excited no trouble and, so far as we know, no surprise.

The discussion about the origin of the Athanasian Creed is, in one sense, a *dishonest one ; for it is* carried on chiefly by men who wish to get rid

of the doctrine as well as of the form. Mr. Ffoulkes, in his "Christendom's Divisions," Part II. p. 551, says that Charlemagne, by his "interpolation" had "well nigh succeeded, as Photius has well shown, in committing the Church to a formal denial of the first article of the Christian faith." A little further on he asks this question, and by that question he plainly shows that he does not hold the Catholic doctrine of the Procession of the Holy Ghost, or that he does not know what that doctrine is.

"As it is," he asks, "who can deny that the *original* procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father has been imperilled by including it in the same proposition with His *derivative* procession, however eternal from the Son?"

The words printed in italics are so printed by Mr. Ffoulkes. He certainly does not hold the Catholic doctrine that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son as from one source. This dislike to the doctrine is a fact which is more or less hidden from view; but it is a fact, and people must not be surprised if they are told that this dislike is the true fount from which the river of their disputations runs.

Mr. Ffoulkes has admitted that the Athanasian Creed did not take the world quite by surprise, and that there is a "resemblance between it and the known formularies of the age of Charlemagne." That is quite true, and Father Jones has taken the pains to show that there were many formulæ of the kind. He has pointed out that as early as A.D. 676 or 677, a synod held in Autun speaks of the "*Symbolum S. Athanasii;*" but he, we think too generously, yields that synod to the objections made by Mr. Ffoulkes, though he says that, "from the time of the Brothers Ballerini the genuineness of this canon and its date have been looked on as settled." Father Jones will allow us to quarrel with him on this point, and, we trust, the more readily, because he admits that he cannot "see anything in Mr. Ffoulkes's observations to suggest a single serious difficulty with regard to it."

Difficulties have been made about the origin of the Apostles' Creed, but we cannot give it up because learned men cannot agree about its origin. And no good reason has yet been shown why we should be careless about the Athanasian. The latter is a summary of doctrine unsurpassed for its terseness and clearness. It is true, and it is of very little importance, that we do not know who wrote it, or when. Even if it could be shown to have been written some centuries after the death of St. Athanasius, it can make no difference whatever, for it is quite certain that the use of it in the Church is not grounded on the fact of authorship, but on its reception; and if Mr. Ffoulkes could show that the reception of it was brought about by forgery, fraud, or violence, he could do nothing towards getting rid of it, until he first gets people to disbelieve the doctrine which is set forth in it.

"There can be no doubt," says Father Jones, "that the Creed was put forward in the early part of the ninth century as the work of Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria; that it was put forward as an approved and familiar exposition of the Catholic faith, and that authority was claimed for it on this ground. That it was put forward as having come down from former generations, *and that those who* so used it did not anticipate, nor did its use excite *surprise, comment, or opposition.* That it was put forward in the most *public manner, by the most* learned and respected doctors and prelates, in

synod and in controversial works, for use in the Divine Office, and in the instruction of the faithful. There is no need to prove this point by quotations, for they are found in almost every treatise on this subject, and are not questioned by any. I conclude, therefore, that it is neither probable nor credible that it was then an entirely new or unknown document, or that there was no reason of any kind for attributing it to St. Athanasius."—P. 31.

This is a most just and sensible summing up of the whole controversy; it describes a condition of things which nobody can reasonably question, and to the argument derived from it, Mr. Ffoulkes and his friends ought to furnish an answer if they can find one.

The learned men of the ninth century—if they were the first who did so—must have had some reasons for accepting the words "symbolum Sancti Athanasii," in addition to the formula about which they did not dispute because they held the doctrines thereof. Is it likely that an order of the Emperor could carry conviction to the minds of all priests and bishops, and that they should have accepted a formula already in their hands as the work of St. Athanasius if they had not always thought so?

But Mr. Ffoulkes assumes that the creed was forged in the year 800: by that he probably means that it was reduced into its present form at that time. Now, there were bishops and priests living in those days of all ages, from twenty-four years of age to seventy or eighty, and Mr Ffoulkes asks us to believe that they all accepted the imperial decision without a murmur or a doubt. Priests in those days were like priests in these days; let the experiment be made now.

We find from Father Jones that the forgery was made in the year 800, according to Mr. Ffoulkes; that is, the forgery of the creed itself, not of the name only. It is something to have a fixed time, and we are glad it is so in this case; we also gather further from the answer of Father Jones that Mr. Ffoulkes could not assign an earlier date to the forgery, because the proofs on which he relies compel him to assume that the forgery could not have been completed before the year A.D. 800.

To this we reply, that if the forgery was made in the Court of Charlemagne in the year 800, the creed could not be known two years before, in 798, in Worcester and Canterbury. But it was known, not only then, but a long time before, in this country—perhaps ever since its conversion by St. Augustine. In the year 798 Denebert was elected Bishop of Worcester; and, as usual, had to make a profession of obedience to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Ethelard, and his successors, on his consecration. In that profession—printed by Hearne in the "Textus Roffensis," p. 252, and by Messrs, Haddan & Stubbs, "Councils and Ecclesiastical Documents," vol. iii. p. 526—are to be found the following words:—

Insuper et orthodoxam Catholicam Apostolicamque fidem, sicut didici, paucis exponam verbis, quia scriptum est.

1. Quicunque vult salvus esse, ante omnia opus est illi ut teneat Catholicam fidem.

2. Fides autem Catholica hæc est, ut unum Deum in Trinitate et Trinitatem in Unitate veneremur.

3. *Neque confundentes* Personas, neque substantiam separantes.

4. *Alia enim est Persona* Patris, alia Filii, alia Spiritus Sancti.

5. Sed Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti, una est Divinitas, æqualis gloria, co-æterna Majestas.
6. Pater a nullo est factus, nec creatus, nec genitus.
7. Filius a Patre solo est, non factus, nec creatus, sed genitus.
8. Spiritus Sanctus a Patre et Filio ; non factus, nec creatus, nec genitus, sed procedens.
9. In hac Trinitate nihil prius aut posterius, nihil majus aut minus, sed totæ tres Personæ co-æternæ sibi sunt et co-æquales.
10. Ita ut per omnia, sicut jam supra dictum est, et Trinitas in Unitate Unitas in Trinitate veneranda sit.

Suscipio etiam decreta Pontificum et sex synodos Catholicas, &c.

Here are ten clauses of the Athanasian Creed, not successive, it is true, but taken out of it by the bishop for the purpose of expressing his orthodoxy, and it is remarkable how little change has been wrought in the formula in the course of a thousand years and more. In the first clause—we have numbered them ourselves for convenience-sake—"illi" is no longer retained. In the fourth clause we have a different arrangement of the words from that in use : "enim" and "est" have changed places. In the sixth clause, Mr. Stubbs, differing from Hearne, has printed, "Pater a nullo factus est," probably on the authority of the MS. in the British Museum, which he quotes. In the tenth clause there is another change : the bishop said, "the Trinity in Unity, and the Unity in Trinity is to be worshipped," but now we say, "the Unity in Trinity and the Trinity in Unity," a variety probably owing to the scribe, or, perhaps, the bishop may have trusted to his memory too much.

From this passage out of the Profession of the Bishop of Worcester in 798, we do not think that anybody can withstand the inevitable conclusion that the Athanasian Creed was at that time what it is now. That is not all, the bishop is not expressing his belief in words chosen by himself, he is repeating a well-known formula, a formula not invented by himself, but one that he had been taught "*sicut didici.*" For our own part, we believe that the bishop was repeating a portion of the Divine Office well known to him and to all ecclesiastics, and that the Athanasian Creed in its present form had been known to him from his earliest years. We do not say that it was known to the first converts from heathenism made by St. Augustine, because we do not know ; but we do say that we know of no reason why it should not have been taught in England by the first missionaries of St. Gregory the Great. Certainly, if we find the symbol in this form in the year 798, and can trace portions of it in the decrees of councils, and in professions of faith for centuries previously, we see no great difficulty in holding that it might have been in use two hundred years earlier in England, when St. Augustine, in 597, was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Vicar of Christ; or, Lectures upon the Office and Prerogatives of our Holy Father the Pope. By Rev. Thomas S. Preston, Pastor of S. Ann's Church, New York, and Chancellor of the Diocese. New York: Robert Coddington. 1871.

THE solemn definitions of the Church's leading doctrines leave their mark, not only on the age which witnesses them, but on all after ages. They react upon the spiritual life of her children,—upon the devotions of the people,—upon the current of theological, philosophical, and general thought throughout all her after-history. It is impossible, therefore, to exaggerate the effect of such grand definitions as those which have distinguished the Pontificate of our present Holy Father. The definitions of the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Lady, and of the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff, when speaking *ex cathedrâ* on faith and morals, will leave luminous traces behind them which will never be effaced. Even in the next world they will be worn by the Church triumphant amongst the brightest of her jewels, when "the marriage of the Lamb shall have come, and His Bride shall have made herself ready." Amongst the many effects of these definitions at the present time, hardly any is more remarkable than the renewal of vigour and strength which they have brought to the spiritual prerogatives of the Vicar of Christ. The peculiar circumstances under which each definition took place; the absence of all opposition to the one which, like the whole system of Marian doctrine itself, grew silently out of the deep mind of the Church; the strong, and, in some respects, unlooked-for opposition to the other, although its roots, like those of some ancient and giant oak, had long been visible to the eye, clasping the solid earth with a tenacity which no tempests, however violent, had been able to weaken,—these alike, each in its own way, have but served to bring the Vicar of Christ and the Holy See still more prominently before the eyes of all Catholics as their supreme teacher and guide. Even as the temporal influence of the Holy See has been gradually declining, owing to the perversity of the world, which, as our Lord foretold, has rejected the Church, as long before, it had rejected Him, so the spiritual influence of the Pope has been gradually growing, until, never in the history of the Church, has it been so clearly recognized by her children that Peter is indeed the foundation of Christ's kingdom, in whom and by whom, and through whom, and for whose sake the gates of hell shall never prevail against it.

We cannot wonder, then, that the office and the prerogatives of our Holy Father the Pope are made more frequently than ever before the subjects of sermons and lectures. It becomes necessary to point out, both to those within the fold and those without, how all-important this office and these prerogatives are, and that as these are admitted or rejected, so the whole religion of Christ and His Divinity must stand or fall. Our Lord's promises to Peter are too clear to allow of any doubt. The Church which He founded is so dependent upon these promises, that without them

she has no existence. There is only one Church that has ever dared to lay claim to the fulfilment of these promises in herself; nay, as we have more than once pointed out in this Review, the very daring to make such a claim must be either the Voice of Christ speaking through the Church that makes it, or open blasphemy. It follows, therefore, that if the promises of Christ are not fulfilled in the Holy Roman See—and where else can they be fulfilled?—where else has the claim to their fulfilment ever been put forward?—not only Christ has not founded a Church upon earth, but He Himself is not the Son whom the Father sent to be the Saviour of the world. On the other hand, if the Holy Father is the successor to Peter's prerogatives, then the whole scheme of Redemption, as divinely established by our Blessed Lord, is carried out, the promises made to Peter are fulfilled, Christ's last prayer has been heard, and He Himself is clearly proved to be Very God of Very God, one with the Father, and the Father one with Him, even as His Church is one. So, too, it follows that the Holy Father can never teach error, when speaking authoritatively on faith or morals, otherwise the gates of hell would prevail against the Church; and that to Him as supreme teacher, kings as well as peoples must be subject, while as Vicar of the King of Kings he is himself a king.

Our readers will find these thoughts well developed in the four lectures which form the subject of the present notice. The first is upon the Supremacy of the Pope; the second, on his Infallibility; the third, on his Temporal Power; while the fourth, on the Pontificate of Pius IX., forms, as it were, both a striking summary and a telling illustration of the other three. Thus, in the first lecture, the Chancellor of the Diocese of New York shows very clearly that unless the Holy Father is the supreme pastor of the Church, there is no such thing as Christianity:—

"As we have seen," he says, "Jesus Christ staked His veracity and divine character on the Church which He established, and with which He promised to abide. Let us suppose for a moment that Peter and his successors are not the supreme pastors of the Church, and what are the direct logical consequences?

"First. There is now no church whatever on earth, no visible body of Christ, no representative of the Incarnate Word who spake the language of grace and truth. Different sects, agreeing in no doctrine, separated from each other's communion, and contending against each other, are surely not one flock under one shepherd. The world can never hear, if it would, a voice of truth from lips whose names are legion, and whose tones are discord. The Church has failed. The fragments of the wreck float around, but the bark that was launched on Galilee has gone to pieces. What, then, has become of the promise of Christ, 'Behold, I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world'? That promise has never been fulfilled. The Son of God has not kept His truth.

"Secondly. The Christian Church was built upon Peter as its head and immovable foundation. 'Thou art Peter,' &c. The Church of Christ is founded on Peter, and any Church which rests not upon him is no Church of Christ, by whatever name it may be called. The word of the Lord must be kept with Peter, or we can trust Him in nothing. . . . . If this plain *promise has been broken, and there is no house of God resting on Peter, and no flock which he feeds,* then is Jesus Christ neither true prophet nor

divine teacher. The whole of His blessed life turns out to be a cunningly-devised fable." (pp. 74—76.)

Again it is argued :—

"Christianity is not a pious feeling towards our Lord, nor self-complacency at the thought of His love; it is the complex of truths which He taught, which are one perfect whole that can never be divided. We do not accept the Gospel and its verities because they commend themselves to our taste, but because they are taught us by God. They all rest upon a divine authority, and stand or fall in their completeness. If there is no visible Church speaking in its living unity, or, which is the same, no supreme visible part, who shall tell what and where Christianity is? . . . We would expect to see the Church which Peter guides go down to her Gethsemani or ascend to her Calvary; but to see her broken to fragments till no trace of her form remains, and in her place rise up a thousand conflicting forms, as if she had bred reptiles of her own body, the fruits of her dissolution, this cannot be reconciled with the divinity of her founder. For an utter rout like this, are we asked to believe that God became man, and lived and died on earth? Even false prophets have done works more wonderful than these, and the votaries of lies have not so signally failed. Heathen mythologies have not yet died out; the Jewish theocracy lived its long day; and Christianity, planted by a Divine hand, and watered by the tears and blood of the Son of God, has become a Babel of confusion, and an enigma of contradictions." (pp. 76—78.)

While, however, we fully admit the logical sequence of these remarks, we must also add that we cannot follow the lecturer when he presses the argument still further, and maintains that "the rejection of the pastorship of S. Peter" is also "the rejection of natural religion and the light of reason." (p. 71.) The author shows throughout the whole work so firm a grasp of Catholic doctrine, that we cannot indeed believe that he would maintain this assertion absolutely. Much rather would we suppose that we ourselves have failed to arrive at his exact meaning. Still, the arguments brought forward in the first lecture, by which the author endeavours to prove this assertion, seem to us somewhat wanting in logical precision and accurate wording. No doubt it may often happen that a man who wilfully rejects the pastorship of S. Peter may end in utter unbelief. The man who has ceased to believe in revealed religion may also cease to believe in natural religion. Still, there is no necessary connection between the rejection of the one and the rejection of the other. The evidence for the one is distinct from that of the other. When belief in revealed religion is overthrown, the light of reason still remains strong enough to prove the existence of God. It may be distorted, but it is not extinguished. The Church has always guarded the rights of reason within reason's own province. She has constantly rejected the doctrine that there is no certitude except that which leans upon faith; that without grace and revelation man can know nothing about God. She has no less constantly taught that the use of reason precedes faith, and that reason can prove the existence of God with certitude, and this even in those who have not yet received the faith. Now this doctrine of the Church hardly seems sufficiently kept in view in the following remarks:—

"*Yet when the spirit of dissent* has run its logical course, and the

founder of our religion is counted an impostor, *where shall shine the light of nature, or in what region shall reason hold up her torch?* If the miracles of the new law be rejected, and revelation falls, where shall man repose his trust *when his God has so skilfully deceived him?* No prophet can come to him with the light from the infinite for which his soul yearns. No sun shall arise to chase away the gloom from the land of the shadow of death. . . . If one rise from the dead, he cannot believe the testimony of his senses. It is only another deception of which he may be victim, and he will cry out within himself, 'Is there a God of love and truth unbounded that can thus sport with my misery, or am I myself a lie, the central figure in a scene of delusion?'

". . . . Such are the steps which descend unfailingly, by a logic that cannot be withstood, to the dark chambers of infidelity, *where even the sunshine of reason is put out.* Christianity stands or falls as Jesus Christ formed it. If it fails us, everything falls with it. We cannot go back to the days of pure reason, for the light within us is distorted, *and we have lost our confidence in the God who made us.*"

Of course, if the author only means that one whose reason has become so distorted as to reject the truth of revealed religion, may also be unable to see the truth of natural religion, we fully admit that this may well be; but the words which we have placed in italics seem to us to show that he means more than this, and that he regards the rejection of Christianity as leading by strict logical consequence to the rejection of Theism. The same confusion of thought appears to us to run through the whole of the fourth division of this lecture, with the exception of the arguments which we have first quoted, and which are perfectly logical. No doubt, as the author remarks in the Preface (p. vi.), "the rejection of any part of revelation is logically the rejection of the whole"; but it is not always necessarily the rejection of natural religion or of the light of reason.

The other lectures we have found most instructive, and in some places eloquently written. The one on the "Infallibility of the Pope" seems to us especially valuable. We extract the following excellent remarks upon Gallicanism:—

"That narrow and transient school of theologians has received far too much notice, and beyond the Catholic communion, far too much credit. Evil, indeed, was wrought by it, for error is always deadly, and far reaching in its consequences; but it was never allowed to influence the body of the faithful. Arising in France under the royal favour, it sprang up without warrant or antecedent, was affirmed by only a few of the bishops, while it was rejected by the great majority of them, and condemned by three popes in succession. In other countries than France it has never prevailed, and has only been used in argument by those whose minds were already out of sympathy with the current of Catholic thought and feeling."

We must add the value of the work is greatly enhanced by an Appendix, which contains the dogmatic decrees of the Council of the Vatican on Catholic Faith and on the Church of Christ, in Latin and English, several *Encyclical* and Apostolic letters of the Holy Father, and a chronological *table of the Roman Pontiffs.*

The Sacred Heart of Jesus offered to the Piety of the Young engaged in Study. By A. Deham, S.J. London: R. Washbourne.

FATHER DEHAM, of the College of S. Servais, Liége, has given us a little treatise in which devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Blessed Lord is held out to young scholars as the best of all pledges of their future success in life. In it the boy at college, or the young girl in her convent school, will not only find explained the origin, object, and end of this devotion, the tender love and kindness of the Sacred Heart, the favour promised to those who honour It, but also will be made acquainted with many useful practices, indulgenced prayers, acts of contrition and reparation, and invocations, by means of which the Sacred Heart may be daily honoured. We are glad to see that our Lady of the Sacred Heart is not forgotten. The more these two devotions can be kept together in practice the better. Devotion to God's mother is the golden key which unlocks the Sacred Heart of her Son, and of all our Lady's glories surely her empire over that Heart is the greatest.

We may add that the Bishop of Liége has given his warmest approbation to this little work, which "he recommends both to masters and to scholars."

The Life of Our Lord commemorated in the Mass: a Method of Assisting at the Holy Sacrifice. By Edward G. Bagshawe, Priest of the Oratory of S. Philip Neri. London: R. Washbourne.

THIS method of hearing Mass will be a great help to those who are in the habit of joining with the priest in reciting the Missal prayers. Each mystery has been carefully suited to the words of the prayer which it accompanies, while the intervals after Communion are filled up with appropriate texts. It appears to us admirably calculated to bring home to the soul, in the most life-like way, the mysteries of the Holy Mass, and to make the Mass itself a summary of the Life of our Blessed Lord. The little book is so small and thin, though printed in large and clear type, that it may easily be slipped into the Missal.

De Annis Christi Tractatus: sive Chronologiæ Sacræ et Profanæ inter se et cum Vaticiniis S. Scripturæ Concordia Plena. In lucem prodiit opere et cura Rev. Henrici Formby, Tertii Ordinis Sancti Dominici. Veneunt apud Bibliopolas, Londini, Burns et Oates, Socios; Romæ, J. Spithöver, &c. &c.

FATHER FORMBY is really unwearied in his labours of love,—*labours for our children*, that they may become better acquainted *with Sacred and Church History*, and the Parables of our Lord and the

Seven Sacraments; labours for ourselves in the spirit of a true son of S. Dominic, that we may grow in the knowledge of the mysteries of the Holy Rosary; labours, and by no means the least of all, that a taste for truly Christian art may be encouraged amongst us. And now he comes before us again, offering to the learned a Latin treatise about the years of Christ—a labour of love by which he hopes to do further good service to his Master, and to reconcile sacred and profane chronology both with one another and with the prophecies of Scripture, by proving that He lived, not as is more commonly supposed, three-and-thirty, but forty years with the sons of men,—"*Quadraginta annis proximus fui generationi hinc.*" We need hardly say that this is not a question which touches the faith; there have been at different periods different opinions on the subject; indeed, so many difficulties have gathered round it, that Natalis Alexander has said that so far as tradition is concerned, the question cannot be determined with certainty. Moreover, F. Formby's treatise comes to us with the *nihil obstat* of F. Stanton of the Oratory, and the *imprimatur* of His Grace the Archbishop, so that even the most timid may feel assured that the author has not exceeded the limits of legitimate inquiry. We must add that F. Formby, although very confident of his own position, in no way wishes to impose it upon others, or to arrogate to himself any public authority. He believes, however, that by reconciling sacred and profane chronology in this particular way, he knocks away the ground from under the feet of those who hold that the Gospel history is a myth.

The treatise is divided into two parts. The first is chronological, having to do with historical evidence, and is from the pen of the late Mr. W. H. Scott, translated into Latin by F. Formby; the second is theological, dealing with the prophecies and the interpretation of Scripture, and is by F. Formby himself.

The conclusion of the first part may be thus briefly summed up. From historical evidence, which he finds irresistible, the writer (Mr. Scott) believes that the birth of our Lord cannot reasonably be assigned to any year after 25th December, A.U.C. 746, A.C. 3; nor can the Crucifixion be in any way placed before the 3rd April, A.U.C. 786, A.D. 33; so that counting from the Incarnation, that is, from the end of March, and nine months before the Nativity, to the Crucifixion, there is the full space of forty years. This conclusion, he thinks, harmonizes perfectly with all the chief events and dates of sacred and profane chronology, with, however, one important exception, namely, the passage in which S. Luke is commonly supposed to say that our Lord, at the *time of his baptism*, "was beginning to be about thirty years old." (Luke iii. 23.) That our Lord lived forty years on earth is also confirmed by the authority of S. Irenæus.

In the second part F. Formby appeals to the prophecies and types and figures of Holy Scripture in support of the forty years of our Lord's life on earth, on the supposition that they are historically proved; and here he *is perhaps* the most successful. He also brings forward arguments of *congruity, laying great* stress on the number 40 being, in a certain way, as *S. Augustine tells us,* the number of perfection. He then proceeds to

examine the one only real difficulty to be found in Luke iii. 23, and offers a new interpretation of that text, by which he hopes to remove it. Here, however, we think, with great deference to F. Formby, and we hope to be able to show, that he signally fails. After having observed that, as according to Mr. Scott, the mistake of the Vulgar Dionysian Era has arisen from a false interpretation, either of that passage of S. Luke (iii. 1) in which mention is made of "the fifteenth year of the empire of Tiberius Cæsar," or of that other passage of the same Gospel to which we have just alluded (Luke iii. 23), and that, as Mr. Scott has shown, the words in the former passage must be taken in their natural sense, he comes to the conclusion that the common interpretation of the latter passage must be abandoned, and that it is to this interpretation that the mistake of the Vulgar Era is due. He next offers the following interpretation in its stead:—"S. Luke," he says, "must be supposed to speak in this passage *not in any way of the age of Christ at the time of His baptism*, but of His age at the time when He first bade farewell to the private life which He had led as a poor and unknown man of Nazareth, and began that work for which He came into the world, and of which He declared with a loud voice, when dying on the Cross, 'It is finished.'" (p. 48.) Although most unwilling to introduce any novelty into what is commonly believed of our Lord, he thinks that if the common interpretation of this passage be retained, the Vulgar Era must also be thought to be correct, which he holds can in no way be admitted. Further on, in noticing an objection that the Evangelist speaks of our Lord's beginning (to be) about the age of thirty years, immediately after relating the fact of His baptism, he says:—"It is easy to see that the Evangelist, after having finished his account of the baptism, throws into his narrative something entirely new; that is to say, a new episode about the genealogy of Christ, at the beginning of which he relates in passing (*obiter narrat*) that Christ, when He began His work for which He had come into the world, was about thirty years old." The word 'beginning,' therefore, refers, not to our Lord's age, but to His work. F. Formby confirms this by the reading of the Vatican Codex, *καὶ αὐτὸς ἦν Ἰησοῦς ἀρχόμενος ὡσεὶ ἐτῶν τριάκοντα ὤν*, which may be thus translated: "Now Jesus was beginning (that is, His work as Saviour of the world) when He was about thirty years old." Our readers will perceive that by this interpretation it is possible to add a few more years to our Lord's public ministry, so as to make Him live forty years in all; but of these years thus added to His life the Evangelists are entirely silent.

Now we cannot within the narrow limits of a notice enter into a discussion about the Vulgar Era; we cannot bring forward several weighty objections to Father Formby's interpretation of this passage of S. Luke's Gospel; we cannot even refer to all his arguments; but one thing at least we can do. We can try to show, and, as we believe, shall show, that the narrative itself of S. Luke's Gospel necessarily excludes F. Formby's interpretation; and if so, then that the reconciliation of sacred and profane chronology must be looked for in some other direction. We shall show *that the words "And Jesus was beginning (to be) about the age of thirty years," are not merely "obiter dicta"* at the beginning of the genealogy,

but an integral part of the narrative, and that S. Luke in making use of these words refers to our Lord's age at the time of His baptism, and to nothing else; at the time namely when the word of the Lord was made to John in the desert, and he came into all the country round the Jordan, preaching the baptism of penance; in other words, in the year which the Evangelist calls "the fifteenth" of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, no matter how this "fifteenth" year is to be interpreted. We must ask F. Formby kindly to read from Luke iii. 21, to iv. 1, and he will see, we cannot doubt, that the Evangelist does not begin a new subject at ver. 23 of ch. iii., but although introducing the genealogy by way of parenthesis, still continues the narrative of the baptism. This surely is evident from ch. iv. 1: "And Jesus being *full of the Holy Ghost*,"—that is, of the Holy Ghost who had just descended upon Him (iii. 22),—"*returned from the Jordan*, and was led by the Spirit into the desert." Leave out the parenthesis—and it is a parenthesis, even F. Formby calls it an episode—and the whole passage will read as follows:—"Now it came to pass when all the people were baptised, that Jesus also being baptised and praying, heaven was opened and the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape, as a dove upon Him, and a voice came from heaven: Thou art my Beloved Son in whom I am well pleased. And Jesus Himself was beginning (to be) about the age of thirty years: being as was supposed the Son of Joseph, &c. And Jesus being full of the Holy Ghost returned from the Jordan, and was led by the Spirit into the desert." To refer the words *Et Jesus erat incipiens* (however they are to be interpreted) to something distinct from the baptism, seems to us arbitrarily to distort them from their true position, and utterly to confuse the whole passage; nor can we understand how F. Formby can have passed over ch. iv. 1.

We do not think we need say anything more; for, although we should much like to enter more fully into the subject, if F. Formby's interpretation of Luke iii. 23, is untenable, all his other arguments fall to the ground together with it, and indeed we have already far exceeded our space. We do not however mean to say that F. Formby may not be able in some way or other, to us as yet unknown, to make good his case—many will hope that he may; for the forty years of our Lord's life on earth seem at first sight more in harmony with the prophecies, types, and figures of the Old Testament, than the thirty-three years usually assigned to it. On the other hand, it may be argued that to give ten years to our Lord's public ministry is to destroy the force of Daniel's "time and times and half a time" (vii. 25) as well as of the three years and a half during which Elias closed the heavens (3 Kings xvii. 1; S. James v. 17), both of which passages are usually interpreted as prophetical or typical of Antichrist's counterfeit of the three years and a half of our Lord's public ministry. But, for the present, our verdict must be "*not proven*."

The Spoken Word; or, the Art of Extempore Preaching: its Utility, its Danger, and its True Idea. By the Rev. THOMAS J. POTTER, Professor of Sacred Eloquence in the Missionary College of All-Hallows. Dublin: M'Glashan & Gill.

THIS is a most valuable work, and to priests especially cannot fail to be welcome. We cannot too strongly recommend it. It treats upon a subject the importance of which is daily becoming more felt, while it has the immense advantage of having been written by one who has made sacred eloquence the study of many years, and has also already had the happiness of seeing his own teaching bear much fruit. We have not even yet exhausted the good points of this book, for we must add that, like all Father Potter's other works, it not only contains a great deal of useful information, but is also interestingly and agreeably written. Even after a hard day's work, spent in attending to sick-calls and in visiting his schools, the missionary priest may take up this work, and while meeting with many a valuable hint which may serve to render his preaching more beneficial to souls, may also find amusement and relaxation.

Father Potter is especially good in showing what extempore preaching is *not*, namely, preaching without preparation, as is too often taken for granted, and that "extemporization regards only the words and not the matter of the discourse."

"An extemporary preacher is one," he says, "who, having previously and carefully studied and arranged the substance of his sermon, trusts to the inspiration of the moment to supply him with the spoken words in which to give expression to ideas which are the fruit of much earnest study, and of much patient and thoughtful labour." (ch. i. p. 10.)

Father Potter points out certain qualifications which are indispensable to success in the extemporary preacher, treats of the selection of the subject and the conception of the subject, and notices especially how unity of thought and conception is doubly necessary in this kind of preaching, and that therefore every discourse should be the development of one great leading idea. He enforces upon the reader that want of thought is a great deficiency of modern sermons, and shows how the subject should be meditated, how the matter of the discourse should be arranged, how the subject itself should be presented, how all-important it is to seize the audience; in other words, how to teach and to move, how to appeal to the intellect, and to touch the heart. The use and abuse of word-painting are also considered. The whole work is illustrated by the opinions and examples of great saints and great preachers, as well as, from time to time, by amusing anecdotes. We extract the following striking passage from Chapter XV., "How to Seize the Audience." Father Potter is speaking of those preachers who fail in this respect:—

"By their most brilliant phrases and their most ingenious figures of speech, *they never succeed in* disguising the innate and repulsive deformity *of the dead body which they* labour to clothe in these gaudy garments.

They never succeed in making these dry bones live; probably they never even succeed in galvanizing and imparting to them a momentary semblance of life and utility. They never succeed in breathing the breath of life into that lifeless frame. Spite of their ill-directed efforts to animate and give it being, it remains cold and dead to the end. These are the men of whom it has been bitterly written, that they have nothing to say, and they say it. And what, perhaps, is most painful of all is, that many men who were destined by God and nature to become true orators—men who begin well, and whose after-career promises to be great and glorious,—end in this miserable way, simply because, when they have once acquired that gift, which is too often fatal to its possessor,—a great facility of speech,—they give up the habit of study,—the habit of careful and studious reading, without which no man, how great soever his talents or his natural gifts may be, will ever continue to be really and truly eloquent, will ever be able to speak with force and effect to a body of intelligent, educated, and thoughtful men."

One of the great difficulties of extempore preaching, and indeed of all extempore speaking, seems to be to know when to end. We must all of us remember more than one good sermon or speech utterly spoilt, because the preacher or speaker did not know how to stop. Very often, as Father Potter remarks, after having neglected to conclude at the favourable moment, when the crisis of his discourse has been secured, "the preacher flounders along for a little while longer, heaping word upon word, and phrase upon phrase, till in the end, with the recklessness of despair, he winds up with the well-used text, 'Come, ye blessed of My Father' (or with that perhaps still more familiar one, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord'), and descends crowned, if not with laurels, at least with the gratitude of his audience, for having seen fit to conclude at last." (ch. xvii. p. 242.)

Father Potter points out very clearly the way in which to guard against this unpleasant result, namely, by marking out distinctly in the plan of the discourse the leading ideas which are to be dwelt upon in the conclusion, the manner in which they are to be developed, and to some extent the very words in which they are to be expressed. We consider this advice most judicious, and we believe that in practice it will be found that those extempore sermons are the most telling whose concluding words have been carefully prepared beforehand. One of the great advantages of extempore preaching—that is, of course, of extempore preaching as understood by Father Potter, for none other is worthy of the name,—over sermons written and committed to memory, is, that it allows the preacher to keep his mind open to those inspirations of God's Holy Spirit which can surely never be wanting to any of His servants when engaged in preaching His Word. But the crisis of the sermon once reached, the object of the discourse once gained, the same reason no longer exists, and a conclusion carefully prepared beforehand will strike home at once to the hearts of the hearers, and prevent the full current of thought already presented to them from losing itself in mere deserts of sand. "Nor will this *be sufficient*," says Father Potter. The preacher must also foresee how *his conclusion is to be* arranged "with that lucid brevity, that vigorous *point, that warmth*, earnest and real just in proportion as it is brief,

which alone render the conclusion of a discourse all that it ought to be, the most telling and effective portion of it." The reader will also find examples of perorations employed by such well-known preachers as S. Alfonso Liguori, Massillon, Father Segneri, who to our mind is one of the most vigorous of Italian preachers, his Grace the Archbishop of Westminster, and Dr. Newman. Of the two last-mentioned Father Potter, quoting the author of "Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets," observes that "their writings contain fountains for many sermons for years of consolation and light."

We should have been glad to make a few remarks upon the two great methods of presenting the subject of a discourse by "plan" and by "view," and to express our hearty concurrence with the Abbé Bautain and the Abbé Mullois, quoted by Father Potter, when they say that the fault of sermons at the present day "lies in the absence or deficiency of all method." "The composition of the ordinary man," says Father Potter—for, we repeat, we do not lay down rules for a Lacordaire or a Felix—"who proposes to himself 'to take views,' is almost certain to lack that strict and logical sequence of ideas, of proofs, of arguments, without which, resting upon the authority of S. Augustine (1 Ep. xviii.), we have no hesitation in saying that a sermon is essentially faulty. Such a preacher is as likely as not to say at the commencement of his discourse that which he should have reserved for the conclusion." (ch. viii. p. 82.) But we must refer our readers for further information to the work itself.

We will only, in conclusion, repeat that we cannot doubt that this book will be warmly received by the clergy, most of whom in the midst of their missionary labour find it quite impossible to prepare the *words* of their sermons, and who, therefore, cannot fail to feel grateful for so many useful hints, how to make their extempore preaching really fruitful. We trust also that Father Potter's work will be in the hands of all ecclesiastical students, for whose information we may add that at pages 20, 21, 97, they will find how this accomplished and experienced professor of sacred eloquence himself trains the students of All-Hallows College to prepare for extempore preaching. The continual practice of writing sermons during their college course, and of making a careful and accurate synopsis of every sermon thus composed, forms the chief feature of this training. There can be nothing better. The work has been excellently brought out by Messrs. McGlashan & Gill, of Dublin, whose many beautiful publications clearly show that in excellence of typography and finish of binding the Irish capital can more than hold her place with any rival.

The Russian Clergy. Translated from the French of Father Gagarin, S. J., by Ch. Du Gard Makepeace, M.A. London: Burns & Oates. 1872.

THE state of the schismatical clergy of Russia seems, if we may judge of it by the number of books even recently published, to be exciting very considerable interest in the minds of men who have little in common with that fallen body. Father Gagarin, however, had a natural attraction to the

subject, besides the supernatural desire to see his countrymen recover their lost inheritance. It is also the more satisfactory to read what he writes because of his perfect knowledge of the subject, and because of the illumination of faith which enables him to see things in their true light as they really are.

The work before us is admirably done, and we have seldom or never read any book our interest in which was so unflagging. The translator, too, deserves all praise for the skill with which he has rendered the French original into clear and easy English, and our sole regret is that he is still a stranger to the household of the faith.

"Inasmuch as the author," says the translator, "whose work I have translated is a living Catholic Father, as well as an historical writer of repute, I, a Protestant, felt bound, especially after being favoured with the author's consent to the translation, to allow him, by a very faithful rendering of the original, to speak not only as an historian, but also as a Catholic."

It is but justice to the translator to make known this his explanation, and that done we proceed with our task.

In the first place, the reader of the book must be struck not simply with the ineffectiveness of the Russian clergy, but with the spiritual degradation and intellectual darkness into which it has sunk. Schism and servility to the civil power seem to go together, and to be according to circumstances sometimes causes, and sometimes effects each of the other, at least in principle; for in some countries, by the great mercy of God, abject servility before the temporal power has not always resulted in schism, though it has always threatened to do so. We know what came of it in England, we have heard of the dangers it created in France long before the First Revolution, and we see now what it is doing in Bavaria, though we hope the great evil may not be wrought out in full, and our hope is well grounded, for the bishops are faithful there.

In Russia the civil power met with scarcely any resistance, because there was no one to make it. The bishops had begun by revolting against their superiors, and were therefore without strength. It is true that the superiors, whose authority, such as it was, they cast aside, had no lawful claim on their obedience; but that did not mend their case, because they did not return to their true Superior and Father the Supreme Pontiff. Bishops and priests in schism can offer no resistance to the secular aggressions, and the strength of bishops not in schism is always lessened in proportion to their disloyalty to Rome.

Besides, the civil power hardly ever fights with the whole episcopate within its reach at once. It beats the prelates by dividing them among themselves, protesting all the time that it means no mischief, whereby some are generally won over either to befriend the State or to observe a benevolent neutrality. If, then, the State can do so much evil when it has to do with bishops not tainted with heresy, and in the communion of the Holy See, its powers are immeasurably greater when it has to do with bishops who have built their palaces on the sand, as the bishops of Russia had certainly done long before *they fell an easy prey to the* Czar Peter the Great.

As heresy begets schism, so schism begets heresy; the Russian bishops

have not escaped, and it appears from Father Gagarin's book that they hardly wish to escape, the unavoidable lot of schismatics. They have either taught heresy themselves, or suffered it to be taught by others; they are at best but dumb dogs that cannot bark, and the wolf is never disturbed by their cries of danger.

In Russia the secular clergy has become a caste; and the cause of that is that they are all of them, before their ordination, married men. The old law of the Church is still in force, but with this difference, that the secular clergy is composed of men who were compelled to marry their wives. Thus, orders in Russia are given only on two conditions, monastic vows and marriage. Father Gagarin knows of but one ordination there the subject of which was an unmarried man living in the world :—

"In Russia alone has the custom prevailed of requiring the marriage of all who are to be ordained among the secular clergy. But even in Russia this custom, how general soever, has not the force of law. A recent fact proves this. Mgr. Filaret ordained as priest a M. Gorski, a celibate but not a monk. The legality of this act is not to be doubted: but so strongly rooted is the contrary custom, that in the whole Russian Church not a single bishop would be found to follow Mgr. Filaret's example. We have not heard that this prelate has himself followed his own lead, and made a second ordination in the same circumstances." (p. 29.)

The discipline in force in the Eastern Church always allowed the ordination of married men, but in Russia marriage has become compulsory previous to the ordination. The result is that the secular clergy are immersed in worldly cares, struggling with the unavoidable poverty, except in towns, of a small benefice and a large family. They have no time to study, and the higher dignities of the church are withheld from them, because of the law that requires the bishop to be an unmarried man. Their children are driven by the State into the ecclesiastical seminaries, and in a certain sense compelled to become priests or monks, whether they have vocations or not. "The son of a priest or deacon is destined by his birth to enter the clerical ranks: it is an obligation from which he is not permitted to withdraw himself." (p. 16.) On the other hand, though the children of nobles, tradesmen, or peasants are not absolutely forbidden to enter the ecclesiastical state, yet if they wished to enter it they "would meet with insurmountable obstacles," unless they proposed to become religious also.

Education in Russia is a function of the State, and it educates not the layman only but also the priest. There is nothing in this beyond the necessary and lawful result of the principle: and we are not surprised to read in Father Gagarin's book the following astounding statement. The italics are his, not ours :—

"The ignorance of the clergy being complained of, a decree was issued for the founding of ecclesiastical schools. These remained deserted: the clergy were then *ordered* to send their children there; and as these did not go by any means willingly, they were taken there by force—sometimes even loaded *with chains. Here we see an application* of the principle of gratuitous and *compulsory instruction.*"

"*The ukases of Alexander I.*, published in 1808 and 1814, declare that all

the children of clerks from the age of six years to eight, are at the disposition of the ecclesiastical school department."

"When once the Synod or the State had been at the expense of the children's education, it seemed just that they should wish to be indemnified for it. The seminarists had no other prospect than that of entering the ecclesiastical state. In order to pursue any other career, they needed a special permission, which was very difficult to obtain, and almost always refused." (pp. 17, 18.)

The priesthood of Russia has thus become a caste; and what should be a special vocation from God is supplied by a profession, hereditary in certain families. Russia has converted the priesthood into a function of State, and "in order to put the children of the clergy in safety from an unpleasant competition, obstacles were multiplied to other classes of society gaining access to the sanctuary." (p. 18.)

This is not all: not only are men doomed to become priests whether they have a vocation or not, but they are further bound to marry, and even in marriage they are not free. The seminarist is in the grip of the State and the Synod,—the Synod is only the State in another form,—and he must do what he is bid. He cannot choose even a wife out of the caste. "Priests and deacons have daughters for whom settlements must be found: hence arose a prohibition against marrying out of the caste. There are some bishops who even do not tolerate their clergy marrying out of their diocesan clergy." (p. 19.)

This utter degradation of men who at the same time possess the awful grace of holy orders is enough to make stones cry out; but it is not felt in the Russian Church: those who feel it take refuge either in Nihilism or in dissent.

"There is in Russia a sect called Nihilists, who deny everything and believe nothing. The existence of God, the immortality of the soul, the future state, the fundamental bases of society, marriage, property,—they reject everything. Nihilism is rapidly spreading in the universities; but if we may believe the 'Moscow Gazette,' it has committed still greater ravages in the seminaries." (p. 20.)

The Dissenters in Russia are numerous, and are governed by their own laws in ecclesiastical matters. They sturdily refuse all communion with the so-called orthodox Church, and they have very prudently established their chief bishop or patriarch in a place outside the Russian dominions, in order to secure their own independence of the State, and the freedom which they think they ought to possess.

In Russia the religious houses are not even honestly filled. It is true that the State does not force people to become monks; yet it is difficult to say that the State has no influence in determining that which out of Russia would be a divine vocation.

"A priest or deacon who has rendered himself guilty of grave offences, and can no longer exercise his functions, is condemned to the convent, as civilians are elsewhere to the galleys." (p. 88.)

It is true that the monks have one inducement before them, for it is out of *their body that the bishops* are taken. In the absence of vocations, the

prospect of preferment might lead a certain number of ambitious men to take vows; but as it is not considered decent to promote ignorant men to the episcopal sees, a certain necessity is acknowledged that young men of good abilities and becoming learning should be persuaded to enter the monastic houses; but if persuasion fails, other means are resorted to; and Father Gagarin tells the following story of the celebrated Pbato, Metropolitan of Moscow, at the beginning of this century. The story is told by him on the authority of a Russian parish priest, and he does not suggest a doubt of its truth:—

"When all methods of persuasion had failed, the recalcitrant student was invited to pass the evening with one of the monks. There he was made to drink until he became intoxicated, when the ceremony constituting religious profession was performed,—*i.e.*, the taking the habit and receiving the tonsure. On awaking the next morning, the unfortunate youth saw beside his bed, instead of the lay garments worn the night before, a monastic habit." (pp. 84, 85.)

It was to no purpose that the miserable youth complained of the trick; the act was done; his deceivers secured their prey, and he was constrained to yield, and ratify in his more sober senses what had been done while he was too drunk to offer any resistance to the tonsure, which was effected by force and fraud.

Another principle of destruction in the Russian Church is the use in the seminaries of pure Protestant books on theology, and the wasting of much time on physical science and merely secular learning. It is not to be wondered at that the young men in these seminaries should indulge in unbelief; their training necessarily leads thereunto. Nevertheless, for the purposes of the State, it matters not much whether the priest believes in God or not. Sermons are infrequent, and the clergy have generally persuaded themselves that all their duties are fulfilled when they have publicly chanted the Divine Office:—

"As to making Jesus Christ known and loved, or pointing out to souls the way to tread in His steps, it [the clergy] does not even dream of such a thing. The salvation of souls redeemed by Jesus Christ at the price of His own blood concerns it not; its thought goes not beyond a few formalities understood after a Jewish fashion." (p. 48.)

This is the fruit of the Royal supremacy. The work has been done differently in England; but it has been done, and we also have come to the Nihilism of the Russians.

The bishops are not better than the priests. It would be a miracle if they were. Brought up in the same schools, and trained in the same system, they resemble each other. But the bishops have to bear the yoke first, for they are immediately under the Synod, which is simply an office of the secular government, and are absolutely at its disposal. They are, of course, appointed for life, but the Synod can translate them to other sees without asking their consent, *and if they do not give* satisfaction in their new place, they can be, *and are allowed to rest themselves*—that means that they are really deposed,

and deprived of their functions. This is what Father Gagarin says of them :—

"If we pass to the moral authority, to the influence of the bishops, we shall not be wrong in affirming that it is almost *nil*. As to pastoral letters, they are never heard of. The discourses they pronounce on solemn occasions no one cares about." (p. 194.)

It is the most natural condition of things, for if men, whose work is to represent God, forego their primary and only duty and become the representatives and agents of man, they forfeit their claims to be heard, and fall into contempt as they deserve to fall.

But, unfortunately, this servility of the Russian bishops does mischief in more ways than one. The State having found them pliable, and having obtained from them, or taken from them without resistance on their part, all it wanted for the purpose of controlling the so-called orthodox Church, cannot now, or will not, believe that Catholic bishops are of another mint. The Emperor of Russia is persuaded, and his ministers never attempt to undeceive him, that he has a lawful right to direct the religious life of his subjects. He is in one sense tolerant, for he does not forbid sects, and is willing to allow his people to become Catholic. But that done, he follows them into whatever sect they go, and he follows them also into the Church. The Raskolnicks—the Russian Dissenters—seem to defy him on the whole, but then they are never safe. He would allow the Catholics all the liberties they ought to have according to his notion, but not all that the Pope claims. He thinks himself the supreme judge, and is for ever interfering in the internal affairs of the Catholic Church. It is simply an anti-christian system of government, and the Dissenters refuse to communicate with the established Russian Church on this very ground: it is to them Antichrist claiming their obedience, and they refuse it. The civil government is so tolerant that it meddles with every religion.

"Hence," says Father Gagarin, "the insurmountable difficulties in the construction, and above all in the enforcement, of Concordats with the Holy See. From the point of view of the Russian Government, the supreme authority over the Catholic Church in Russia substantially resides in the Emperor. He is quite willing that the Mass be said in Latin, that the *Filioque* be inserted in the symbol, that unleavened bread be used, that the Communion be in one kind only: but, these concessions made, he sincerely believes he has the right to rule the Catholic Church in his States, the Protestant and the Arminian just as the National Church. He applies the same principles to Jews, Mussulmans, and Buddhists; and this equality of all religions before Imperial supremacy constitutes what is in Russia called toleration. As is witnessed, a perpetual misunderstanding and radical opposition exists between the Catholic Church and Russian autocracy." (pp. 258, 259.)

Thus it is evident that the Russian Government is founded on "Liberalism," and is, strictly speaking, the most liberal government in the world, for it has developed the principle further than any other government, and is consistent with itself. *The State is everything*: all rights flow from it, and all rights *are measured by its convenience*; for being a law to itself, the sole measure

of right tolerated in it must be its own wellbeing or ease for the moment. Nations and Government are happily inconsistent, and in many countries people are not yet thrown into the dungeons of liberalism, though the State may have accepted the principle. The Emperor of Russia is consistent; and woe to the people when the consistency in evil has become a law. The State in Russia is religious, for it has chaplains, churches, magnificent ceremonials, and a traditional usage. But the spirit has escaped. The State is really sceptical, for it tolerates, and the people who are sent to school have begun to learn their lesson. It is a question of time probably in Russia, and the day may not be far distant when the priest and his deacon will find themselves alone in the parish church.

Monastic Legends. A Paper. By Edward George Kirwan Browne, Author of the "Annals of the Tractarian Movement," etc. London: R. Washbourne.

IN this paper Mr. Browne touches upon some interesting monastic legends and more especially upon that beautiful one which still clings to the ruined choir of Tintern, as a pledge to us of happier days for England, when,—

> "Such a harvest shall be reap'd,
> Beyond the World's belief,
> As shall console the Church of God
> For centuries of grief."

Mr. Browne, however, somewhat anticipates that happy time—at least, he gives us some information for which we were quite unprepared. The sons of S. Bruno are apparently already amongst us in their "Chartreuse" at Kensington. "If we would wish to recall the life of S. Bruno," he says, "or desire to visit in spirit that glorious but self-subdued hermit of La Chartreuse, we have but to pay a visit to their house at Kensington, and the realities of their austerities practised by those glorious martyrs, F. Houghton and F. Newdigate, are before us." We should indeed be glad to know that the sons of S. Bruno had returned to us after three centuries of absence, bringing with them that old silent life of theirs, which is the salt of the earth; it will be a happy day for England when they come, although it will not be Kensington, we imagine, that they will fix upon for their "Chartreuse." But meanwhile we can only suppose Mr. Browne has confused between the Carmelites and the Carthusians. We should not however have pointed out this mistake, had not Mr. Browne told us that he means this paper as an introduction to his "Monasticon Britannicum; or, a Sketch of the Religious Houses and Charities of England and Wales, and the Channel Islands; also the alien Priories in Normandy and Brittany, with three Indexes of Founders, a Description of the Seals (when possible), and also the Names of the Grantees." For such a work the utmost accuracy *is required. If mistakes are* made about the green tree, what shall be done *with the dry?*

Henri Perreyve. By A. Gratry, Prêtre de l'Oratoire et Membre de l'Académie Française. Translated, by special permission, by the Author of "A Dominican Artist," "Life of S. Francis de Sales," &c. &c. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons.

THIS exquisite translation of what we should also call—were we not obliged in some important points to differ from it—an exquisite work, will meet with many readers not only for the sake of the beautiful life enshrined within it, but even more perhaps for the sake of its author. The heat of that fiery trial which two years ago tested so many Catholics of what metal they were made, when the definition of the great doctrine that had been set for the rising and falling of not a few in Israel was under discussion, and which for a moment seemed to hide Père Gratry from us in its thick smoke, has died away, and he himself, true and faithful, is resting now, "where beyond these voices there is peace." He whose constant prayer on earth was that he might have grace to remember the blessed promise that "Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die," has passed beyond the veil, but this work is almost as much a revelation of his own soul as of that of the friend about whom it is written. We see in this book how almost impossible it would have been for Père Gratry to have ended as some have ended whom we will not mention here. We see in these pages how truly deep was the current of that inner life hidden with Christ in God, which no obstacle, however great and strong—although the very depths of the waters may have made the fierceness of the struggle more apparent,—could hinder from pouring itself out at last into the ocean of God's love. Indeed we have always regarded Père Gratry as one of the few mystics of our age, one of the very few in these days of ceaseless hurry who have not only believed but have acted upon the belief that spiritual progress, as he himself says, "*consists in intensifying the inward life.*" Everything therefore that opens up to us the thoughts of such a man upon the inner life must be of intense interest and of real value. For ourselves we have only had one regret, that Père Gratry had not more thoroughly cast his mysticism in the mould of the great saintly mystics of the Church. We speak with great diffidence, for these are high matters; but to us it has always seemed that in Père Gratry we meet with the philosophical mysticism of Malebranche rather than the mystical theology of S. Bonaventure, or S. John of the Cross or S. Teresa. We wish that it had been otherwise, for then, we think, he would have been better able to have read the signs of the times. He would not then surely have "*interpreted Revolution by the light of the Gospel in wisdom, in peace, in fraternity*" (p. 138), but would rather have looked at it in the light of the judgments of the Holy See, and condemned it as the spirit of the *City of Evil*. To us Père Gratry seems always to forget that there is such a thing in the world as the City of Evil *as well as evil itself, a fact* which true mysticism never forgets. Nor can *we agree with his view* either of the present or the future. Still Père *Gratry was in his measure* a true mystic, and that surely is something in

these days of ours, when the forces of men's souls are spread abroad over many things, and dissipated in restless activity, and when recollection is almost unknown. See how beautifully and vigorously he speaks of what he calls the "surface movement" of the present day — by which we whirl about more, but advance less,"—movement being "multiplied in every shape, moral, intellectual," and physical, while "the central impetus is slackening." We quote from chapter vi. on Imperfection.

"It is a universal blot; every living thing finds the difficulty of self-recollection, of gathering itself together, and abiding steadfast at the heart's core. It is an evil incident alike to the flowers by the wayside, to all living bodies, to all hearts and minds. It is the *degenerare tamen* of Virgil, which, passing on from the grain of wheat, he applies to all nature. It is that which S. Bernard, with his deep insight, has called the '*evisceratio mentis*' the 'disembowelling of the soul.' S. Augustine alludes to the same under the same metaphor, '*viscera quædam animæ*,' when he says that man throws the inner depths of his soul into his outer life, '*projecit intima sua in via sua*.' Life hurries on, spreads itself far and wide, but the source of life dries up. What avails it to conquer the world, if that conquest exhausts the life within us? Yet this is the universal weakness of all creation; it is the road which leads to death. Let us consider the present time and the tendency of minds in this day to rush forward. If we are to believe one of the latest and ablest psychological authors, that mental and spiritual progress consists in intensifying the inward life (à remonter les degrés d'intériorité) in passing (as mystic writers have well said) from that which is without to that which is within, and thence to that which is highest,—'*ab exterioribus ad interiora, ab interioribus ad superiora*,'—if this, I say, be true, surely at no time has the human mind and soul been so utterly dispersed, plunged amid that which is external, which may perchance prove to be 'the outer darkness' of which we read in the Gospel. There is a mighty central life within the vast sphere of a man's soul, which seems to be forgotten, unheeded by all; a neglected sanctuary, a lost fountain-head! And owing to this, those who have wandered farthest would fain assure us that no such invisible world has ever existed. These men tell us that our very soul's existence and that of God, and that science which teaches their union, the interior life, theology, metaphysics, are mere illusion. They end by denying the existence of the very source which gave them life.

"In days of old there were monks whose whole life was absorbed in this great centre, and who found peace, light, and happiness therein. To them it furnished the motive power, the life of all things. But in these days, where shall we find such calm, deep minds, dwelling in the invisible, wrapt in heavenly things, ever facing eastward amid the whirl of life? Who now believes in recollection, retirement, and prayer?

"I have seen a discourse which, forty years ago, a learned magistrate ventured to produce, on the advantage of retirement for lawyers; but, now-a-days, who would venture to proffer such an idea?—who would give a moment's heed to it? Let it go! Enough if we may presume to speak of the need for retirement in the priest's case! Yet a life of retirement and recollection, an interior life, a life of prayer, *de interna Christi conversatione*, of hidden communion with God; these are, undoubtedly, the greatest of all realities—realities which cannot pass away, an imperative need to the soul."

Our extract has been long, but we do not think our readers will regret its length. There is not one amongst us who may not profit by such teaching. It was the want of self-recollection which was the one imper-

fection of Henri Perreyve's otherwise almost faultless life, and which cost him the life of his body. Not indeed that he ever wasted his soul in spreading it abroad over unworthy objects, but that out of much love to God and his neighbour he failed to concentrate his love by intensifying his inner life, and so to "possess his soul" and save it for even greater good. And who is there amongst us who may not learn from this solemn warning how to make his own works of charity more vigorous and enduring? In saying however that Henri Perreyve's life was not altogether perfect, our readers must not think that he was unable to form to himself an ideal of the perfect life. In the chapter immediately preceding the one on Imperfection, Père Gratry places before us the ideal which he had formed of what a priest's life should be. It is contained in four Meditations written during his retreat at S. Eusebio, Rome, 1857, on Chastity, the Priest's Death, Persecution, and Son of Man, of which the last three are given, and from which the reader will be able to gather glimpses at least of the nobleness of his soul. With the exception of the one imperfection alluded to, the whole work bears witness how well he lived up to his ideal, and not only lived up to it, but died true to it. As we might have expected from Père Gratry, it is rather a mystical treatment of his life, than a biography; and yet we do not hesitate to say that the seven chapters headed "Education," "Vocation," "Organization of Life," "Ministry," "An Ideal," "Imperfection," "Death," contain a far truer and more vivid idea of the servant of God, and even of the living man, than any mere biography could give. We have lately had occasion to point out how, for spiritual purposes, the Lives of the Saints, composed upon the "hagiological" method, are to be preferred to those written in the biographical form; and, *mutatis mutandis*, we think that in the sketch of such a life as that of Henri Perreyve, the method of treatment adopted by Père Gratry gives us far more real knowledge of the life itself than could be derived from the more human interest of a biographical sketch. The last chapter contains a touching account of Henri's last days by the Abbé Bernard. Henri Perreyve is himself well known as an author, having written the "Journée des Malades," biographical essays on Lacordaire, Rosa Ferrucci, Hermann de Jouffroy, Alfred Tonnellé, and Mgr. Baudry, and the "Station à la Sorbonne," the last sermons he ever preached. Had God spared him a little longer, our young men would also have been indebted to him for a work on "Religious and Social Life." "Nor must it be forgotten," says the translator, "that we owe that matchless volume of Lacordaire's familiar intercourse with the younger generation he loved so well, "Lettres à des Jeunes Gens," to the Abbé Perreyve, to whom many of those exquisitely beautiful letters were addressed." We are glad to be able to add that a collection of Henri Perreyve's own letters is in course of preparation.

We must say one word upon the translation. It is as nearly perfect as we can conceive a translation can ever be. The translator is, we believe, still an Anglican; but there has been no tampering with Père Gratry's work, which has been given in its original form. That it will do much *good amongst Anglicans by* showing them what the true priestly spirit is *capable of effecting we* have no doubt; and few Catholics, we feel sure,

who read the book, will fail to offer an earnest prayer to God, that not only the translator, but all who, although strangers to the household of faith, take delight in its pages, may discover, before long, that the perfection of the Christian spirit and life for which they are thirsting is not to be found in the unrealities of Anglicanism, but in that Church alone at the altars of which Henri Perreyve offered in sacrifice, not only his own life, but the Bread of Life itself. Still, we have one fault to find, and it is a grave one. In Henri Perreyve's Second Meditation, p. 161, after having spoken of persecution as an evil that leaves wounds in the breast of a nation which take more centuries to heal than they took days to inflict, he goes on to say that, "in England the Church was smitten with such wounds, that her present life is more like a miraculous wakening from death than any mere healing." In the translation the passage is thus rendered:—"The Church of England was thus smitten," &c. Now we have not the original by us, but if in the original the sentence begins with the words, "L'Église d'Angleterre," these words in a French priest's mouth, or coming from a French priest's pen, mean something very different from what is conveyed by the expression, "the Church of England." It is of the Church of the living God in communion with the Holy See that Henri Perreyve is speaking; whereas we suppose there will be few Anglicans who read this passage who will not wrap themselves round in the happy thought that the writer is referring to signs of renewed life in their own Establishment. We should be the last to deny that the finger of God is now stretched over the Establishment, but it is stretched over it only to point out the way into the true Church of God; and we should consider ourselves wanting in true charity were we not to try and tear away every one of the deceitful coverings by which Anglicans seek to hide from their own eyes the nakedness of what they call their Church. Even supposing that the translator thought that the words "the Church of England" were an honest rendering of the original, a note of explanation ought at least to have been added. At the same time, we do not wish to speak harshly, but to bear in mind the beautiful words spoken by our Holy Father to Henry Perreyve, and quoted by him at the beginning of his Meditation on the Son of Man:—"Strike boldly at error, but let your hearts be tender as a mother's towards men." (p. 162.)

Louise Lateau: her Life, Stigmata, and Ecstasies. By Dr. Lebfevre. Translated from the French by J. S. Shephard. Second Edition London: R. Washbourne. Dublin: W. B. Kelly.

WE are delighted to find that Mr. Shephard's translation of Dr. Lebfevre's really scientific treatise has reached a second edition, and that thus, while God's marvellous work in the poor peasant-girl of *Bois d'Haine is made* better known, a work of charity so dear to the *Sacred Heart as the* Northampton Diocesan Orphanage must surely be, is

also benefited. There can be no danger in circulating a work like the present far and wide, for it is written by one who is as remarkable for his scientific acquirements as for his loyalty to the Church. We trust that the extraordinary manifestations which are at present attracting so much attention at Baden and Alsace will also be examined in the same spirit as that in which Dr. Lebfevre has conducted his inquiry in the present instance, in order that if they stand the test, the Catholic world may not be deprived of a great consolation. We are glad to find that Dr. Imbert Gourbeyre, Professor of the Clermont-Ferrand School of Medicine, whose evidence as to the development of Louise Lateau's ecstasy under certain circumstances is quoted by Dr. Lebfevre, and whose letter in answer to some strictures of the "Siècle" appears at the end of this work, has already paid a visit to Alsace for the purpose of investigation, and has written to the "Univers" on the subject. However, the case of Louise Lateau is now so thoroughly well established, that no Catholic need scruple to bring it forward as a proof that God is still near to this generation, notwithstanding all its shortcomings. Such a paper as the "Lancet" may still continue to maintain, as we pointed out when noticing the first edition of this work, that her state is so far from extraordinary, that the real difficulty is to prevent people falling into it, or such publications as the "British Medical Journal" may still believe that her ecstatic visions and bleeding skin are in no way opposed to or above the ordinary laws of nature; but unprejudiced Protestants will not thoughtlessly reject the evidence, and will be led on to further inquiry, while Catholics will thank God for having visited His people.

As we have already called the attention of the public to this important work, we need only now again recommend it most earnestly to their notice, for the sake both of the edification to be derived from its perusal, and of the admirable institution for whose profit it is sold. We may perhaps, however, be allowed to make a remark before we conclude. There is one important fact connected with Louise Lateau's ecstasy which seems common to other similar manifestations. Certainly the same fact is related both of Maria Mörl and Maria Dominica Lazzari, the Addolorata and Ecstatica of the Tyrol. We allude to that wonderful and instantaneous obedience shown, even in the midst of ecstasy, to those who have *spiritual jurisdiction* over the soul. So far as we can gather, this obedience is not confined to the confessor alone, but is paid to all legitimate superiors. Surely, if there be any lesson which more than another these ecstatic maidens teach us, it is this: "Hear the Church." This is a lesson by which all men may profit; Catholics by learning still more to value their high privilege of being children of the Church; Protestants and other non-Catholics by perceiving that God, even when speaking Himself to the soul, is obedient to the voice of the Church, which is His Body. We understand that before long Dr. Imbert Gourbeyre will publish the result of his investigations into the case of the Ecstatica of Oria.

The Works of Aurelius Augustine, Bishop of Hippo. A new Translation. Edited by the Rev. MARCUS DODS, M.A. Vol. III. *Writings in Connection with the Donatist Controversy.* Translated by Rev. J. R. KING, M.A. Vol. IV. *The Anti-Pelagian Works.* (Vol. I.) Translated by PETER HOLMES, D.D.

Origen contra Celsum. Being Vol. XXIII. of the *Ante-Nicene Christian Library.* Translated by Rev. FREDERICK CROMBIE, D.D.

Early Liturgies and other Documents. Vol. XXIV. of the same Series. T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh, 1872.

WE here notice four volumes of Patristic translations, published by Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh, two of them being a continuation of the edition of S. Augustine noticed in our number for last October, and the other two forming the concluding volumes of the *Ante-Nicene Series*, to which we have had occasion to draw attention before.

In beginning their post-Nicene series with S. Augustine, and in promising S. Chrysostom to follow, the publishers have no doubt chosen the names out of the whole range of Patrology which are secure of the greatest amount of attention. The "City of God," which was the first of S. Augustine's works issued, though it had been translated several times before, was fairly sure of being received with interest. But the volumes now before us are of a very different kind. There are chapters and paragraphs in S. Augustine's controversial writings which are as eloquent and grand as any he has written, and there are not wanting attractive passages of history, and striking personal allusions. Moreover, S. Augustine being the great authority he is, the continual allusion to Holy Scripture, and the incessant direct and indirect commentary on Scripture passages, will always bring the student back to his pages. But still the controversial writings, of which we have samples in these two volumes on the Donatist and Pelagian heresies, must be called dry to the ordinary reader. The extreme minuteness with which the Saint answers objections, the repetitions, and the want of liveliness inherent in a buried, or rather fossilized, dispute, are apt to turn away all but professional students from a study of the answer to Petilianus, the books on Baptism, or the "case of Pelagius." It does not follow from this that these translations should not have been undertaken. On the contrary, it is a sign that the ranks of the students of S. Augustine are enlarging. Such an undertaking as this is rarely begun without some kind of demand; and the demand will be indefinitely increased by the supply. We may hope that good will come of this presenting the Fathers to the English public in an English dress. Any one who knows something of the dense ignorance which possesses not only the ordinary British church or chapel-goer, not only the ladies who distribute tracts and read novels, but the masters of thousands of parsonages throughout the land, will be glad that there is a prospect of Messrs. Clark's translations finding their way to drawing-room tables, and taking their place on the desk or the

shelves of the rector's "study." Very few of the men, not to say the women, who watch over the theological concerns of the land, have any but the mistiest notion, we do not say of modern "Roman" practices, but even of that fragmentary Christianity which is presented to them by their own prayer-book, or which is common to the Roman Church and to those which have thrown off her obedience. The glances into S. Augustine, in English, which may now be expected, will astonish a good many well-meaning Protestants. They will take up the book with varying notions about the great African doctor. Most will think him a sound Protestant, from having heard him quoted by Evangelicals on many platforms and in divers pamphlets. Some will go further and expect to find Calvinism well developed in the anti-Pelagian treatises. Such persons will be somewhat astonished to find S. Augustine talking about the Primacy of Peter, in a strain such as they might hear in a Catholic Church in England. He first quotes the well-known passage of S. Cyprian in the Epistle to Quintus, beginning, "For neither did Peter, whom the Lord chose first" (it should be translated "as the first") "and on whom our Lord built his Church," &c. He then goes on to speak himself of the Apostle Peter, "in whom the Primacy of the Apostles shines with such exceeding grace" ("shines" is not a good word; the original is *tam excellenti gratiâ præeminet*). (Vol. iii. p. 32.) This will be an interesting experience to the controversial parson (or his lady); and it would be a profitable exercise for them to try if they could bring themselves to speak as S. Augustine speaks. They would also find Purgatory in S. Augustine. At page 370 of Dr. Holmes's translation of the anti-Pelagian writings, they would come upon a distinction between sinners who are to be punished everlastingly, and sinners "of whom the Apostle declares that 'they shall be saved, yet so as by fire after their (evil) work has been burnt up.'" Ritualists would find much profit in a careful reading of the treatise *De Baptismo* against the Donatists. It is impossible for a candid High Churchman to doubt that the man who wrote that work, with its fervent appeals against breaking off from unity, and its continued reference to the "orbis terrarum," would address words of the same import to him and his party, if he were writing at this moment. Other Christians would be surprised to find S. Augustine advocating the use of force on the part of the civil power against heretics. Mr. King, the translator of the Donatist treatises, is himself astonished at this. Speaking of the letter to Count Bonifacius, which is the concluding treatise in this volume, he says that S. Augustine "enunciates principles of coercion which, though in him they were subdued and rendered practically of little moment by the spirit of love which formed so large an element in his character, yet found their natural development in the despotic intolerance of the Papacy, and the horrors of the Inquisition." (*Preface*, xiii.) Mr. King is one of those men who need to be reminded that the theoretic intolerance of the Catholic Church—a kind of intolerance which every one must have who believes there is such a thing as God's true revelation—never becomes practical except when the overwhelming majority of a national community are Catholics; and that the "horrors of the Inquisition" are partly imaginary, and at the worst no more "horrible" than the other non-religious portion of the criminal law of the times in which the Inquisition existed. Of

course it is really the principle of religious compulsion that is objected to; but, if so, writers should not colour their protests by "horrors" and hard words. If religious compulsion is wrong in itself, then punishments for heresy will be "horrible;" if it is right, such punishment will be only legitimate severity. S. Augustine, in the passage alluded to, lays down so clearly the principles on which the mediæval Church acted that it is worth while to quote his words.

"As to the argument of those men who are unwilling that their (the Donatists') impious deeds should be checked by the enactment of righteous laws, when they say that the Apostles never sought such measures from the kings of the earth, they do not consider the different character of that age, and that everything comes in its own season. For what emperor had as yet believed in Christ, so as to serve Him in the cause of piety by enacting laws against impiety? . . . . . For a man serves God in one way in that he is a man, in another way in that he is also king. In that he is a man he serves Him by living faithfully; but in that he is also king, he serves Him by enforcing with suitable rigour such laws as ordain what is righteous, and punish what is the reverse."

After bringing forward, as instances of the righteous severity of rulers, the edicts of Ezechias, of Josias, of Darius, and of Nebuchodonosor against idolatry, impiety and blasphemy, he continues:—

"But so soon as the fulfilment began of what is written: 'All kings shall fall down before Him, all nations shall serve Him,' what sober-minded man could say to kings, 'Let not any thought trouble you within your kingdoms as to who restrains or attacks the Church of your Lord; deem it not a matter in which you should be concerned, which of your subjects may choose to be religious or sacrilegious,' seeing that you cannot say to them, 'Deem it no concern of yours which of your subjects may choose to be chaste or which unchaste.' For why, when freewill is given to God by man, should adulteries be punished by the laws, and sacrilege allowed? Or if these faults, which are committed not in contempt but in ignorance of religious truth, are to be visited with lighter punishment, are they therefore to be neglected altogether? It is indeed better (as no one ever could deny) that men should be led to worship God by teachers, than that they should be driven to it by fear of punishment or pain; but it does not follow that because the former course produces the better men, therefore those who do not yield to it should be neglected. . . . . Wherefore, if the power which the Church has received by Divine appointment in its due season, through the religious character and the faith of kings, be the instrument by which those who are found in the highways and hedges—that is, in heresies and schisms—are compelled to come in, then let them not find fault with being compelled, but consider whither they are compelled." (Vol. iii. pp. 495–500.)

(Mr. King has "whether they be so compelled," which is probably a misprint, the Latin being "quo cogantur attendant"). If the word "kings" in the foregoing passages be changed into "Governments," we have principles that apply to every age of the world.

The Five Treatises of S. Augustine against the Pelagian heresy, translated by Dr. Holmes in the second of the volumes named above, are not the first in *interest of the fifteen* which he has actually left, but only the first in order *of time*. *In looking* through the volume, it is curious to speculate as to the

reception its contents will receive at the present day. Omitting the question of the probable sale of the series and its profit to the publishers, it seems difficult to suppose that much attention will be paid to S. Augustine's stiff writing on the intricacies of infant baptism, or his exposition of Pelagius's quibbles, except by those who attended to such things before this translation appeared—students of Catholic theology, chiefly, a few Evangelicals, inheritors of the spirit of Beza or Arminius, and omnivorous German historians. The great and fundamental question raised by the Pelagian heresy is as vital in our days as it was in the days of S. Augustine. But in the fifth century the discussion was whether Pelagius could belong to the Church—to the body of Christ, which was regulated by the Holy Scriptures and the bishops; whereas, in our times, it is very certain that a man who denies grace cannot be a Christian in any real sense of the word, and the dispute is whether it is necessary to believe as a Christian or not. The Pelagian heresy meant the cause of Naturalism against Redeeming Grace. Those who wish to see how Pelagianism *is* Naturalism—how it contradicts the Scriptures on the Fall of Man, on man's will, on man's passions, on regeneration and merit through Christ, will find all they can wish for in the writings of S. Augustine.

Dr. Holmes has some good remarks in his Preface on this subject:—

"The key to this wonderful influence is Augustine's knowledge of Holy Scripture, and its profound suitableness to the facts and experience of our entire nature. Perhaps to no one, not excepting S. Paul himself, has it been ever given so wholly and so deeply to suffer the manifold experiences of the human heart, whether of sorrow and anguish from the tyranny of sin, or of spiritual joy from the precious consolations of the Grace of God. Augustine speaks with authority here; he has traversed all the ground of inspired writ, and shown us how true is its portraiture of man's life." (p. 18.)

The translation of these two new volumes of S. Augustine seems to be exceedingly well excuted. There has been no attempt to re-write the original in a more modern dialect of thought, and therefore the English reads a little stiff and complicated at times, and requires some attention to catch its full meaning. But faithfulness more than makes up for whatever is wanting in ease and transparency. We will mention a few of the mistakes which we think we have detected. At the very commencement of the Anti-Pelagian volume it is a little unfortunate to render S. Augustine's humble phrase, "nostrorum peccatorum," by the words "the sin which is *inherent in us all*;" he merely means his own (actual) sins. At p. 166, the translator renders "se sibi ad vivendum caput facit" by "makes himself the chief aim of his life;" whereas it should be "makes himself the source of his own works." A little lower down on the same page the intrusion of the word "alone" makes S. Augustine talk unsound doctrine by seeming to say that all that can be done by a sinner is a sin. There is a curious mistranslation at p. 236. S. Augustine tells his correspondents that he has carefully read through the book which they had sent, interrupting, to some extent, what he was actually busy with (*intermissis paululum quæ in manibus erant*). What *can have* possessed Dr. Holmes that he should have rendered this clause, "*omitting only the few points* which are plain enough to everybody!" In the "*Donatist*" volume, at p. 32, Mr. King translates the epithet "poste-

riore," applied to S. Paul, by "later"; whereas it is evident that in both the passages where it occurs, S. Augustine means "inferior" or lower, the context showing that he is praising S. Peter, the "primus," for yielding on one occasion to his subordinate. In addition to these slight slips, which we merely give as specimens, we had marked some dozen others which have fallen under our notice; but perhaps it is not worth while to mention them. We gladly bear witness to the evident desire and aim of the translators to be liberal and impartial, and to present S. Augustine to the English reader as he is, divested of all glosses that may have been put upon him either by heterodoxy or by orthodoxy. We think, of course, that it would be a much more profitable thing for theology if the present edition had been edited and translated by men who were both able to understand S. Augustine, and possessed of the Faith which alone can read him aright. The edition is colourless. There is hardly a note, the language is of Quaker coolness and neutrality, the prefaces are gentlemanly and unexciting, or if eloquent, eloquent on everything except the Church, the grace of Christ, and the sin of heresy. Still, we may well be thankful for what we have. S. Augustine, even though he be as dried up as a "specimen," cannot fail to make himself felt. When allowance has been made for all that is local or temporary, tedious or minute, in his immortal pages, there will still remain enough of the mighty thought of a great mind,—enough of that living power of enunciating undying principle, which has left him without a superior, and with only one or two rivals among the doctors of the Church.

Dr. Crombie's translation of "Origen against Celsus" seems to be faithful and intelligible. It is disappointing, as we read it, to feel how different the English idiom is from the original, and how tamely the sentences succeed each other in a work which, in the Greek, frequently reminds one of the sonorous rhythm of the "Histoire Universelle." But to reproduce the spirit of a work in a modern language is quite another thing from writing a readable translation for purposes of historical and theological study.

The small concluding volume of the "Ante-Nicene Series presents us with a translation of the "Early Liturgies," and of several early liturgical fragments. The Liturgy of S. James, the Liturgy of S. Mark, and the Liturgy of the Holy Apostles are the only ones which the authors give at length. As to the Roman Liturgy, the editors say in their introductory notice:—"Some have attributed the authorship of the Roman Liturgy to Leo the Great, who was made Bishop of Rome in A.D. 451; some to Gelasius, who was made Bishop of Rome in A.D. 492; and some to Gregory the First, who was made Bishop of Rome in A.D. 590. Such being the opinions of those who have given most study to the subject, we have not deemed it necessary to translate it." (p. 5.) We never heard of any one who said that S. Gregory the Great was the author of the Roman Liturgy. What is certain is, as we are told by his contemporary biographer, that he reformed the Gelasian sacramentary by shortening it considerably, making a few changes, and some additions. And the Gelasian sacramentary itself was modelled on a yet older use. It would, therefore, have been well if the Roman Liturgy had not been omitted in this volume, if only to show its agreement in all essentials with the others. We have a pretty minute history of the Roman

Liturgy, extending far back to the times of the persecutions, and as we never find mentioned the institution of any of the important and essential parts, we may justly conclude that in all essentials it is Apostolic. Among the essential points which the editors admit to be common to all the ancient liturgies, without exception, is Prayer for the Dead. If ocular demonstration were of any use in controversy, we should hope that now, by degrees, the assertion that Prayer for the Dead is a Roman corruption will disappear from the *répertoire* of the Protestant platform.

Scripture Truth in Oriental Dress. By the Rev. J. Long. Calcutta: Thacker & Co.

THE author of this book, who has sent it to us from India for notice, is or was (for we hear that he has just retired), one of the most distinguished Protestant missionaries in India,—distinguished not so much for missionary work proper, though we believe that he was in no way behindhand in this, but for the great influence he had acquired among the natives, by genuine interest manifested in their welfare; whence it arose that, being equally in the confidence of the Government, he not unfrequently acted as the interpreter of the wishes and opinions of the governed to their governors. Having travelled for some time in Russia, he had to a certain extent familiarized himself with the genius and habits of that people, the natural link between the European and the Asiatic; and of this knowledge he freely availed himself in dealing with the people of India. It is, we understand, to the interest with which he read certain articles which appeared in our pages for 1869 and 1870, on the subject of the new sect of Indian Theists, that we owe the transmission to us of the present volume for notice.

The principle of the book is to popularize the teaching of Scripture, by illustrations drawn from those Oriental proverbs and proverbial sayings which appeal at once to the sympathy of the common people. As the preface says, "Emblems, parables, pictures, proverbs are even in Europe regarded as of great value in instructing the masses; how much more ought they to be used in Eastern lands, where it is so important, in announcing new dogma, to fix them [*sic in orig.*] in the mind by illustrations which excite interest and arrest attention." Accordingly, some 250 of the principal texts in the Old and New Testament are selected, and accompanied with comments more or less full, showing how, in the opinion of the author, the truth inculcated by the text can be best brought home to an Oriental audience by illustrations and proverbs with which they are familiar. These skeleton sermons are followed by a collection of proverbs in use among various Oriental natives and tribes, with references to passages in Scripture which more or less closely correspond. The book *appears to be entirely free* from any anti-Catholic tendency, and in fact, in *many cases the illustrations* which, in simply following out his text, the

author gives, afford a very strong argument in favour of some characteristic Catholic principle. Thus, on the text Rev. i. 18, where our Lord, appearing to S. John, says that He has the keys of death and of hell, Mr. Long comments thus :—"Silence was represented by the Greeks as a golden key on the tongue. Christ said to Peter, I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven ; Mat. xvi. 19. As stewards of a great family, especially of the royal household, bore a key, probably a golden one, in token of their office, the phrase of giving a person a key naturally grew into an expression of raising him to great power. Is. xxii. 22 ; Rev. iii. 7. This was, with peculiar propriety, applicable to ministers, the stewards of the mysteries of God. 1 Cor. iv. 1. Peter's opening the kingdom of heaven, as being the first that preached it both to the Jews and the Gentiles, may be considered as an illustration of this promise ; as also the power given of binding and loosing ; authority to explain the law and the prophets was given among the Jews by the delivery of a key." And again, "In the East the carrying of a key on any great occasion was a mark of a person holding some office of rank and power."

Hence a Catholic missionary might use Mr. Long as his authority for laying the distinctive foundation of the Catholic religion by showing, from this expression alone, that our Saviour raised S. Peter to great power in His Church,—we might add *unique* power, since it cannot be contended that He ever made the faintest sign of conferring the possession of "the keys" on any one else. He might also prove that, to the nation to which S. Peter and the bystanders belonged, this commission implied in a special manner "authority to explain the Law and the Prophets," the germ, we need hardly point out, of the dogma of infallibility.

In other texts it is no less evident that, by omitting the Catholic sense of a text, the whole point of a simile is destroyed in Mr. Long's comments. Thus in one of the texts which compare the Church to the moon, under that very heading, he writes : "The moon receives her brightness from the sun ; she is dark herself and reflects his light. . . . . Such is the *Christian :* he is dark himself, but reflects the light of his Lord. For the graces of Christ beheld by faith produce like graces in the soul. Christians are like the moon, —(1) Receive light from the sun. Christ is the Sun of righteousness—Mat. iv. 2. (2) Dispense what they receive—Mat. v. 14, &c. &c."

Now, properly considered from the Catholic point of view, no comparison could be more happy (if we may use the expression without any appearance of disrespect to the place where it is found) than that of the Church to the moon. While the sun is removed from our view, the moon acts as a medium for transmitting its light to us. We cannot obtain the light of revelation from the sun direct, as it is below the horizon ; but this light, not the full flood of light, such as we shall see it hereafter, when, as S. Paul says, we shall no longer see as in a glass darkly but face to face, but such light as Heaven vouchsafes for a guide to us, is all conveyed to us by the moon, and in such manner that while it appears to come to us from the moon, *it in fact emanates from the* sun, and is only reflected to us in a pure and *undivided stream from* the orb of the moon. So it is with the Catholic *Church. Christ having* ascended into heaven, has left us His Church, and set

it on high, above the world, that from it, a single whole and undivided teacher, we may obtain the light of His revelation. Yet this light, seeming as it does to come from the Church, is only the reflection of the light infused into it by the Author of light. Look to the moon, and you are at once placed in communication with the sun and receive its light; look anywhere else, and it is all darkness.

When, however, instead of the united body of the Church, the individuals who compose it are supposed, as is done by Mr. Long, to be signified by the moon, instantly the whole comparison fails; instead of one moon, you have thousands; instead of one vehicle for reflecting to us the divine light of revelation, you have a mob of dispensers, innumerable as the sand of the seashore, emitting sparks in every direction, which cross and conflict with one another, and bewilder the eyesight of those who try to walk by the light which they give out.

We need hardly mention that Mr. Long's system of teaching by emblems, pictures, and proverbs is most thoroughly Catholic; in fact, though adopted largely by Protestants in the present age, it is more than doubtful whether, in the last analysis, it is consistent with the fundamental principle of the Bible, and the Bible only, without note or comment. The work before us is one which will be found useful as a storehouse of illustration to the Catholic as well as the Protestant missionary.

A Guide to the Members of the Spiritual Union, established by the Ven. Domenico Gesu and Maria, General of the Discalced Carmelites. Translated from the Italian. By A. M. R. Bennett. London: Burns & Oates.

A THOROUGHLY solid guide, based upon the work of the Rev. F. Dominic of Jesus and Mary, the object of which is to prepare the reader step by step to understand the advantages of spiritual union in prayer and good works. Thus the excellency of merit, the possibility of continually meriting, the renewal of our intention; how one single action may have several merits, and what is required in order to acquire several merits by one single action; the proportion between acts and intentions, desires, the extension of desires, and the deceptions which there may be in them; the union between our works and those of our Lord; the value of good works,—all these subjects are first placed before the reader, so that having mastered them he may be the better able to see in what the special form of spiritual union consists which is advocated in this work. In chapter xxi. will be found the articles of F. Dominic of Jesus and Mary, in which are contained the intentions which all men ought to have who are members of this union. The following extract will sufficiently explain its nature:—

"*It is a pious society* to which may be applied the words of S. Ambrose, *Dum singuli orant pro omnibus, etiam omnes orant pro singulis.* In this

devout alliance whilst one prays for all, all pray for him, and whilst I in the language of my prayer and my good works say, 'Lord, save me and all those of this sacred union'; all the other members of the union, with the same language, are begging of the same grace for me."—(Ch. xvi.)

It is not however necessary in order to enter into this union, either to inscribe one's name, or to perform any other outward ceremony. All that is required is the determination to join, as well as to conform to all the intentions of the venerable founder, who himself expressly intended to receive into this society all who shall be aggregated to it by any one member, although the names of such persons may remain unknown to the other members of the society.

We have no doubt that this little work, which is well translated, will do much good. We cannot too often remember that "one more degree of grace acquires a right to a proportionate degree of glory in Paradise, and that one degree more of glory in Paradise signifies nothing less than one Paradise more. Therefore S. Thomas asserts that one more degree only of grace is worth more than the whole heap of all temporal goods contained in the entire universe. *Bonum gratiæ unius majus est quam bonum naturæ totius universi.*"—(1. 2. q. 115. Art. ix. 2.)—(Ch. 1. p. 7.)

Education. A paper read by the Rev. George Pye, P.P., Glenavy and Killead, before the Academia, Belfast.

We have read this paper with great interest. It is especially valuable as setting in a very clear light the extraordinary attitude of the Presbyterian body in the North of Ireland at the present moment in relation to education. Mr. Pye mentions two facts which have occurred within the memory of many of the present generation, and which may be taken as fair tests of the sincerity of the Presbyterian body in advocating State Education, of which they have lately shown themselves so greatly enamoured. We will leave Mr. Pye to tell his story, as far as our space will allow, in his own words:—

"I shall consider," he says, "the Presbyterian body as to its two great components—the Non-subscribing Presbyterians, and those who follow the Westminster Confession of Faith. The former cannot readily forget the agitation which was raised against them in the year 1844, when they were threatened with the confiscation of their manses and meeting-houses. . . . . All the Catholics on that occasion felt that they were called upon to come to the relief of their Unitarian friends. The Catholics of Belfast and of the province of Ulster took a leading part in defence of the threatened rights of this small, but then undefended body. Sir R. Peel stated that the Catholic petition from Belfast had turned the scale in favour of the Unitarians. Now, I ask them to consider whether they admire more the action of the State, which was well-nigh depriving them of their just property, or the religious teaching and patriotism of the Catholics of Ireland, *who saw that the State* was about to pass a measure against a portion of

their fellow-subjects, in which they could not in conscience acquiesce. How can they declare, after this, that they will be content with nothing but State education? No doubt it is well understood that their religious code comprises very few points of a distinctive dogmatic character, which may be the motive that brings them at once more into harmony with education unaccompanied by religion. I know that if educational grants were given in strict proportion to the number of members who form the different religious communities throughout Ireland, their quota would look miserably small on paper. But surely they must be guided, in their opposition to Catholic claims, by a higher principle than this, even though gratitude towards their best friends did not provide a different course. While the Catholics of Ireland acted thus towards the Non-Subscribing Presbyterians, it was not from a spirit of hostility to those who hold the Westminster Confusion of Faith; for this latter body will remember that during the passing of the Marriages Bill, Parliament dubbed their ministers unordained teachers, and their children the offspring of bastardy. I know they will pardon this *parrhesia* of mine, for I only mean to recall the independent and generous action of the Catholics of this kingdom at that time, who did not suffer this foul brand to become the heritage of the children of Presbyterian marriages. Can they ever forget the contrast that was presented between the Catholics and Protestants of Ireland on that trying occasion? In and out of Parliament the voice of the Catholic nation was raised against the injustice and insult which threatened the entire Presbyterian body. And will they, after that, still clamour for State control in matters of education,—a control under which they might have been deprived of the privileges and honours of social life? If they must kiss the rod that was raised to strike, let them not turn upon those who saved them from its infliction." (pp. 11—13.)

This is well put, and is only another proof how much more truly liberal (we use the word, of course, in its proper sense) Catholics are than members of any other so-called religious body; but we fear that there is something in the North of Ireland stronger than gratitude, and that is hatred of God's Church,—hatred which not only blots out of the memory of the Presbyterians the acts of kindness done to them by Catholics in the past, but forces them, regardless of all inconsistency, to sacrifice even their own interests, in order that the Catholic Church may be deprived of her rights. There are no words more frequently on the lips of Irish Presbyterians than "No priestly dictation! No clerical control!" "No clerical control, indeed!" writes Mr. Pye. "Why, it is as rampant amongst the Protestants of Ulster as in any other part of Ireland. Take the Queen's College in Belfast, and you will find to the number of deans and professors proportionately as many ministers as you can name priests in the Catholic University of Dublin." (p. 6.)

We cannot conclude these remarks without adding a few words from a recent speech of the Bishop of Elphin, as quoted by Mr. Pye:—"There are 20,000 Protestant children of all denominations in Belfast, and such is the zeal of their parents and pastors for a practically denominational system, that *not one single* Protestant child is permitted to attend a National School in which literary instruction is imparted by a Catholic." Yet the Presbyterians are advocates of the mixed system. How is this? *There is only one* answer. The mixed system which they advocate is that *under which, while they will* not allow Protestant children to be taught

by Catholic teachers, Catholic children shall attend Protestant schools, and be taught by Protestant masters! The whole paper is vigorously written, and we recommend it to the notice of all who take an interest in the present crisis of Catholic education in Ireland.

Graduale de Tempore et de Sanctis, juxta Ritum Sacro-Sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ, cum Cantu Pauli V., Pont. Max., jussu reformato. Cui addita sunt Officia postea approbata, sub auspiciis Sanctissimi Domini nostri Pii P.P. IX., curante Sacr. Rituum Congregatione. Cum privilegio. Ratisbonæ, Neo-Eboraci, et Cincinnatii sumptibus, chartis, et typis FRIDERICI PUSTET, S. Sedis Apost. et Sacr. Rituum Congregationis Typographi. 1872.

WE wish to call immediate attention to the above, which is the first of a set of Gregorian choir books which are coming out under the special supervision of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, hoping later on to give a more detailed account of what promises to exert a powerful influence on the choral part of the offices of the Church. And we do so for two reasons—1st, because of the high authority *intrinsically* which this edition possesses; and, 2nd, because of the *extrinsic* authority with which it is accompanied. We say *intrinsic* because it is not an adaptation of the Roman, nor a reprint of any local Gregorian chant for the liturgy, but because it is a faithful re-issue of the great "Editio Medicea," printed in Rome under Paul V., in 1614, which has continued to be the standard there ever since. We say *extrinsic* because it is not only "under the auspices of His Holiness Pius IX.," but also is brought out "under the supervision of the Sacred Congregation of Rites"; while the decree, which we give in full, accompanying its publication, "specially recommends it to the ordinaries, that by their adopting it in their dioceses, the wished-for uniformity in the sacred liturgy may be obtained, even in the chant."

RATISBONEN.

Perillustris D. Eques Fridericus Pustet, a Sanctissimo Domino nostro Pio Papa IX. titulo Typographi Sanctæ Sedis ac etiam Sacrorum Rituum Congregationis pro editione tantum Gradualis, Antiphonarii et aliorum Librorum Gregoriani Cantus condecoratus, pulcherrimâ et magnificâ Editione jam ad exitum perduxit primum volumen Gradualis ad instar Editionis Mediceæ. Et licet eadem Editio expensis et laboribus supradicti Typographi lucem aspexerit, tamen quoniam directa fuit singulari diligentiâ a Commissione peculiari ab eâdem Sacrâ Rituum Congregatione deputatâ, et continet Cantum Gregorianum, quem semper Ecclesia Romana retinuit, proindeque ex traditione conformior haberi potest illi, quem in Sacram Liturgiam Summus Pontifex S. Gregorius Magnus invexerat, ideo eadem Sacra Rituum *Congregatio Reverendissimis* Ordinariis præfatam Editionem summopere

commendat ut eam adoptantes in suis Diœcesibus exoptata uniformitas in Sacrâ Liturgiâ etiam in cantu obtineri valeat.

Die 14 Augusti, 1871.

The history of the undertaking is this:—The well-known Ratisbon publisher Pustet, hearing that the question of bringing out a new edition of the Roman Gregorian Chant for the various offices was before the S. Congregation of Rites, offered himself to execute any plan they might determine upon. The Congregation, after duly weighing the proposal, determined to give him an exclusive privilege for thirty years, on condition that he should do two things—1st, reproduce the recognized standard Roman edition in the same form, and at least as magnificently as the original; and, 2nd, complete the same by adding the chant to all the new offices granted since 1614, while not a single sheet was to pass to press until it received the approval of the Committee of the S. Congregation. The publisher accepted this, engaging to bear the whole expense. The war between France and Germany retarded the execution of the great folio edition, and he applied to the Congregation for leave to bring out the same in 8vo. form, in order to meet the heavy expense of the original attempt, which has since been realized in the issue of the 1st vol. of the folio Gradual this year. The work in both forms can be seen, and (we need not add) also had, at Messrs. Burns & Oates, Portman-street; and the folio edition especially is worth a visit merely to see. We believe that though this century has, especially in France, seen several editions of the Gradual appear, not one can compare with the present one in style and execution; indeed, we do not think that a single one is printed in red and black, a thing that not only gives such beauty to the old choir books, but very considerably assists the eye in following the music, especially when the singers are grouped round a lectern, reading from one large book.

We have spoken of a set of the officially recognized choir books in course of publication, under the same direction and by the same Editor. They are as follows:

1. *Graduale de Tempore et de Sanctis, &c.*, as above. Folio and 8vo., *red and black.*

N.B.—The "Ordinarium Missæ," containing all the invariable portions of the Mass, e. g. *Kyrie, Gloria, Credo,* &c., for the different classes of Feasts, for the Sundays, Ferias, and the "Missa pro Defunctis," is published separately in both sizes. In the folio it costs about 10*s.*

2. *Directorium Chori*, which is in the press, in 8vo., *red and black*, taken from a MS. officially approved of by the S. Congregation of Rites.

3. *Vesperale Romanum.*

4. *Hebdomada Sancta.*

5. *Antiphonarium Romanum*, which will complete the set.

The organ accompaniment for the *Ordinarium Missæ* is already complete. It is the intention of the publisher to set *the whole* of the Gradual to music for accompanying. Another fact will interest. This splendid edition in folio is printed on three different sorts of paper: the two first we have before *us; we have written for the third.* The first is on machine-made paper, *and costs £5. The* second, on paper made by hand, very superior in

appearance and in strength, a thing to be considered in large choral books, costs £7. 10*s*. The third, of which a very limited number of copies is promised, costs £10.

Our sympathies cannot but be with everything emanating from the Apostolic See; and here we have the highest authority in the Sacred Rites of the Church expressing at least a strong wish ("summopere commendat") that the adoption of this, not local, but general, edition of the Gradual, may perfect the work which has been at last all but universally achieved ("*uniformitas* in Sacra Liturgia"), by producing also uniformity in the musical rendering of the one great Liturgy of the West. This is at least an appeal to the *adhesion* of all Catholics: we do not venture to say *adoption*.

Another suggestion we would make:—There is a general feeling that our music, especially for the Holy Mass, is very incongruous, and that a change must be made, and in an ecclesiastical direction. And supposing that the decree of the Provincial Synod of Westminster in 1852 were enforced, a gap would at once be made by one of its provisions, viz., the exclusion of female voices ("ut fœminarum, maxime pretio conductarum, in choro concentus, ab Ecclesiis excludantur") being carried into effect; the singing of the indubitable music of the Church, which the "Cantus Gregorianus" certainly is, would tell upon the boys' school of any mission ("Pueri etiam musicen in scholis edoceantur"); and thus the necessity created for male singers would produce a healthier tone in the male portion of our congregations, and to sing in the choir would become a proper aspiration among the boys.

Indulgences, Sacramental Absolutions, and the Tax Tables of the Roman Chancery and Penitentiary considered, in Reply to the Charge of Venality. By the Rev. T. L. Green, D.D. London: Longmans. 1872.

THE present generation, whatever its merits may be, is most certainly not without its troubles. It may have clear lights about commerce, and sound views of political economy, but it nurtures a good many people in whom common sense has little sway. A good many people think it highly scientific, and far more learned than its predecessors; and there is a general consent that it is far more highly gifted than any other, and that knowledge was never more universal or more certain. In spite of all this, it is labouring under one delusion, and that is, that it understands the Catholic religion better than those who believe it and try to practise it. Everywhere throughout the world we find men—and unfortunately they are too often men with power in their hands—who, absolute strangers to the Faith, tell us that they know what the Church teaches, and what she ought not, or cannot, teach. The Prince Von Bismarck in this respect differs not from the most obscure dissenting preacher in the most obscure corner of the earth.

It may be painful, but it cannot be astonishing, to learn that in Wolverhampton, in the diocese of Birmingham, a man was found—it will excite no surprise to be told that he was "an influential member of the Town Council,"—about five years ago maintaining that it was possible to purchase indulgences and absolutions for money, and that they were even cheap, some as low as two shillings; he added also the very useful information, probably inaccessible to anybody lower in dignity than a town councillor, that a man or woman who had judiciously traded in the market might, in virtue of indulgences purchased, "commit any sin, from reading the Bible to murder, with impunity." Well, certainly, in that case, we should expect the "impunity" as a matter of course; for we see no advantage whatever in spending our money in the purchase of an indulgence, when intent on murder, if "impunity" could not be guaranteed; the money without it would be thrown away.

This admirable Town Councillor—we regret that Dr. Green has not given us his name, for he deserves to be handed over to posterity—does not tell us whether reading the Bible be a very great offence or only a small one; and we also are left in the dark as to the number and nature of the offences and their names which fill the gap between it and murder; that is probably a knowledge that will never be vouchsafed to us.

A great many people, like the illustrious Town Councillor, have maintained that an indulgence is leave to commit sin or sins, and a great many people also have been asked to prove that assertion. Hitherto we say, not with any special satisfaction—for we see none in it—the proof has been kept back. Dr. Green was very nearly being rewarded for his researches, for Mr. Collette offered to enlighten his ignorance, or, as Mr. Collette might naturally believe, his pretended ignorance, seeing that Dr. Green must have been by that time a prosperous trader in indulgences and absolutions.

Mr. Collette was very confident; he had by laborious study and immense learning discovered a very common book, in fact, a dictionary, nothing else but the "Prompta Bibliotheca" of Ferraris. It is, of course, a book kept very secret among us; for it has gone through many editions, and we believe has been twice reprinted within the last twenty years, notwithstanding its bulk. Mr. Collette's sagacity was too much for our secrecy, and he was also able to use the book, having apparently discovered that the key to its contents was a knowledge of the order in which the letters of the alphabet are arranged in Latin. Having got the book and mastered the principle on which it is methodized, Mr. Collette discovered the word "Indulgentia" in its proper place, and in large type; but he was well aware that the discovery was not an easy one, and so he told the world that the long-desired proof was to be found in a certain volume of the work in question, and on a certain page. That is the history of the great discovery.

Now for the fact. Mr. Collette quotes a passage from the Dictionary of Ferraris, and to his mind it is a conclusive proof that Indulgences are, or were, sold, and that Indulgences are also permissions to commit sin. He *is quite satisfied that he has* found us out. "I maintain," he said, "if I *hold a plenary indulgence,* that it operates for the past and present, with a

clean sheet to commence again; but if I hold a present indulgence of the above form, 'to be valid for all future times,' I need not get the license renewed, for it operates as a forgiveness of all future punishments for future sins to be hereafter committed." (Introd., p. viii.)

Nothing can be plainer than this. Mr. Collette explains the effect of the "form," and is quite satisfied with his conclusions. Indeed, he has no doubts whatever, for he gives the form, and what is more to the purpose—at least to his purpose—he translates it into English as follows: of course, it is the latter portion of a Papal Brief:—

"We mercifully grant in the Lord a plenary Indulgence and remission of all their sins, by these presents, to be valid for all future times, with a power of applying the same plenary Indulgence to the souls in purgatory." (Introd., p. vii.)

That is highly satisfactory for the living sinner, but we do not see the use of it for the souls in purgatory, seeing that they cannot sin. That has probably escaped the researches of Mr. Collette, so we leave it.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Collette was sincere, and that he believed all this, for he quoted his document in Latin. The translation was for the service of his friends, to whom the knowledge of the Latin tongue is a science beyond their reach. Here are the words in Latin:—

"Plenariam omnium peccatorum suorum Indulgentiam et remissionem misericorditer in Domino concedimus, præsentibus, perpetuis, futuris, temporibus valituris, cum facultate etiam eandem plenariam Indulgentiam applicandi animabus in purgatorio."

It is a great pity that this document was not accepted at once, and in the sense of Mr. Collette. Dr. Green thought otherwise; and he has in the most ruthless manner pointed out that the translation itself requires every possible indulgence, because it sins, as the saying is, against a rule of grammar which admits of no dispensation. It is true Mr. Collette might have revived an Oxford doctrine current there before the end of the thirteenth century, by which his translation might be supported; for the learned disputants in grammar there maintained that *ego currit* was perfectly good Latin when Kilwardby and Peckham were Archbishops of Canterbury. Dr. Green spoils the whole affair, and observes that Mr. Collette "has applied the term *valituris*—a participle in the ablative case—to the terms *indulgentiam et remissionem*,—substantives in the accusative,—an essential rule of grammar is against him." (p. x.) This is the mischief: grammar is against the discovery.

It does not appear that Mr. Collette has ever expressed an opinion on the interpretation which Dr. Green gives, and we are therefore unable to say whether he thinks it necessary to respect the rules of grammar in his exposition of Papal Letters.

But Dr. Green's book is not to be judged of by this discovery of Mr. Collette, and the further discovery of its worthlessness. The book is really a learned, calm, and clear discussion of the doctrine of Indulgences, written in a most *sober* style—exhibiting in every line the most *careful conscientiousness*. It is clearly a work done with great pains, and nobody

can read it without either learning something new, or having his learning already in possession made more his own by the singular minuteness with which the learned doctor has entered into his subject. He has exposed the blunders of Mr. Collette and men of that mint, that is true; but he has also done much more than that: for he has explained many points about which, ordinarily, men's knowledge is wont to be hazy. He has put forth most clearly, and yet most concisely, the doctrine of Indulgences, and explained it so that children might understand it. He has further taken pains to tell us what the Taxæ Cancellariæ, &c., really mean, so that even the most obstinate heretic is left without excuse, if he were to maintain that there is in Rome a tariff of sins. He has done a good service also by exposing the dishonest dealings of heretics with the book in question, which being nothing else but the table of fees to be paid for the parchments and the writing therein, was interpolated and altered for evil ends. It would be as true to say that the English judges sell justice, as it would be to say that the Pope does so; and nobody dreams of throwing dirt on the ermine, as men say. Well, the papers and writs necessary for a lawsuit in England have to be paid for, not to the lawyers only whom a client employs, but to the officers of the court also. But we pay more in England than they do in Rome, and there are in Rome many papers of great importance which can be had for nothing, for no payment whatever; and we have never heard that an English court of justice issues out any papers whatever without payment, unless it be blank forms, which in that state can be of no great service to anybody.

In one thing we are not able to agree with Dr. Green; he has not been just to Tetzel in our opinion.

"The principal delinquents, however, were the eleemosynary quæstors: and their offences were of various kinds. . . . . One of the most notorious of their number was a Dominican friar, named Tetzel." (p. 124.)

In another place (p. 127) he speaks of the "*puffs* of Tetzel." For our own part we disbelieve the stories told of Tetzel; they are on the face of them utterly incredible, and they come to us from a drunken friar and his friends. Of course if there be untainted testimony against him, let him be given him up to the censures he deserves; but if not, we should be inclined to believe, and we do believe, that he was a holy and learned friar, probably a man of great repute in his order, and most certainly of blameless life. Heretics and revolutionists do not usually attack bad men: they respect them and leave them alone, if it be dangerous to use them. It is against good men, against the servants of God, that they hurl their arrows. To us it seems certain that Tetzel would never have been spoken against as he has been if he had not been a much better man, more holy and more learned, than his adversaries, who were neither the one nor the other.

On this subject we beg our readers to read again what was written in this Review for July, 1867; or, what is more to the purpose, the work of *Dr. Gröne, on* what the observations then made were grounded.

Thoughts on some Passages of Holy Scripture, by a Layman. Translated from the French. Edited by JOHN EDWARD BOWDEN, Priest of the Oratory of S. Philip Neri. London: Burns & Oates. 1872.

THIS little book contains in the most unpretending form twenty-four reflections on various passages or events in the Old and New Testaments. They are not exactly either sermons, or meditations, or commentaries, but partake of the character of all three. The author's preface informs us that they are the private notes of a father of a family, never intended to be published. This accounts for the fact that he has followed no fixed order or system. We are glad that he was prevailed on to publish them. He has not aimed at anything very deep or very original, but he has expressed in a fresh and simple style the reflections of a devout and thoughtful Catholic reader of Holy Scripture.

His little book is a useful contribution towards a kind of spiritual reading much needed for devout people in the world, and we could have wished there were more of it.

Shall France perish? A Sermon delivered by His Lordship the BISHOP OF POITIERS, in the Cathedral Church of Tours, at the opening of the Solemn Triduum in honour of B. Jeanne Marie de Maillé, on Sunday, April 7, 1872. Translated from the French, with the permission of the Author, by a SECULAR PRIEST. Together with a Sketch of the Life of the Servant of God. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson & Son.

THE Holy See has few more vigorous supporters, the Church of France few more eloquent Bishops than Mgr. Pie. We trust therefore that this striking sermon of his will obtain both for the Holy See and for France many heartfelt prayers from English and Irish readers. The mediæval Saint whose *cultus* has recently been approved of by the Holy Father, gives the Bishop occasion in this sermon to contrast mediæval and modern times, and to point out that the great superiority of the former over the latter consists in this, that notwithstanding many undoubted evils, the Christian principle was then in a marked manner the principle of all, and on the foundation of this principle it was always possible for order when disturbed, to be re-established. In those days men kept their baptism; in other words, the principle of faith. We may add that the Bishop of Poitiers seems to us to form a far truer estimate of modern times than Père Gratry, in the work which we have already noticed. There are many eloquent passages in this sermon. Prefixed to it is a Sketch of the Life of B. J. M. de Maillé, whose name deserves to be held in reverence by all nations for the great services she rendered to the Church and the Holy See in the fourteenth century.

Those who are acquainted with the other publications of the "Secular Priest," will know how thoroughly they may trust the faithfulness of this translation, and at the same time how spirited and vernacular they will find its English.

Catholic Progress: The Journal of the Young Men's Catholic Association. London: Burns & Oates.

IN April we expressed a hope, that we might give in our present number a detailed account of the first six issues of this spirited Journal. In order to do this however, it would be necessary to consider its May and June articles on the higher education of English Catholics; for this is a subject, which no other can exceed in importance. But it seems to us, that under existing circumstances we cannot with propriety comment on those articles; and we reserve therefore further notice of the periodical to some future occasion.

The Damnatory Clauses of the Athanasian Creed rationally Explained in a Letter to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. By the Rev. MALCOLM MACCOLL, M.A., Rector of St. George, Botolph-lane, with St. Botolph-by-Billingsgate. Rivingtons: London, Oxford, and Cambridge.

MR. MACCOLL has contributed what seems on the whole a forcibly-argued and eloquently-written volume to the agitation now rising in the Church of England for the abolition of the Athanasian Creed, in the form of a letter to the Prime Minister. The subject is one with which we hope to deal at greater length in our next number; but meantime such of our readers as take an interest in the controversy, will doubtless acquaint themselves with Mr. MacColl's work, written as it is in defence of those diminishing Catholic verities which the Church of England still respects. A great part of the book was revised while in proof by Dr. Newman; and we observe in a note that Mr. MacColl also consulted Dr. Murray, of Maynooth, as to the exact authority attributed to the Athanasian Creed in the Church of Rome.

It is so rare to find such pains taken to be accurate in the representation of Roman Catholic doctrine by writers who are not Roman Catholics, that we cannot but be touched by the love of truth and the good feeling which it shows. There is one eminently amusing episode in the discussion, in which the writer deals with Mr. Ffoulkes's characteristically obtuse and grotesque supposition that the Athanasian Creed was a joint forgery of Charlemagne, Alcuin, and Paulinus. We elsewhere notice F. Jones's comment on this theory; and Mr. MacColl, with great wit and equal point, shows its ludicrous *absurdity. We have not* had time to master the volume as a whole; but we *hope to do it more ample* justice when we are able to consider the question *in general.*

The House of Yorke. By M. A. T. New York: The Catholic Publishing Society. London: Burns, Oates, & Co.

THIS is a work of fiction, into which are introduced the leading scenes in the persecution of a Jesuit Father and his people in the State of Maine, during the Know-Nothing Movement of 1854. We are told by the author in the Preface that every temptation to embellish the true story has been resisted, and that even striking incidents have been left out, because they chiefly concerned persons who prefer that God alone should know what they have suffered for the faith. We are also told that the roots of the Know-Nothing Movement have not been destroyed, and that they are even now preparing to start forth again in a more vigorous growth. That this may very well be the case we can easily believe from the description of American thought and feeling given in this interesting work; but if so, it will not be with the same result, for we are informed that American Catholics will not again submit to such a persecution. Of course, it would not be fair to criticize a work like the present according to the standard of ordinary fiction; but even as a work of fiction, we can safely say that the unity and the interest are well sustained throughout. The interest certainly never flags, while the descriptions of character are life-like and real. For ourselves, we can bear witness that the work now before us has enabled us to understand American society, and the relation in which the Church stands to it, better than any other work we remember to have read. The author has not only a thoroughly Catholic, but also a thoroughly artistic mind,—advantages not always to be found combined in American writers of fiction. At the same time, religion is never thrust forward awkwardly, nor are we treated to dissertations upon art. The author shows us how things really are in America, yet we feel all the while that the story is being told us by one who is endowed both with a religious and richly-cultivated mind. Here is a specimen of the author's artistic taste, combined with a love of nature:—

"He affected not to notice her emotion. 'All I have done in this house has been a labour of love and delight,' he said, and led her to a picture which bore the mark of his own exquisite brush, the only picture on the walls. 'This is to remember Carl by,' he said. 'It is painted partly from nature, partly from a description of the scene. It is a glimpse into what was called Kentucky Barrens.' An opening in a forest of luxuriant beech, ash, and oak-trees showed a level of rich green, profusely flower-sprinkled. The morning sky was of a pure blue, with thin flocks of white cloud, and everything was thickly laden with dew. The fringe of the picture glittered with light, but all the centre was overshadowed by a vast slanting canopy of messenger-pigeons, settling towards the earth. The sunlight on their glossy backs glanced off in brilliant azure reflections, looking as though a cataract of sapphires were flowing down the sky. Here and there a ray of sunshine broke through the screen of their countless wings, and lit up a flower or a bit of green. An oriole was *perched on a twig* in the foreground, and from the hanging-nest close by

his mate pushed a pretty head and throat. Startled by the soft thunder of that winged host, they gazed out at it from the safe covert of their leafy home."

Or again the following, where religious feeling enters in as well:—

"He looked out thoughtfully, and she sat looking at him. At length he said, with a faint smile, 'I wrote you last year of a visit I paid to the island and cave of Capri. That scene is like my past life. That cave was an enchanted place, so fair, so blue, so unreal. All ordinary critical sense deserted me as I gazed. I could easily have believed that the walls and ceilings were of jewels, and the watery floor some magical blue wine. As I sat in the boat and looked back, I saw a white star in the distance. Everything but that, and a long white ray from it was blue. I rowed toward that star, I looked at it as my goal, just as I made you my goal. But when I came near, I found it was no star. It was only the low entrance to the cave, or rather to me it was the passage to sunshine and the heavens. And that you have been to me, Edith,' he said, turning toward her. 'Thank God that your influence with me has always been for good, and that in leaving you, I progress rather than change. You inspired me, and kept me from what was low when I had no religion to help me. I can see it all now. The very excess and enthusiasm of my affection for you was necessary in order to govern me and keep me from harm. Besides, it is my nature to do with my might what my hands find to do. I was not then capable of resolving to do right for the sake of right; but when I was strong enough, then you drew aside, and left me face to face with God."

The description of the Know-Nothing Movement at Seaton, where Father Rasle is tarred and feathered, and where Edith crosses the river on the logs and boom in order to try and save him, is well written, and free from exaggeration; but it is too long for us to do more than allude to it. Not the least charm about the book is the quiet humour which pervades it; as, for example, in the chapter where the Hardshell Baptist and the Universalist Ministers break down in the coach; and while the former emerges from the mud, covered with a complete domino of clay and water, and with his ankle sprained, the latter, stepping out on a blanket and cushion, reaches the roadside in safety, and sets out in the neatest of boots to the town where they were both expected to preach. Through some mistake the Universalist is directed to the Baptist Chapel, and astonishes the Hardshells with a text from the Koran, and quotations from S. John of the Cross and Ecce Homo.

Or take the following lines:—

"Poor Sally Patten was not nearly so cruel as she appeared. In truth, she had never laid the weight of her hand upon her husband. *But then, he was always afraid she would.*" (p. 63.)

MALTA

THE

DUBLIN REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1872.

ART. I.—THE PRIESTHOOD IN IRISH POLITICS.

Judgment delivered by Mr. Justice Keogh, at the Court House, Galway, on Monday, 27th May, 1872. Printed by Order of the House of Commons.

Minutes of Evidence taken before Right Hon. Mr. Justice Keogh on the Trial of the Galway Election Petition, at the Court House, Galway. Printed by Order of the House of Commons.

IT is an obvious and recognized psychological fact, that opinions may be held "sincerely," which nevertheless are not held "honestly"; or, as a Catholic theologian would express it, that there may be real (not simulated) ignorance, which is nevertheless more or less gravely culpable. Such is the ignorance displayed by that large body of English Protestants, who gravely allege that the Galway election was carried by means of ecclesiastical terrorism. And we say this, because their opinion is directly in the teeth of certain facts, which are not only manifest on the very surface of Irish society, but which on every other occasion are admitted as a matter of course by these Protestants themselves. When Irish social phenomena are mentioned in any other connection than in reference to this Galway election,—the Englishman is fond of setting forth, how mutually opposed are the political views of landlord and tenant, and how readily Irish Catholics of the lower class accept every political doctrine set before them by their priests. Now at the Galway election, one candidate was pretty unanimously supported by the landlords, and the other by the priests; the former was specially identified with landlord interests, while the latter represented in quite an extreme and prominent degree the principle of tenant-right; lastly, the former was member of a family long known as bitterly and aggressively anti-Catholic, while the latter was a zealous adherent of the ancient Faith. Yet, according to our Englishman, the great body of Catholic voters, had they been but left to their *own inclinations* and convictions, were so bent on returning

the former candidate to Parliament, that they were only restrained from throwing themselves into his arms, by an ecclesiastical organization utterly unparalleled in energy and stringency. We say it is simply impossible he can hold this opinion "honestly," though he may hold it "sincerely;"* and it is a depressing thought to those who desire harmony between England and Ireland, that the English are constantly exhibiting this kind of reckless and voluntary blindness, in their government of the conquered nation.

For what purpose then did the priests set on foot that energetic organization, to which we have referred? The Evidence named at the head of our article at once answers this question. The Irish tenants have so long been at the mercy of their landlord, that an inveterate habit has almost inevitably grown up of voting in accordance with his behest. But on the present occasion landlord pressure was put forth in a degree quite unparalleled; seeing that Lord Clancarty and Lord Clanricarde composed for the moment their long-standing differences, and put forth an united effort to rescue the county from what they were pleased to call "priestly interference," or "priestly dictation." The priests then were obliged to make use of every religious weapon which was legitimately available, in order that Catholic voters might set at defiance the unworthy and unchristian motives brought to bear on them, and might faithfully and honestly exercise the trust committed to their charge.

We said in our last number, when we had had no opportunity of seeing the collected Evidence, that there were various priests concerned in the election, who may have made very serious practical mistakes: who may e. g. have used language of very indefensible violence; and who may otherwise have let themselves down from their position as priests of God, to the position of honest but intemperate political partisans. The Evidence certainly confirms and intensifies our impression, as regards some few individual cases; but on the other hand it shows clearly, that such cases were very much fewer than Protestants have generally supposed, and may really be counted on one's fingers. In regard to a much larger number of sacerdotal utterances, this should be remembered. The priests were so thoroughly conscious of being substantially in the right—of

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* The "Times" of August 13th said that on a future occasion "the priests and bishops will probably abstain from repeating the clumsy and *unnecessary* brutality, which caused Captain Nolan's election to be voided." Putting aside the "brutality" of such language, it is tantamount to a confession, that *Captain* Nolan was in real truth the free choice of the voters. Yet what *journal was louder than the* "Times" in its eulogy of the Keogh Judgment, and *its denunciations of priestly* intimidation?

having no occasion for more than a perfectly legitimate influence—that for that very reason they were often incautious as to the precise *form* which their exhortations assumed; while, for the opposite reason, the promises and threats of the landlords were intimated most warily and under a veil. Here is a prominent instance of what we mean by the priests' "incautious" language. The petitioners' counsel laid great stress on the fact, that on various occasions what this or that priest denounced, was not the electors 'voting *against their conscience*,' but their voting for *Trench*, or their failing to vote for *Nolan*. But in fact none of those whom he practically addressed dreamed of *doubting*, that their country's highest interests would be promoted by Nolan's election; and both he and they were perfectly aware of this circumstance. Protestants of every kind may well have been in favour of Trench; and so may Catholics (even excellent and zealous Catholics) of the higher class, through an opinion that Captain Nolan's views are inimical to the rights of property. Again, among the "frieze-coated" voters—as they are called throughout the Evidence—several no doubt were comparatively indifferent to the public welfare, and were favourable to Trench on one or other ground of personal advantage. But no Catholic of the tenant class desired Trench's election, on the ground of its being *a public benefit;* and the priests addressed themselves to the state of things which existed before their eyes. They assumed therefore as a matter of course, that those Catholics of the tenant class who thought of voting for Trench, were induced to such a course by preferring their landlords' favour or some other private interest to the public good. And though, even granting this, the language of a few individual priests was most indefensibly violent, a certain amount both of holy and of patriotic indignation was certainly in place. Take e.g. two epithets which specially excited the Judge's disgust, "recreant" and "renegade": we cannot think that, in the sense in which under circumstances they would necessarily be understood, they were one whit too strong for the occasion.*

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* We do not here consider the propriety of using such language from the *altar*, because we shall treat this question further on. But it may be better here, at the outset of our argument, to remind our readers of a circumstance, which Englishmen often either do not know or do not bear in mind. What may be called the *pulpit habits* of Irish Catholics differ toto cœlo from those whether of English Catholics or of English Protestants. The Irish priests in many parts of the country are in the habit of conversing (we might almost say of chatting) with their flock from the altar, on the details of religious and moral duty; and they mention by name, on such occasions, various familiar matters, which in England are only touched from the pulpit by means of allusion and circumlocution. We knew a very zealous Irish priest on a mission in London. *After early mass* he used to collect around him, in a corner, a knot of Irish, and

In what we have said, we have made two assumptions. We have assumed firstly, that the Catholic tenant class was practically unanimous, in regarding Nolan as on public grounds the preferable candidate; and we have assumed secondly, that the landlords appealed strongly to motives of gratitude or self-interest, in order to obtain their tenants' votes for Trench. No one acquainted with Ireland doubts either of these facts, but it will be worth while to cite some confirmation of them from the Evidence before us. And as to the first, it should be observed that Judge Keogh himself does not venture to characterize the Catholic voters as *reluctant* victims to intimidation, but amiably describes them as "the mindless, brainless, coward instruments in the hands of ecclesiastical despotism" (Judgment, p. 50). Lord Clonbrock, a Conservative landlord, is asked (p. 404, q. 13,893): "Did it not appear to your lordship that the whole people were in favour of Nolan?" and answered, "Clearly." Lord Clanricarde's land-agent said (p. 257, q. 8,732): "I think that all the better classes of society were one way, and *all the others were the other way.*" Mr. Gilmore, another of Captain Trench's witnesses, is still more explicit (p. 425).

Q. 14,752. Are you aware *of your own knowledge* that the feeling of the county was for Captain Nolan?—*All for Captain Nolan.*

Q. 14,753. Do you largely mingle with the people of the county?—I do, indeed.

Q. 14,754. Do you know that their sentiments were in favour of a repeal of the Union?—I do.

Q. 14,755. Home Rule in their sense?—They have it on their pipes, and if they take a drink they say "Here's to Home Rule!" All the pipes in Galway mostly have "Home Rule" on them.

Q. 14,756. Do you not know also that they were highly delighted with Mr. Gladstone when he pulled down the Protestant Church?—I know they were.

Q. 14,757. And when he gave them the Land Bill?—I know they liked it.

Q. 14,758. And they were grateful to him for that?—They are grateful

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address them as he used to do in the old country; to their great benefit and edification. But in the middle of the day, when he mounted the pulpit and was surrounded by English respectables, he was quite a different man; and was indeed as ineffective a preacher as we ever heard. As was natural under such circumstances, he even exaggerated the English idea of pulpit decorum. We remember one occasion on which he had to speak of the potato famine; but he felt that this was too vulgar a term for the pulpit. He referred therefore allusively to "that calamitous dispensation of Providence, which *has recently befallen the* inhabitants of a sister country in regard to their *principal article of sustenance.*"

to him for that; and *that is what gained the majority for Captain Nolan at the election.*

Nor did Captain Trench's counsel make so much as an attempt to shake any part of this evidence, by any re-examination. See again the Bishop of Clonfert's very distinct testimony (p. 505).

Q. 17,283. From your very long experience of this county, do you know whether the ideas of the voters of the county, the great majority of the tenant class, harmonize with those you entertain?—I am perfectly satisfied of that; I am perfectly convinced of it from knowledge; I know it.

Q. 17,284. You know it as a matter of fact?—I know it as a matter of fact and knowledge.

Q. 17,285. Does that extend to the great body, if not the whole body, of the frieze-coated voters?—Most decidedly.

Q. 17,286. And to the better class of farmers I apprehend also?—Well "farmer" is a very vague term. . . . . I believe, and I *know* even, that there is not a *Catholic* large farmer or grazier that I know of in the county, that does not think as I have spoken.

Testimonies of this kind might be multiplied indefinitely from the Evidence, and Captain Trench's own counsel hardly affected to deny the allegation. But there is still stronger proof of what we have said, in the language used throughout by bishops and priests. Thus, take the very document which was placed by Judge Keogh at the head of his indictment, and quoted by us in July (pp. 109, 110). "The clergymen of the four dioceses" are requested "to explain to the electors of the several parishes, that the Legislature, in conferring on them the franchise, had intended that it should be used by each elector for the public weal, *according to his conscience.*" So the Archbishop of Tuam (Evidence, p. 158), trusts that "the electors at the coming Galway election" may "in reality be *free and independent voters*, as the Constitution means." The Bishop of Clonfert said at Ballinasloe (Evidence, p. 504), that "the law of the land even *required* that no intimidation should be practised from any extrinsic source, whether lay or *spiritual.*" And such expressions are constantly recurring. Now, as every one must see, it is simply impossible that such language would have been used without exciting universal reclamation and disgust, had it not been a patent and undeniable fact known to all, that the mass of voters were really favourable to the priests' candidate. Their bitterest enemy does not deny that the priests heartily desired Nolan's success; but they could not hope to promote that success by these earnest *and reiterated* appeals to the independent conscience of the

electors, unless they knew thoroughly well that that independent conscience pronounced on the same side with their own.

Secondly we have said, that many a landlord pressed his tenants by motives of self-interest or (at least) of gratitude, either to vote against their conscience, or at least not to vote in conformity with its dictates. There is hardly, indeed, one considerable landlord in Galway, Protestant or Catholic, in whose case this fact is not established by the Evidence;* though (as we have already said) every possible veil is thrown over the nakedness of the transaction. We begin with Lord Westmeath. He wrote a letter for his sons to sign (p. 365); though as a matter of fact they failed to sign it, not at all because they disapproved it, but because of illness in the family (q. 12,914). That letter ran as follows, and we italicize a few words:—

Pallas: January, 1872.

The great number of tenants, with small holdings and without votes, living on this property, and the great amount of arrears due, prove that the landlord had always more regard for his tenants than for his own interest. We [Lord Westmeath's sons] are like yourselves tenants; and we *expect* that every man who has a vote will give it *with us* to Captain Trench at Loughrea or Portumna. He would, we think, be found one of the most useful and liberal members ever returned for this county. Sir T. Burke would not support him otherwise, who had been so long in Parliament, and who never gave a bad vote. On these grounds we ask you to vote for Captain Trench; and any man who will *try to avoid* doing so, *shall be deemed not to approve of, or value, the indulgence to tenants ever practised on this estate.* You have heard enough of Captain Nolan: we shall say nothing to you against him, as we think that low vulgar abuse is unworthy of gentlemen, and can never bring any aid to establish facts.

We do not think Judge Keogh himself would attempt otherwise to interpret this, than as conveying a menace, that those who even "*try* to avoid" voting for Trench, shall not hereafter participate in "the indulgence to tenants ever practised on this estate." Sir T. Burke also set forth a manifesto, which contains the following:—

I now express my hope and confidence, that none of my tenants will vote *against my will* for any candidate; and I feel certain they will not forget my conduct to them, when they required both forbearance and indulgence. I

* We are bound in justice to say, that we have not observed in the Evidence any testimony connecting Lord Dunsandle with this system of landlord oppression. At p. 490, q. 16,815, it is mentioned that "he sent a kind message saying he did not intend to inflict any punishment, or to be unkind, *to any man who had* voted for Captain Nolan." His tenants lighted a bonfire *in gratitude; showing by* that very fact, how rare was such conduct among *the landlords of the county.*

would wish all my tenants who have votes to give them to Captain Trench . . . . . Recollect, when the election is over, *you have no one to expect any favour from, but your landlord and his agent*" (p. 51, q. 1,667).

Lady Mary Burke supplies what we suppose may be taken as an authoritative exposition of Sir Thomas's view:—

If it is against any of your consciences to vote for Captain Trench, do not do it. I will not ask you to do it. But surely you can *stay at home*, and you need not join or give your approval of a party which has so grossly insulted your good landlord" (p. 59, q. 1,869).

Lord Clanricarde's words are thus reported by his land-agent:—

There is a theory abroad, that the tenants have nothing to do but pay their rents. That is not the feeling upon which I have gone for the last forty-five years; but, however, if that is the principle to be adopted for the future, *I think that I ought to get a fair and equitable rent for my land*" (p. 258, q. 8,760).

In other words, his lordship considers, that hitherto his rent has in part been *equivalently* paid, by his tenants voting conformably to his instructions; and that, in all equity, if this practice ceases, his rents should rise. And we wish our readers would study the whole cross-examination of his land-agent, from p. 263 to p. 268. Similar is the doctrine of Mr. W. J. Burke, a Catholic landlord (p. 153):—

Q. 5,431. What was the substance of [your conference with your tenantry]?—They declared that they would vote for Nolan. One of them said to me, "How would I prosper if I opposed the priests?" Another said I had no right to ask for anything but my rent. I had often heard it said from the altar, by Rev. Mr. Conway, that I had no right to ask for anything but my rent. I told them I knew I had no legal right to anything but my rent; but I had never looked at landlord and tenant as creditor and debtor until then.

Q. 5,432. Had you ever exercised any coercion towards them previously?—No; on the contrary, I told them they were at perfect liberty to *stay at home*.

Such is Mr. Burke's idea of what is meant by "coercion." The liberty of *neutrality* is the highest he can even *imagine* granted to a voter. On this the cross-examining counsel asks (p. 154):—

Q. 5,441. I suppose you have received your rent?—Yes, they pay me very punctually.

Q. 5,442. You do not think that you have any right legally to complain of the tenants having taken that position [that the landlord has no right to *more than his rent*]?—Certainly, none: but I have not been dealing with

them merely as regards rent; I have been doing them a thousand kindnesses, and *I might expect from them a favour.*

Another landlord, Mr. Power, uses the word "coercion" in the same very singular sense. He was informed by a priest (p. 33, q. 1,158) that his tenants "believe that if they voted for Captain Trench they would vote contrary to the dictates of their conscience." He replies (q. 1,162), "*I have no idea of using coercion with any man.* If they vote for Captain Trench, I will be very much obliged; but if not, *let them stay at home;* and *I hope you will tell them to stay at home.*" Pretty cool this. Again, "I use no *coercion,* but merely ask the votes for Captain Trench. If they refuse to vote, I hope and *expect* they will *remain at home.*" And the bondage of these tenants was not really even to their landlord, but (through him) to Lord Clanricarde. Mr. Power was bound by an old promise (q. 1,177) to vote always for the Clanricarde candidate. He is asked (q. 1,178), "And you conceive your tenants bound by it too?" a promise, be it observed, about which they had been no more consulted, than had the man in the moon. He replies, "I considered that in good feeling they would [consider themselves bound by it]; because I was *always kind to them.*" He gives Lord Clanricarde their votes, without even consulting them.

We pass to Archdeacon Butson. That Protestant dignitary thus curtly addresses his land-agent (p. 221, q. 7,787): "I wish the tenants at Caltra to support Captain Trench at the coming election by their votes. *Please let them know this.*" And the agent, in executing this commission (q. 7,808), "pointed out to them, when asking them to vote for Captain Trench, that *their cattle might die and things of that sort might happen,* and who would they have to look to but their humane [!] landlord?"

Mr. Barrett, another Protestant landlord, thus expresses his sovereign will and pleasure. "I am more determined than ever to vote for Captain Trench; and all the Ballintaber tenants, except one, promised me to do the same; *although they had promised Nolan before they knew my mind*" (p. 355, q. 12,548). Mr. Barrett does not share Judge Keogh's feelings apparently (see our last number, p. 111), on the sacredness of an election promise. His doctrine indeed is even more amazing than Judge Keogh's, though in the opposite extreme. The promise, it seems, of tenants to vote according to their conscience is null and void, if they afterwards find that their landlord's conscientious view differs from their own.

Lady Anne Daly, in a slightly different shape, has a similarly *exalted view on* Captain Daly's legitimate power over his tenants. *Captain Daly is a* Catholic; but she informs the priest that "it

would make Captain Daly look *like a fool,* if he remained in a chapel" after mass was over, "while *his* voters were desired to go in a way contrary to the way *in which he thought it right for them to go*" (p. 173, q. 6,046). He would appear to countenance, we suppose, the rebellion of his serfs.

It may be worth while to give two illustrations, as to the effect of this dictation in the way of politically demoralizing the tenants. Thus Thomas Killeen (p. 115, q. 4,083) is asked, "Your politics are your landlord?" and he replies, "Yes; the man that gives me a good living I wish to compliment him." John Forde, who voted for Trench, declared to Captain Cowan, a witness, "that he would as soon vote for the devil as for Captain Trench; but that he *would* vote for the devil, if his landlord asked him" (p. 490, q. 16,817). This same hero "got a very coveted piece of land from Lord Clanricarde: he was put in possession of it the day he went home after giving evidence" (q. 16,819). Who can be surprised that the priests feel keenly this moral degradation of their flock?

We really do not see how any fair-minded man, who reads the Evidence steadily through, can doubt what ought to have been the decision, on the three questions which had to be determined. It has been admitted by all the Irish members, that under circumstances Captain Nolan was rightly unseated. We are prevented from entering into details on this head, by the circumstance that certain Government prosecutions are imminent; and we will only therefore make the obvious comment, how provoking it is that the candidate, preferred by the immense majority of electors, should have lost his seat through the misconduct of a very few among his supporters. But it is no less plain to us that the second part of the Judge's decision was wrong, than that the first was right. The energetic and oppressive interference of the landlords (as the "Spectator" truly observed) is a fact simply undeniable; and Captain Trench was wholly ineligible therefore for the vacant seat. Lastly comes the Judgment pronounced by the Court of Common Pleas (opposed however by Chief Justice Monahan), to the effect, that Captain Nolan's disqualification was notorious to the electors; consequently, that those who voted for him may reasonably be considered to have voluntarily thrown away their suffrages; and that Captain Trench therefore was duly elected. This extraordinary judgment took by surprise some even of those English journals, which were most violently opposed to Captain Nolan and the priests.

But another question is suggested by the whole history, *indefinitely larger* and more momentous than the merits of one

particular election; viz. the legitimacy and reasonable limits of priestly interference in Irish politics. To this question we now proceed. We will consider in the first place, what light is thrown on it by the doctrine and discipline of the Catholic Church; and in the second place, how it is affected by acknowledged principles of the British Constitution. Or to express otherwise what is substantially the same distinction—we will consider on one hand how far the Catholic priest may legitimately interfere, *as* a Catholic priest; and on the other hand how far he may legitimately interfere, as a citizen of the British Empire. The chief part of our discussion will however be occupied, not with the latter, but with the former consideration. And as regards the political duty of Catholic priests, we commence with an introductory remark.

If we look back some fifteen or twenty years, we shall find it (in these islands at least) an admitted article of the liberal creed, that a "hard-and-fast line" can be drawn, between religion on one hand and politics on the other; that churches are exclusively concerned with the former, and states exclusively with the latter; and that this simple consideration solves the whole problem of civil tolerance. Even a section of Catholics were in some degree imbued with this strange idea, whether hidden under the formula of a "free church in a free state," or in some other shape; though their more orthodox co-religionists loudly proclaimed, that it is opposed to the Church's clearest and most emphatic teaching. *Now* all this is so simply a thing of the past, that one has difficulty in persuading oneself that one so clearly remembers it to have been in vogue. In the recent German debates, some member of the Legislature declared that "a free church in a free state" is one of the shallowest political phrases ever invented. And certainly, in these islands, there is no *Catholic* writer to whom we could more satisfactorily refer, as at once contemptuously denouncing and triumphantly refuting this fundamental dogma of old-world liberalism,—than that liberal and bitterly anti-Catholic journal, the "Pall Mall Gazette." Indeed those questions at the present day which most anxiously and persistently exercise the thought of politicians —those which bear most intimately on the whole future course of social events—are (to speak generally and on the whole) precisely those, which are most indissolubly bound up with religious doctrine: questions concerning education, or (still more widely) concerning the type of character most beneficial to society; questions concerning marriage and its kindred themes; questions concerning the sacredness of property; questions concerning the legitimate limits of government interference with personal

action and personal thought; questions concerning the obedience due to civil rulers.

Now on all these questions there is a large number of definite doctrines, which are undeniably proposed by the Church,* or at least follow necessarily and immediately from Catholic dogma; and which are therefore firmly held by all loyal Catholics. It is of unspeakable moment to the highest interest of a nation, that these doctrines should be as influentially and widely held as possible; and the Church's priesthood is of course that particular order, to whose custody, to whose protecting and cherishing care, God has intrusted them. It is emphatically among the very highest and most indispensable duties of a Catholic priest, so to instruct and organize his flock, that these sacred doctrines may be the more heartily and intelligently embraced by Catholics, and the more effectively impressed by them on the world's acceptance and course of action. Or to express the same thing otherwise,—it will happen again and again in various parts of the world, that Catholic priests would be faithless to a most indispensable duty, if they did not constitute themselves centres of what may invidiously be called vigorous and sustained political action.

In Great Britain indeed Catholics are so politically weak, that this part of a priest's work is to some extent in abeyance: whereas in Ireland, for the opposite reason, if they did not diligently exercise it, they would be traitors to their God, their Faith, and their country. Take e. g. the vital question now so prominent in the mind of Catholics—denominational education. The whole future course of events depends, it is probable, for good or for evil, more on the practical reply which may be given

* The number is not so small of doctrines on these matters, which the Church actually *im*poses on all her children. We have contended however again and again, that the Church's *mind* may be abundantly evident to every sincere inquirer, in favour of many truths, which she has not thought fit to make actually *obligatory* on her children's assent; as was the case e. g. even with Papal infallibility, before the Vatican Council. Father Newman lays down perspicuously a very broad principle. "In matters of conduct," he says, "of ritual, of discipline, of politics, of social life, in the *ten thousand* questions which the Church *has not formally answered*, even though she has *intimated her judgment*, there is a constant rising of the human mind against *the authority of the Church and of superiors*; and that, in proportion as each individual is removed from perfection." ("Anglican Difficulties," p. 248.) According to F. Newman then, there are "ten thousand questions" on which the Church has "intimated her judgment," without imposing it; ecclesiastical "superiors" are rightly employed in pressing such judgment on the acceptance of the faithful; and these in their turn do not hesitate to accept it, except in proportion as they are "removed from" spiritual "perfection." A weighty pregnant *sentence* indeed!

to this question, than on all other practical issues put together. The Church teaches a very definite doctrine on the subject; and the Irish Episcopate has put forth in detail an authoritative exposition of that doctrine, in its bearing on the existing circumstances of their country. Excepting only then his direct labours for the sanctification and salvation of souls, the Irish priest has no more primary duty, than that of co-operating here with his bishops. It is his business to set clearly before his flock the vital importance of giving every Catholic youth an education, which shall be exclusively Catholic; to enforce on them the sacred duty of using their whole political power for the attainment of this end; to inspire them with horror at the very notion of allowing undue influence—such as that of their landlord—to interfere ever so slightly with this paramount obligation.

In fact we see nothing objectionable in *principle*—though it is difficult to imagine circumstances under which such a course would be *expedient*—if the supreme ecclesiastical authority solemnly pronounced ecclesiastical censures or penalties, on those recreant and disloyal Catholics, who should sacrifice to mere private ends the interests of their God, their Faith, and their country. But on the other hand it is utterly intolerable, that individual priests *on their own authority* should attempt anything of this kind; and any bishop would fail signally of his duty, who, on hearing credibly of such an attempt, should not peremptorily put it down.

So much on denominational education; but the same remark applies to all those other questions, on which the Catholic Church has a definite doctrine. Suppose e.g. Ireland were threatened with a divorce bill, such as now afflicts England: a sacerdotal crusade would be of obligation, similar to that which now proceeds for denominational education. The Fenians again (to take quite a different instance) make it their fundamental principle, that peoples have an inalienable right of rising against their rulers, whenever they may choose to do so. This is directly contrary to the Church's teaching; and no priest, whose flock is in danger of imbibing such poison, would truly preach the Gospel, unless he denounced and exposed so anti-christian an error.

Now undoubtedly this particular portion of a priest's professional duties—the portion which brings him across the field of politics—has special dangers of its own; and he may possibly make serious mistakes in his way of performing it. But then if this were accounted an excuse for neglecting the duty itself, all morality would be subverted. Moreover it so *happens, that the Irish* bishops have synodically laid down certain *singularly well-balanced* and complete rules on the subject,

which were brought before Judge Keogh by the Bishop of Clonfert, and which will be found in the Evidence (pp. 575, 6). We cannot do better than here translate them.

But lest contentions, strifes, or other scandals should arise from the imprudence of any priest, we strictly forbid that any parish priest, or other priest, presume to declare any one by name as excommunicate, unless he have first obtained permission in writing from his bishop to make such declaration.

We forbid also that any priest, for any reason whatever, inveigh by name against any one from the altar, or publicly denounce any one.

We recall to the memory of all priests of this country the obligation, whereby they are bound, of explaining on feast days to the faithful people the mysteries of the Faith, the Sacraments, the commandments of God, and other things appertaining to religion. And since there is peril lest these be neglected if different [aliena] and profane matters be treated of in the churches, we strictly forbid that either amidst the solemnities of the Mass (which would plainly be unbecoming) or even in the church at all, things merely secular should be treated of,—such as political elections, or other matters of the same kind—which may easily promote dissensions between pastor and flock, and cause great excitement of spirit. Which command however is not so to be interpreted, as though priests were not to speak concerning the non-reception of bribes, the avoiding of perjury, the rights of the Church, charity and care towards the poor. But if any priest, secular or regular, treat on matters of the former kind,* or if (in contempt of the Thurles Synod) any one be inveighed against by name in the churches, let such a priest be visited with the punishment of suspension, or some other, at the discretion of his Ordinary. We exhort moreover, that priests do not carry on contentions and strifes with each other on political matters at public meetings, and still less in the public journals; lest sacerdotal dignity receive some detriment, lest charity be violated which is the Church's strength, and lest priests be mixed up with others in quarrels and contentions. But in enacting this, we consider nevertheless that the good of religion and the liberty of the Church require that, whenever there is question of electing guardians of the poor and members of Parliament,—from whose mode of action the faith and security of the Catholic poor and the Church's rights and liberty can suffer detriment—priests ought to be solicitous that these offices be conferred on worthy men, and on men not inimical to the Catholic religion. Nevertheless we consider that all such matters should be treated of outside the churches, without tumult, without violation of charity, with the due subjection of each priest to his own bishop (lest mutual dissensions should arise among the clergy), and with that moderation which entirely befits the clerical order: every one being permitted to think freely for himself on things doubtful.

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* "Hujusmodi rebus."—The construction here requires a little attention. The clause immediately preceding (which we have printed as a separate sentence) is *treated* as parenthetical; and this "hujusmodi" refers back to *the earlier part of the* sentence, in which the same word occurs.

These rules sufficiently set forth the course which a priest should pursue. It is an integral and indispensable part of his pastoral duty, that within his church itself he shall lay down e.g. the Church's doctrine on denominational education; that he shall enforce on his flock their obligation of labouring to carry that doctrine into practical effect, and of resisting whatever adverse worldly solicitations may be brought to bear on them. But when it comes to a *practical application* of these lessons,—his duty indeed is no less indispensable, but his *church* is no longer the proper *scene* for its *performance*. He should be "solicitous" e.g. that certain persons be elected members of Parliament, who will support denominational education, and otherwise defend the Church's rights. Moreover, in all probability he would fail grievously of his duty, if he did not actively canvass for such persons, and earnestly caution his people against those landlords (mentioning them by name) who are putting forth an undue and corrupt influence, against the Church and against the conscience of Catholics. But all this should be done "outside the churches; without tumult; without the violation of charity; and with that moderation which entirely befits the clerical order."

We have been speaking of what may be called "sacred" questions; viz. those on which all good and loyal Catholics are necessarily of one mind. But there is another class to be carefully distinguished from these, and which may be called "purely political" questions: such e.g. as home rule and tenant-right. In calling these "purely political," we are as far as possible from meaning that they are not intimately bound up one way or other with the people's religious interests; we only mean, that the most devoted Catholics may widely differ from each other as to their true solution. The Bishop of Clonfert, for instance (p. 504, 5), bases his support of tenant-right, and of Captain Nolan in *reference* to tenant-right, exclusively on religious considerations.

Q. 17,276 . . . . I think that [Captain Nolan] laid down in the Portacarron award an example of restitution, the only adequate reparation for capricious eviction. Capricious eviction, in my mind, for thirty years has been the gravest evil in Ireland; . . . and I have considered for thirty years . . . that agrarian crime and capricious eviction are synonymous terms, and that while the one is allowed to exist, it would be impossible for religion to resist the effects of the other.

Q. 17,277. As *a minister of religion* you thought that the great object would be to stem the tide of a capricious eviction, in order that no crime might be committed? . . . In order that it might not furnish an incentive to the evicted *to crime*.

It was precisely then as "a minister of religion," that the

Bishop of Clonfert so warmly approves one particular exhibition of the principle of tenant-right. But then some other "minister of religion,"—an equally orthodox and equally devoted Catholic,—might indefinitely differ from him in this; and we call the question therefore "purely political," and not "sacred." Here then arises a second inquiry, entirely distinct from that which we have already instituted: we are to inquire how far, on these "purely political" questions—these questions which are thoroughly *open* among Catholics—a Catholic priest can legitimately become an active partisan.

Before entering on it however, we must make a preliminary statement, which is of vital importance, and to which we would beg our reader's most careful attention. It is no "purely political" doctrine at all, but emphatically a "sacred" one, that (whether the point at issue be tenant-right or any other) it is the duty of electors to vote according to their own genuine conviction,* and by no means according to that of their landlords as such. This elementary truth was forcibly expressed by the Rev. Mr. Macdonogh, in a passage quoted for *reprobation* by Judge Keogh, when that priest "said the landlords had no more right to the votes of their tenants than to their souls." There is literally no more reason why tenants should vote for their landlord's candidate as such, than for their apothecary's or their baker's. Doubtless the landlord may most legitimately place before his tenants his political views with their reasons; but so may the apothecary before his patients, and the baker before his customers. Doubtless, again, it may happen, that some voters may have predominant confidence in the judgment of the particular person who is their landlord: but then others may have similar confidence in the judgment of the particular person, who is their apothecary or their baker. Still in all three cases the ultimate decision, as to an elector's vote, rests with the elector himself; and he betrays the trust which God has placed in his hands, if he exercises it otherwise than according to his own sincere conviction, of what will promote his country's highest interests.†

* We drew attention in July (pp. 106, 109) to the obvious fact, that an elector's genuine conviction is that which he sincerely and honestly entertains, after consulting those in whose judgment he reposes confidence; not the opinion which perhaps he *would* have entertained, if he had had no guide to consult.

† In July (pp. 104–106) we expressed an opinion, that the relations of landlord and tenant are extremely different in Great Britain and Ireland respectively; and we also disclaimed all admiration of the democratical character of the existing Constitution. We shall not here return to these matters: we only mention them, lest any one who did not read our former article should *misapprehend the drift* of our remarks in the text.

Suppose the whole body of frieze-coated Catholics in some constituency are firmly convinced, that a certain given measure (say of tenant-right) is most important for their country's religious and temporal well-being; while there is every hope that by uniting they can in due time carry it. Suppose at the same time a certain number of them, through motives of self-interest, keep themselves aloof from the common movement, or even actually oppose it. It follows from the first principles of religion and morality, that these persons deserve severe moral reprobation. This is no "merely political," it is a "sacred" doctrine. The practical application of this doctrine no doubt, as we have already said,—the protesting against individual landlords by name, the exposure of any specially base influences which may be attempted, the reprehension of individuals who have either put forth such influences or on the other hand have yielded to them—all this should take place "outside the churches; without tumult; without violation of charity; with that moderation which entirely befits the clerical order." But none the less for this, the whole of this vigorous action is included within the scope of a parish priest's duties; though his chapel is not the fit scene for its performance.

But more than this may be said. If landlords were permitted without vehement protest to exercise undue influence in "purely political" questions,—it would be impossible to make a successful stand against them, when they put forth such influence on "sacred" questions also; when they put pressure on their tenants, even in such matters as denominational education or some possible divorce bill. Landlord pressure in Ireland is the one chief obstacle, which prevents Irish Catholics from having their due and proportional weight in the political scale. This pressure moreover is now far more open to successful assault, than at any previous time: because (1) Mr. Gladstone's noble land measure has so greatly impeded capricious evictions; and because (2) secret voting is now the law of the land. The priesthood would be false to themselves and to the Church, if they did not use the opportunity which now presents itself, of making a systematic effort radically to extirpate this deadly upas-tree, which has so long poisoned Catholic political action. And we are by no means sure, that this Galway Judgment may not be the best thing which could possibly have happened; because of the indignation thereby excited against that inveterate tyranny and oppression, which the Judge has not merely absolved but rather canonized. Upwards of £14,000 have been collected for the payment of *Captain Nolan's* expenses: and considering that comparatively *few of the subscribers* can belong to the wealthier class, this

sum represents a really vast amount of national protest and indignation.

Indeed, if Judge Keogh's views were to prevail,—if the tenant were expected as a matter of course to vote for his landlord's candidate under pain of being treated as an ungrateful rebel,—it would be not only a simpler, but in every respect a preferable process, to disfranchise altogether the tenants themselves, and give each landlord as many votes as he has farms on his estate. In this way those political results would be obtained, which the Judge accounts so desirable; while they would be secured, without the tenants' demoralization and (often) mental anguish being made their necessary means. Moreover, such a course would be far more straightforward; because there would then be no attempt to delude Englishmen into the notion, that an Irish tenant is a free voter. Such is the view expressed by the Archbishop of Tuam, in his admirable letter of July 26th, 1871.

> GENTLEMEN,—On the meeting, to be held in Athonry to-morrow, the attention of Ireland will be anxiously fixed; since on its proceedings will in a great measure depend, whether the electors at the coming Galway election will in reality be free and independent voters, as the Constitution means, or only so in name, holding the franchise in exclusive trust for their enemies, and ready to relapse into a state of servitude worse than that of the West Indian slave, from which it cost the people so many years of heroic struggle, to emancipate themselves and the entire tenant class of Ireland.
>
> True, the negro was not amused or insulted with the show of freedom which he was well aware he did not enjoy; whilst *the Irish slave, wearing his mask of freedom, was worried to give his vote, for the purpose of prolonging his servitude and riveting more stringently his chains.* I hope, then, that those who meet to-morrow in Athonry will enter fully into the great issue in their hands, and that by the fixed and uncompromising firmness of their resolve to assert their rights, as well as by the dignified inoffensiveness of their tone, they will persuade the old enemies of the rights and prosperity of the people, to retire in time and good humour from a contest, in which they can gain nothing by persisting but humiliation and discomfiture.—(Evidence, p. 158.)

We now come to "purely political" questions, in the sense we have given to that term; and we will take, as our obvious illustration, some given measure of tenant-right. Now plainly, just as Mr. Cobden was satisfied that corn-law repeal—just as Lord Grey was satisfied that West Indian slavery abolition—was a highly beneficial course;—just in the same way some Irish priest may be thoroughly satisfied, that this tenant-right measure would be highly beneficial. Certainly its beneficialness is not a necessary and indubitable consequence of Catholic dogma, any more than in the parallel cases of Mr. Cobden and Lord Grey; but he may be nevertheless as thoroughly satisfied of the

truth of *his* opinion, as they were of the truth of theirs. Further, he finds this opinion universal, among the priests and among the frieze-coated Catholics of his county. He is confident moreover, that his cause—which (he is thoroughly satisfied) is most importantly the cause of religion and morality—will gradually triumph, if its upholders are but duly *organized* in its support. It is an unfortunate circumstance—so much we readily admit,—it is an unfortunate circumstance, that there is no class *capable* of organizing these upholders except the priests. *Either* the priests must undertake the work,—*or* it will be left undone, to the grievous detriment of religion, morality, and happiness. And this being so, what reason can be given, why the individual priest whom we are considering should not bear his part in the work of organization? Or rather (for this is the true way of putting it), what excuse could he give for *not* taking his part? He has it in his power to confer a highly important service on his country's religion, morality, and happiness: what reason could he plead, for holding back in so pious an enterprise?

One reason of real force there undoubtedly is: viz., that it is a "purely political" question; in other words, there may be excellent and devoted Catholics among his congregation—for instance, of the landlord class—who take a fundamentally different view from him on the measure which he promotes. There is real danger, lest his influence, and so the influence of religion, over these persons be seriously diminished; and moreover lest they be most unfairly regarded by other members of the flock as disloyal Catholics. For this reason (as we have already admitted) it is a matter for regret, that there is in Ireland no other class except the priests, who are able to give the people this political organization. However, there *is* no such class; and there remains, therefore, only a choice of evils. But then (as we shall immediately explain) those evils which we have just pointed out are capable of indefinite mitigation; and even otherwise, they cannot be compared in magnitude with the calamity which must result, if the gravest religious and temporal interests of the vast Catholic tenant class were uncared for. Moreover it should be observed, that the very objection alleged tells rather on the opposite side; because, for every single Catholic whose affection might be alienated by a priest taking up these questions, there are *ten thousand* whose affection would be alienated by his taking a *different* course.

Those synodical decrees, which we have already quoted at length, afford the best possible guide for lessening such evils, as might result from the priesthood taking part in matters "purely *political.*" Whatever argument e.g. may be put forth by *them for any measure* of tenant-right, should be put forth "out-

side the churches; without tumult; without violation of charity; with that moderation which entirely befits the clerical order;" and finally,—which is especially to be remembered in things of this kind—"full power being left to every one to think for himself in doubtful matters." It should be explained repeatedly and impressed on the flock by a priest's whole demeanour, that those who think differently may be as excellent Catholics as any others; and that such differences constitute no justification for the smallest degree of personal reprehension or disapproval. We are supposing, of course, that those Catholics of higher status make no claim to any one's votes except their own, and attempt no particle of undue influence; because if there be anything of *this* kind, reprehension and remonstrance is the priest's bounden duty.

We have spoken of politically "organizing" Irish Catholics; and it is very important for our purpose, that our readers should rightly understand what we mean by this expression. We cannot do better as an illustration of this, than refer to the English free-trade "organization" of some twenty years ago. The backbone of that whole movement was a widely-extending and rapidly increasing conviction, that the corn-law gave landlords a most unfair advantage over other portions of the community. Had this conviction not largely existed, Mr. Cobden and his fellow-labourers would have had no position, no support to rest on. Yet on the other hand, a mere unargumentative and inarticulate conviction is incapable of political action and combination. It was the work then of Mr. Cobden and his friends, to "organize" the free-trade movement. In other words it was their work, (1) to formulate and state definitely the doctrine itself for which they contended; (2) to elaborate its argumentative grounds, and place them before the country clearly and persuasively; (3) so to guide and direct their followers' practical action, at parliamentary elections, public meetings, and the like, as might produce the most powerful political result. There was throughout the closest mutual interdependence between leaders and followers. Without the former, the latter would have been powerless in giving effect to their deepest and most rooted convictions. On the other hand the power of the leaders absolutely depended on the confident persuasion of their followers, that their leaders were pursuing those very ends on which they themselves were bent. Let this persuasion once have given way among the rank-and-file, and Mr. Cobden's power would have crumbled away in his grasp.

Now precisely such as this is the relation between Irish priests and *the mass of* Irish Catholics, on such questions as those re*lating to tenant-right*. To suppose that on such matters the

priests exercise dictatorial power over the conviction of their flocks, is the ignorance of those who have not so much as troubled themselves to inquire. The priests depend on the people, as truly as the people depend on the priests. Does any one in his senses suppose, that if there had been no priests in all Ireland, the people would acquiesce one bit the more in such a land law as existed five years ago? What the priests do, is not to impose on their flocks any "purely political" conviction whatever; but to *organize* and *give effect to* a conviction, which exists quite independently of themselves. This fact—the mutual interdependence on such matters of priest and flock—is constantly cropping up in the Evidence. For instance, the Bishop of Galway says:—

> [The clergy] were all of opinion, and it is an opinion in which I coincide, and of which I am perfectly confident of the truth, that any attempt on the part of the priests to sustain Captain Trench would alienate the affections of the people; and I am aware that cases have occurred since, in which priests, supposed to have been apathetic, have incurred the displeasure of their congregations . . .
>
> The people were determined that even if the priests asked them they would not vote for Captain Trench (p. 480, q. 16,605, 6).
>
> The Rev. Francis Arthur . . . stated to me that some of his people were so indignant with him at a certain period for his supposed indifference, that they went to some of the neighbouring chapels rather than go to his chapel (p. 483, q. 16,658).

On the other hand, whenever the people feel that there is a thorough sympathy between the priests and themselves on political *ends*, they have every possible reason for trusting their leadership as to choice of *means*. Their trust does not at all arise (as Protestants are so fond of supposing) from some exaggerated and superstitious notion of sacerdotal power, but from considerations of the simplest common sense. F. Burke for one admirably expresses these considerations:—

> The priests of the Catholic Church . . . are men of learning; men as a body of singleness of purpose; men who have no end in view but the spiritual gain of the masses in the first place, and their social and political amelioration in the second; men who yearn to see the people educated, and to behold them . . . happy in the shade of their own homes, and enjoying the produce of their own farms; men who are identified with the people in social, national, and religious hopes (p. 200, q. 7,086).

In like manner the Archbishop of Tuam:—

> Our influence, whatever it is, is derived from our spiritual position, and the confidence the people have in us. We are their instructors; they take *our advice;** for they have found our advice to be very disinterested, and

* *Misprinted*: "We take their advice."

not for our own selfish purposes to get a position here or there, or to get situations for our friends ; and if we have influence in that way, and if we enjoy the confidence of the people, at least I speak for myself, it is, I think, from that source that we derive our influence. In my long political (as you call it) anxiety, you will be very much surprised that never so much as the situation of a man enjoying £200 a year did I ever solicit, from the Government, or from members of Parliament, or from candidate* (p. 478, q. 16,560).

Our readers will now have sufficiently apprehended the analogy which we intended to express, between the anti-corn-law and the tenant-right agitations respectively. As to the talk about "priestly dictation" in this Galway election,—Judge Keogh might as truly have said, that *Mr. Cobden and his friends* exercised a dictatorial power; that the great body of *free-traders* were "the mindless, brainless, coward instruments in the hands of" Cobdenian "despotism."

We have been speaking of "purely political" questions,—such as those concerning tenant-right,—on which, nevertheless, there is practical unanimity among the Irish priesthood. But there are others—such as home-rule—on which such unanimity by no means exists. Even in these however, the synodical decrees permit to priests liberty of political action, under due restraint. Priests must not, however, discuss such things contentiously with each other at public meetings or in the public journals; they must fully recognize each one's liberty of thought in these doubtful matters; and they must fully submit themselves each to his bishop. And we find from the Evidence, as is indeed otherwise well known, that a very reasonable practice prevails.

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* This remark refers to one great plague-spot in Irish politics, the deplorable degree in which public men pursue mere self-interest and self-advancement. Mr. Martin, M.P., has written a letter on this subject, which we have not happened to see, but which is noticed in the "Pall Mall Gazette," of August 20th. These are Mr. Martin's words :—"'It is now the established principle of the British government,' wrote Grattan to Burke, as long ago as 1795, 'that Ireland and Irish jobs are sacred.' The eighty years which have since passed, have only served to invest them with additional sanctity." "The system," adds the "Pall Mall Gazette," "is neither more nor less than that of bribing the Irish nation ; of making it worth the while of Ireland to put up with a connection, which by assumption she dislikes." In replying to Mr. Martin, the "Pall Mall" writer falls into a singular "ignoratio elenchi." It is "unquestionable," he says, "that there really is a body of sound opinion among the educated classes of Ireland, favourable to the continuance of the present terms of union between the two countries." Whether or no this proposition be *true*, most certainly it is not *unquestionable* ; for it is the very proposition which Mr. Martin denies. He argues, that impartial public opinion in Ireland must be very predominantly adverse to the existing terms of union ; because Englishmen, in their desire to preserve those terms, find it *necessary so largely to bribe* public opinion.

Where in some given place a large preponderance of the priests are on one particular side,—those who think *otherwise* are expected to abstain from *agitating* in the opposite direction; in order to avoid the disedification which would ensue, from a mutual conflict of priests.

These—as we understand the matter—are the general rules which should govern the political action of Irish priests; regard being had, whether to Catholic doctrine and discipline in general, or to special Irish ecclesiastical enactments in particular. It would almost fill a volume, to recount one by one the case of each particular priest whom Judge Keogh has assailed, and to consider how far his actions are defensible. And at all events (as we have already said) this could not be done with propriety at the present moment, when the Government prosecutions are impending. But in truth no advantage would be gained by doing it at all; because those who may have accepted our general statements of principle, will find no difficulty whatever in appreciating individual facts. On this head then we shall content ourselves with replying to one particular objection, which has been urged against the Galway priesthood. And even this we are led to mention, not from any strength we can see in the objection itself, but because it was urged in a journal which every Catholic, and especially every Irish Catholic, must ever regard with deep respect and gratitude: we refer to "The Spectator." That journal argued, that the question at issue in the Galway election was purely political; and that the priests therefore went beyond the bounds of their legitimate influence, in pressing their flocks to vote for Nolan.

Now we admit at once the justice of one criticism, which was made by the "Spectator" on our article of July. When we wrote that article, we had not (as we expressly mentioned) had an opportunity of reading the collected Evidence, and we relied exclusively for our facts on the "Judgment." We were accordingly led astray by one or two expressions of the Judge, and fancied that the particular issue of denominational education occupied a far more prominent part in the election than it really did.

Nevertheless we are as far as ever from assenting to the "Spectator's" censure of the Galway priests; and the arguments we have already adduced, will sufficiently show the grounds of our divergence. We reply then firstly, that even had the point at issue been exclusively connected with tenant-right, the priesthood (for the reasons we have given in the preceding pages) would have been thoroughly justified in taking *the part* they did; or rather would have failed in their duty *had they acted otherwise*. Secondly however, at all events

from the date of the landlord meeting at Loughrea, an incomparably more important issue was raised most urgently: for the very upshot of that meeting was combined resistance to all priestly political action, to all priestly intervention between landlord and tenant. From that moment then at all events, opposition to Trench was no "purely political" but a "sacred" duty. But thirdly, from the very first it was manifest to those of keener observation, that in truth the real point at issue was undue landlord influence. It is simply preposterous to suppose, that Captain Trench's own supporters can have really believed a son of Lord Clancarty to be an acceptable candidate as regarded the great body of electors; and they must necessarily have rested their whole hope of success on that most demoralizing of Irish habits, landlord pressure. Captain Nolan is asked (p. 736, q. 25,213): before the Loughrea meeting, "did you think the landlords were going against you?" And he replies, "Yes, I was quite sure of it at the assizes . . . that the active stirring men of the county, who are a good deal about and talk and settle things amongst themselves, were against me." The Bishop of Clonfert on the other hand colours much more vividly the change which came over things after the Loughrea meeting.

> When the general assembly at Loughrea endorsed the language attributed to Sir T. Burke, no doubt the matter *assumed a new aspect altogether:* because then it was considered—as I did and do still consider it—a most religious question then; namely a question whether the priests shall have anything to say to their people or not. The question then was not priests or landlords, but priests or no priests. I consider it an eminently religious question (p. 481, q. 16,615).

However there is really no necessity whatever, in order to our purpose, for considering the particular circumstances of this last Galway election. The important point is not whether this or that particular priest or body of priests may have made a mistake on one particular occasion; but only what is that general action of the Irish Church in the political field, which is considered by her supreme authorities to be in conformity with the doctrines, discipline, and spirit of the Church Catholic. In the preceding pages we have set forth this, however imperfectly, to the best of our knowledge and power; and we fearlessly challenge the inquiry, whether, in regard to this general action, there is the smallest *excuse* for such a charge, as that priestly influence is made the means for advancing ambitious or otherwise worldly ends. On the contrary, its direct tendency is elevation of the people in the religious, moral, and social scale; while it *is the direct tendency* of landlord pressure, that those on whom

it is exercised decline in self-respect, in public spirit, and in religious principle.*

We are next to consider—which will occupy however far shorter space — the legal and constitutional bearings of this matter. Is there any pretext for saying, that such sacerdotal interference in elections as we have been defending, comes under the legal category of undue influence and intimidation? Of course if a priest should threaten an elector with any temporal infliction (popular persecution or the like) as likely to follow from his vote—*this* would be condemned by the law; but then it would also be condemned by the Church. Again, so far as anything which a priest may say, by exciting tumult and disturbance, places physical obstacles in the way of electors securely exercising their franchise, such language (if agency were proved) would void an election; but it would *also* expose the said priest to *ecclesiastical* disapproval. Then further, much might be said by a lawyer for the opinion, that any infliction or menace of *ecclesiastical censures* on those who vote in one particular way, would rank legally under the head of undue influence: and this is one reason indeed, out of several which might be given, why one can hardly imagine it expedient under any circumstances, that the supreme ecclesiastical authority should *direct* such menace or infliction. On the other hand, we must be allowed to say that never was there a shallower dictum, than that quoted with approval by Judge Keogh from Judge Fitzgerald (Judgment, p. 6).

> In the proper exercise of influence upon the electors, the priest may counsel, advise, recommend, entreat, and point out the true line of moral duty, and explain why one candidate should be preferred to another, and throw the whole weight of his character into the scale. But he may not appeal to the fears or terrors, or superstition of those he addresses. He must not hold out hopes of reward here or hereafter, and he must not use threats of temporal injury, or of disadvantage, or of punishment hereafter. He must not, for instance, threaten to excommunicate or withhold the sacraments, or to expose the party to any other religious disability, or denounce the voting for any particular candidate as a sin, or an offence involving punishment here or hereafter. If he does so with a view to influence a voter or to affect an election, the law considers him guilty of undue influence.

Now, we have nothing to say against this, as regards "threats of temporal injury"; nor shall we here dispute it, as regards

* According to Mr. Mitchell Henry, Judge Keogh, when himself a candidate, described the Irish landlords as "the most heartless, the most thriftless, the most indefensible landocracy on the face of the earth." He then spoke as violently and unreasonably in one direction, as he now speaks in the other.

"threatening to excommunicate or to withhold the sacraments." But how as to threats of punishment *in another world?* No Catholic voter can believe that he will be punished in another world, except for conduct which he believes to be a violation of duty in *this* world; and vice versâ. It is unspeakably absurd therefore to draw a distinction, between the priest's representing an act as morally wrong, and his representing it as obnoxious to future punishment. Our excellent contemporary "the Tablet" quotes (Aug. 3) two contemporary writers, in criticism of Judge Fitzgerald's curious dictum:—

> A correspondent of the "Pall-Mall Gazette," signing himself "Leguleius" . . . puts the distinction laid down by Judge Fitzgerald thus. "A priest says to an elector 'it is your moral duty to vote for my candidate.' The priest, says Judge Fitzgerald, is within the proper exercise of his influence. 'But,' answers the elector, 'if I disregard my moral duty, what then?' 'Then,' says the priest, 'you will suffer for it hereafter.' If the priest says this, the law, according to the same Judge, considers him guilty of undue influence." "Can anything," asks the writer, "be more childish than such a distinction?" Supposing that both parties in the conversation are believers, the statement about a man's moral duty *implies* that he will suffer for the breach of it. . . . . Even the "Standard" admits that we "certainly cannot punish a man for saying 'if you vote for A you will be doing the Church so cruel a wrong, that God will certainly damn you;' any more than for saying, 'if you vote for B, you will help to upset the rights of property, and your land will be taken from you by socialist legislation.'" But the "Standard" goes on to say, "we can punish him for saying to the voter 'if you vote for A, *I will send you to hell*,'"

which last, as the "Standard" supposes, priests really intend, and are understood, to say. Nothing but the truly disgraceful ignorance of Catholic doctrine which prevails among English Protestants, could make us suppose it possible, that this suggestion of the "Standard's" is other than a deliberate and wilful falsehood. But none the less, we avail ourselves of its distinct testimony, as to the absolute legality of what priests *really* do.

Let us look at facts as they are. Take, in the first place, those questions which we have called "sacred." An elector e.g. is induced by his priest to vote for that candidate, who alone will heartily support denominational education. Why there is no conviction more sincerely and profoundly entertained by any human being, than this elector's conviction, that what the priests of his Church teach him on the subject of denominational education is certainly true.* Or consider such

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* For *our own* part we should of course add, "no conviction more reasonably entertained": but in the text we are addressing non-Catholics.

"purely political" questions as those which concern tenant-right. To resume our former illustration — it would be as absurd to say that Irish priests (while acting in the manner we have above upholden) are exercising *undue influence* in the matter, as it would have been twenty years ago to say that Mr. Cobden and his friends exercised undue influence against the corn laws. In real truth, there is no one class throughout the United Kingdom who labour with such heartiness and simplicity of intention as do Irish priests, in order that electors may vote conformably to their genuine and honest convictions. At the same time, it is a consoling thought, that this whole matter of voting has been so simplified by the Act of last Session. To our mind, the Ballot Bill was not only expedient, but rather imperatively called for. It has always seemed to us extreme tyranny, that a number of men should (wisely or unwisely) be intrusted with the franchise, and yet receive no security in its free and independent exercise.

As regards, indeed, the last Galway election,—there have not been wanting able writers in England, even among those most bitterly opposed to what they call sacerdotalism, who heartily admit the very certain and obvious truth, that, without using any influence which the law accounts undue, Captain Nolan would have triumphantly carried the day. Accordingly, a well-known anti-christian (but Theistic) writer, Mr. Greg—in a letter addressed, with his initials, to the "Pall-Mall Gazette" of July 17th—suggests, almost in so many words, the disfranchisement of all Catholic voters throughout the Empire, or at all events throughout Ireland. Our statement will appear incredible; and we print therefore in full the concluding portion of his letter, italicising one sentence.

> [The law] cannot righteously control or punish [the priest], nor (what is more to the present purpose) can any fair reasoner righteously blame him, for doing what in his eyes and according to his creed is simply his duty. He has a perfect right to say to a member of his congregation, "You will be damned if you vote for the enemy of the Church," provided he really thinks so and can find electors ignorant enough to believe him. You can scarcely inflict penalties upon him, for saying what he thinks, and for being surrounded by men who believe what he says.
>
> Yet neither, it would seem, can the State acquiesce in the results of this its incapacity, nor sit down tamely under this conclusion. To do so—the Irish peasant and the Irish priests being alike blind believers in the power of the clergy to bind and loose in the future world, i. e. to save and to damn* —would practically give to the Pope, and his vicegerent Cardinal Cullen, the

* *It cannot be* necessary for us to point out in detail the gross misconception *of Catholic* doctrine here implied.—Ed. D. R.

unchecked power of returning seventy devoted and fettered members to the English House of Commons; a sufficient number, that is, to decide nearly every division, and therefore the entire direction of our policy. What does this mean in its extreme and naked, but still quite possible, practical completeness? Merely that we should admit into the heart of our legislative and administrative system an ever-present casting vote, always, and by the very conditions of its existence, given at the dictate not only of an alien but of a necessarily hostile potentate, determined by no considerations of the interests of Great Britain, but solely by a consideration for the interests of Rome. If those seventy members were returned by agents of the Emperor of Germany or the Sovereign of France, we should realize the position. Why do we shrink from realizing it now?

Wherein, then, does the spiritual or mental influence exercised by the Irish priest differ radically from all the other forms of undue pressure we have sketched, and why is it so much more obnoxious? Simply, it would seem, first, in that it is so much more powerful and irresistible, the Irish Catholic being such an out-and-out believer; and secondly, that it alone is wielded, not by one or other of the many forms of British opinion, but by a foreign power, whose only care about Britain is to embarrass and coerce her.

There is obviously only one logical way out of the difficulty, and this no one dares to look in the face. We shall see what the courts of law do with the hierarchy under Judge Keogh's judgment. But this will scarcely decide the matter. The priesthood have done their work brutally and clumsily this time. They will be more wary and skilful on the next occasion. As long as Catholics have votes, and are sincere believers in their Church, and ignorant and mentally dependent, and more religious than secularly patriotic, so long will the priesthood, in the exercise of their legitimate functions and their fancied duty, determine Irish elections.

This view, extreme though it be, is at last but a partial application of Professor Huxley's doctrine, that "it is not liberal to *tolerate* anything which," like the Catholic doctrinal system, "stands against the interests of mankind."* We will not here however deal with what the Professor holds in the abstract, but with what Mr. Greg advocates in the concrete.

And this certainly illustrates what we must call the preternatural infatuation, which not unfrequently seizes the ablest unbeliever, when he contemplates that divine edifice the Christian Church. Let it be observed, that what Mr. Greg gravely proposes, is not the going back to that state of things which immediately preceded the Act of 1829, but to the condition of a much earlier period. He would not merely expel Irish Catholic members, but would disfranchise all Irish Catholic electors. If he had his way, Englishmen should govern the

* Passages will be found of this bearing quoted from Professor Huxley, in *our number for last* April, pp. 437-8; and in our last number, p. 17.

most Catholic nation in Europe * by placing all local power in the hands of that small minority, who detest and despise the national religion. What would he himself say, if a similar plan had been gravely proposed by an Austrian, some twenty years ago, for the government of Italy? or if it were now gravely proposed by some Russian, for the government of Poland? Were it really true (in *fact* there cannot be a greater *mistake*) that Irish Catholicity is essentially inimical to English interests, it would obviously follow, that England cannot, without monstrous injustice, retain Catholic Ireland in subjection.

Before entering on more generous and worthy reasons for the repudiation of Mr. Greg's amazing proposal, let us look at its necessary consequences; though in this it is difficult to avoid a certain appearance of unreality, because the proposal itself is so extravagantly unpractical. We should have had difficulty indeed in thinking that he had fully weighed his words before publication: but then he is a singularly grave and unimpassioned writer; and there are several others, who do not indeed speak quite so openly, but who are in the habit nevertheless of using language concerning Irish Catholics, which (so far as we see), has no consistent and comprehensible meaning short of Mr. Greg's. It will really therefore be serviceable to contemplate in the concrete this proposed legislation, however unreal the whole discussion may appear. And that we may bring home to English apprehension what Mr. Greg's plan really involves, let us make a very intelligible (however violently improbable) supposition. France becomes an intensely Catholic country, is governed by a zealous Catholic Bourbon, and is by far the most powerful nation in the civilized world. She subjects England to her dominion, and places all local power in the hand of English Catholics: England in fact being governed, supremely by a French legislature sitting at Paris or Versailles, and subordinately by a Parliament of English Catholics guarded by French bayonets in London. This is a state of things certainly not more than parallel to the Irish government proposed by Mr. Greg. If our readers will imagine the ineffable bitterness and indignation which would possess the English mind on such an hypothesis,—let them only further suppose the Irish mind similarly inflamed, and estimate the inevitable result.

The first hint of such a measure would so set Irishmen on fire, that its actual passing would be the signal of spontaneous and universal insurrection. The English are prepared for this, and have military forces at hand which thoroughly crush it. It

* *Mr. Greg admits that*, under perfectly free voting, 70 out of the 100 Irish *members would be zealous* Catholics, devoted to the Holy See.

is succeeded as a matter of course by assassinations extending over the whole length and breadth of the country. In the parallel case, we are convinced that Englishmen would account the assassination of Frenchmen a positive merit, as a legitimate act of war. The Irish, being Catholics, would be steadily taught, that even under their existing circumstances assassination is a mortal sin. But then there never has been and never will be a religious communion, which does not contain very many members, who are by no means habitual observers of God's Law; and a large proportion of these would be engaged in assassination. But now further, it will be wholly impossible for the English to detect the assassins. Even those very numerous Catholic Irishmen, who would rather die than commit mortal sin, are most certainly not bound, under pain of mortal sin or of any sin, to co-operate *actively* with the law of an alien enemy; whether or no it be thought that they are bound to abstain from positive *resistance*. Will the English in desperation call the priests to their assistance? Why in the first place, if there is one thing more earnestly denounced than another by such writers as Mr. Greg, it is governing Ireland by help of the priests; but in the second place, the priests would not be willing to come to the rescue; while in the third place (if they *were* willing) they could do nothing. The English then must either acquiesce in the numerous and repeated assassinations, or govern the country by military law, shooting men on mere suspicion. If English opinion before very long interferes and compels the Legislature to retract its steps,—then all the evils *now* existing (for which a remedy has been sought in the disfranchisement of Catholics) would return, not merely in full force but with greatly increased intensity. On the other hand, if Englishmen chose the continuance of this pandemonium and the constant increase of its horrors, the indignation of other countries would in due time be aroused, and in one way or another Ireland would be rescued from her oppressor's grasp. But the loss of Ireland (as Englishmen are fond of insisting to defend themselves for denying autonomy to the Irish) would be a death-blow to the British Empire.

It will be objected perhaps to this picture, that Catholic disfranchisement did exist in Ireland for a whole century, and was only brought to an end at the good pleasure of the English. But the reply is obvious, or rather the objection strengthens our argument. This disfranchisement was able to continue, because Catholic Ireland was kept firmly down by the appalling penal code; and it would be as impossible in the present day that England *should* re-enact the penal code, as that a Catholic *king should inflict* capital punishment for heresy.

No. The disfranchisement of all Irish Catholic voters is a measure, which cannot be so much as thought of by any sober person, who will take pains to estimate its consequences. And since, as Mr. Greg very truly observes, an Irish Catholic elector (if he votes sincerely and honestly) will always be to a very large extent under the influence of his priests, some different way must be excogitated, for dealing with this troublesome part of the community.

It has often been said, that the true solution of the Irish difficulty would be to govern Ireland according to Irish ideas. The more common answer to this is, that such an expression has no definite meaning. It is our own conviction however, not only that the phrase has a very definite meaning, but that that meaning is a sound and important one; and in our number for last April (pp. 439–40) we were led to say a few words on the subject. On the present occasion however we shall content ourselves, with a far more rudimental and indubitable statement. We say this then. Englishmen, who undertake to govern a nation widely different from their own in religion, in race, in national character,—incur a grave guilt before God and man, if they do not take special pains rightly to understand the circumstances and needs of that nation.

Considered from this point of view, the debate on Mr. Butt's proposed censure of Judge Keogh ranks fairly among the most disgraceful scenes which ever degraded the British Legislature. Here was a judgment, which, alike from its matter and its manner, had convulsed Catholic Ireland to the very centre. The English rulers of the conquered race assembled, in counsel with a small array of Irish members, to discuss it. Of what character was the discussion? Why the conservative and the liberal opponents of Mr. Butt's motion vied with each other, in their ignorance of the most obvious and easily-known Irish phenomena. The opinion sincerely* held and assumed by them throughout was, that the Catholic electors of Galway, in their genuine unbiassed judgment, preferred the son of Lord Clancarty† to the author of the Portacarron award; and that they were only prevented, by the organization of a ruthless and

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* "Sincerely." We cannot say "honestly." See the introductory remarks of our article.

† We are far from intending any implication personally disrespectful to the late Lord Clancarty, of whom we know absolutely nothing. But it was universally believed, that he was in act a thorough-going anti-Catholic; that he refused ground e.g. for a Catholic chapel, and opposed the admission of *nuns into a workhouse*. It was also universally believed, that in so acting he *did but conform to the* hereditary habits of his family. Is it probable that *his son was an acceptable* candidate to Catholics who thus believed?

overbearing sacerdotal conspiracy, from sending to Parliament the landlords' nominee, the son of their hereditary foe. We do not mean, that those who opposed Mr. Butt *formulized* this opinion and looked it in the face; because then it would have been seen as too extravagantly absurd to be credited. But we do say, that their argument alike and their invective were utterly unmeaning, unless this opinion were assumed as true. Who can be surprised that the Irish are disaffected, when we see that such a notion as this is sanctioned by an enormous majority of those, to whose tender mercies the political welfare of Ireland is intrusted?* If all other records of English misgovernment were swept away, the mere report of that debate would go far to justify the odiousness among Irishmen of English rule; because of the contemptuous indifference towards Ireland, which is manifested by such scandalous ignorance.

We say that contemptuous indifference towards Ireland was the necessary *condition*, the "sine quâ non," for such ignorance as was displayed in the debate. But let us next inquire how such ignorance was positively *caused;* for this also is a consideration of much importance. The positive cause was this: that the ordinary Protestant Englishman lashes himself into blind fury at the very sound of the word "priest," like a bull at the sight of a red rag. And we say that a very long step indeed would be taken towards solving the Irish difficulty, if English Protestants of influence would but study the Irish national religion, instead of persistently shutting their eyes to its true character under the influence of unreasoning and violent prejudice. We would express our full meaning as follows:

The division into "conservatives" and "liberals" is a most unsatisfactory classification of British politicians. By the term "liberals" are meant (we suppose) those, who on the whole support Mr. Gladstone's government; and these certainly differ from each other very far more profoundly, than many of them differ from Mr. Gladstone's opponents. The truly significant division of public men—that which really fixes attention on the most vital difference between them—would be into

* This dense English ignorance of the most notorious Irish facts is by no means confined to legislators. "It is seldom," says Prof. Beesly (Fortnightly Review for July) "that any utterance of a public man is received with such unanimous and hearty approval, as has greeted the Judgment of Mr. Justice Keogh in England. Liberals and conservatives are for once of one mind. The language in which it was couched, though such as would have been generally pronounced coarse and outrageous if it had been uttered in Trafalgar Square or on Clerkenwell Green, has been decidedly enjoyed." The "theory" of its admirers, adds the Professor, "does indeed in one sense offer *matter for serious* reflection; for it throws some additional light on the *capacity of the English people for governing* Ireland."

supporters and opponents of that movement, which Catholic writers call the Revolution. The purpose of that movement, we need hardly say, is to remove political institutions entirely from off that religious basis, on which they still partially rest. In Great Britain the Revolution has as yet made far less way than on the continent of Europe, while in Ireland it is (one may say) utterly unknown. And though for our own part we cannot be sanguine on the remote future of the United Kingdom under its present democratic constitution,—at all events, if opponents of the Revolution would heartily combine with each other, that movement might be kept at bay for an indefinite period. Here it is that we have to lament that deplorable English ignorance and misapprehension of Irish Catholicity, on which we have been descanting. No more effective opponents of the Revolution can be found, than the Catholic priesthood; and yet piously-intentioned Protestants,—who dread above all *other* things the separation of politics from religion,—dread, even above *that*, any exercise of sacerdotal influence. The very same men, who in the last Session assailed Mr. Gladstone for not giving Scotch Presbyterianism more exclusive privileges, would have voted (it was understood) to a man for Mr. Fawcett's motion in favour of Irish anti-denominationalism. And why was this? Because they practically regard "Popery" as worse than no religion at all. Indeed Professor Huxley (who is generally in practical matters a clear-sighted longheaded man) sets at an incredibly high point the anti-Catholic prejudices of good English Protestants. He does not conceal the character of his own (ir)religious creed; for we were able in our last number (p. 12) to give from his writings a full account of it. Here are eight of its fundamental articles:

I. Physical science is the only fountain at which spiritual thirst can be quenched.

II. Sadness is of the essence of religion.

III. The First Cause is inexorable and pitiless.

IV. He looks with favour on the learned Dives, not on the poor and ignorant Lazarus.

V. Physical welfare and happiness are the summum bonum.

VI. Security, wealth, culture, and sympathy are the only rational objects of pursuit.

VII. All aspirations or efforts after divine things—the love of God or beatitude in a future life—are simple waste of time if not worse, and fit only for lunatics.

VIII. Knowledge of all such subjects is impossible to us.

Yet holding even such views as these, the Professor hopes to *prevail on the English* public to follow him in an anti-Catholic

crusade. So far as he personally is concerned, he is perfectly right in thinking that his purposes would be best promoted, were it possible (which however it is *not*) to put down Catholicity with a strong hand. With *him* no compromise is possible; and we must carry on an internecine war against him to the bitter end. But as to those who believe in a Personal God, and who desire to retain political affairs in subjection to that God, we trust they will see through the Professor's transparent artifice. The ends which they desire are the very *opposite* to his; and they have his express testimony before them, that the best means of extirpating national religion is the oppression of Catholicity. Let them only bring themselves to look carefully at the phenomena of Irish Catholicity, and they will find abundant grounds for his opinion.

Nothing is more obvious on the surface, than the hearty zeal with which Irish priests support the intimate connection of politics with religion. How keen they are e. g. in favour of denominational education! Then how zealously they laboured to put down the Fenian spirit, though every national and political prejudice would have induced them to regard it with favour! Again, in the very excitement of the Galway election, amidst all the provocation caused by landlords, they went out of their way to protest against "revolution and communism."* In truth (as we have already said) there is no country in the civilised world so unanimously hostile as Ireland to that detestable movement, which would divorce politics from religion; and yet pious English Protestants, who themselves abhor the same movement, regard the national priesthood of that country with blind and reckless aversion. If ever there were a machination of Satan, it is here to be found.

They will reply perhaps, that their conscience revolts against the characteristic dogmata of "Popery"; its idolatry, formalism, and the like. Of course we do not expect that they will in general become Catholics; though we heartily wish so great a blessing were in store for them. But we say (1) that if they

* This was in the "Sellars circular," so constantly cited both in the trial and the Butt debate. We have already printed the first part of the circular; it continues thus: "His Lordship" the Bishop of Clonfert, acting in concert with a meeting of his clergy, "expects that in this crisis, where the intention is explicitly avowed to crush 'priestly dictation'—the parrot cry of the advocates of revolution and communism—no clergyman will be found apathetic or indifferent." (Evidence, p. 139.) Captain Trench's counsel seemed quite perplexed at this sentence, and understood the Bishop as accusing the *landlords* of revolution and communism. Yet his meaning is surely clear enough. There is no class, the Bishop would say, who declaim more loudly than the *landlords against* revolution and communism; and yet they have *taken up* "*the parrot* cry of the advocates of" those evil principles.

would bring themselves steadily to contemplate facts instead of so resolutely shutting their eyes thereto, they would at all events see how extremely far is the Irish national religion from being that mass of superstition and formalism which they suppose; and how plentifully interior and Christian virtues flourish under its influence. And we ask them (2) whether at all events—when they look at Professor Huxley's desolating creed as we have exhibited it—there is not a large amount of positive religious ground, on which they can most healthily co-operate with Catholics, in a resistance to that creed and to its social results.

But it is rejoined, that Catholicity and the priesthood claim so much more than their due share of political influence. Such a supposition however has been disproved again and again. There cannot be a more fairly representative instance on this head, than that of education. Now we explained in April (pp. 427–437)—following the steps of other Catholic writers—what it is which the priests really claim in the matter of education. They claim no more for Catholicity in Ireland, than the whole conservative body is eager to secure for Protestantism in Great Britain. They claim no more, than that there may not be exceptional legislation in favour of one particular sect—the anti-denominationalists—which is comparatively small even in England, and which in Ireland can hardly be said to exist. Why is it that conservatives are so blind to the true interests of their cause, as to throw their whole weight into the secularist scale, whenever it is Catholicity which stands on the counterpoising side?

And so as to the misty talk against "governing Ireland by help of the priests," or "placing education in the priests' hands." Of course it is plain enough, what *Professor Huxley* means by such language. In like manner he would wish that Great Britain shall not be governed by help of Christianity or the Bible, and that education shall not proceed on a Christian basis. But this is not what pious Protestants mean, when they cry out against Irish priests; and as it may be assumed that they mean *something*, it is worth our while to see what that something is. If they merely intended to say that Catholicity and its teachers should not be allowed privileges which are denied to other religionists—in the present state of the United Kingdom no protest could be more reasonable: but then no one has ever dreamed of *proposing* that Catholicity should possess privileges of this kind. What such language really does mean—where it means anything definite and consistent—is, that the Imperial Parliament should organize an energetic anti-priestly *movement; that* legislation should be devised for the direct *purpose, of lessening* Irishmen's belief in their religion and

docility to their priests. And as soon as this meaning is distinctly recognized, we hope that a large number of excellent Protestants will have sufficient common sense to abstain from joining in the cry.

However the Catholic Church is obliged by her principles to labour indefatigably for the consecration of politics, whether she be or be not duly supported by those Protestants, who in their measure desire the same object. It is with very great pleasure therefore that we have observed the zealous beginnings of an effort, which we trust will speedily and widely spread, for organizing and combining the Catholic vote in England. We are not sufficiently acquainted with statistical facts to speak with confidence; but it is abundantly possible that Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill—however little he dreamed of such a result—may have a very important effect, in strengthening the political position of Catholics in England. The great majority of them will indubitably consider those questions which we have called "sacred"—denominational education, priests in workhouses, priests in prisons, &c. &c.—as entirely paramount over all others. It will happen therefore again and again, that in this or that constituency, precisely by means of the Catholic vote, the pro-Catholic conservative will beat the anti-Catholic liberal, or the pro-Catholic liberal will beat the anti-Catholic conservative. And if this be so, in every such constituency both conservatives and liberals will take care to choose as their representative some candidate, who is prepared to grant Catholics their just claims. This common-sense policy of Catholics used often to be set forth very luminously and in detail, some twenty-five years ago, by that powerful and most disinterested champion of the Church, Frederick Lucas; and it would seem to be much more hopeful since the Reform Bill of 1867, than it was even at the earlier period.

Reverting to Ireland—we have not hesitated to express our conviction, that in the long-standing and profound mutual misapprehension which exists between Englishmen and Irishmen, the former are immeasurably more in fault than the latter. Yet it is worth while in conclusion to inquire, whether there be not something which Irishmen also may do towards promoting harmony. In this respect two particulars at the moment especially occur to us. Firstly, it is Irishmen alone who can place before Englishmen in its fulness a true picture of things Irish. The writer of this article is the merest Englishman, one who has never so much as set foot in Ireland during the whole course of his life; and he can of course do but most scanty and inadequate justice to the religion of that country. What we earnestly *wish is, that* some devoted Irish Catholic would depict with

photographic accuracy the lights and shadows of Irish Catholic life. We say "shadows" as well as "lights": because the Irish Church would be unlike any other religious body which has existed, if there were not defects, even serious defects, in its practical working; and the last thing we wish is that these should be concealed, if only the innumerable redeeming features of the picture be adequately exhibited. A vivid apprehension of Irish Catholic life in the concrete would do far more to remove English prejudices, than a thousand abstract arguments.

There is a second way, in which Irishmen may importantly lessen the misunderstanding which exists between the two countries. Let them show confidence and forbearance towards any English statesman, who labours under disheartening circumstances to do them justice. We confess we read with great pain certain invectives uttered against Mr. Gladstone, in reference to his sanctioning the prosecution of various priests under the Keogh Judgment. Our own belief is, that there has never before been an English Protestant statesman, who so appreciates and (politically) sympathizes with Irish Catholicity, as Mr. Gladstone. He has already done Ireland most signal service; and on that gravest of all questions—that concerning *education*—which is now imminent, we do not expect he will be found wanting. We need hardly say we have no means of even guessing at Mr. Gladstone's mind, except by observing his public acts and public speeches; and it is doubtless possible that the next session may show us to have been mistaken in our anticipations. But we affirm confidently, that there has been nothing done or said by him on the Galway case, which affords warrant for any diminution of confidence.

We fully admit indeed, that the position taken up by Government in the Butt debate had not on the surface a generous or a dignified appearance. Nevertheless we must commit ourselves to what may be thought a paradox. Even on the extreme supposition that Mr. Gladstone agrees substantially with the view we have exhibited in the preceding pages, we still think that he adopted the course most calculated to give his principles effect. Very many Irish Catholics seem not unnaturally to be under an impression that, as the conservative body in mass is inimical, so the liberal body in mass is favourable, to their cause. There cannot be a more utter mistake. Very many influential liberals have a detestation of Catholic priests, which may be less noisy and boisterous, but which is much more reasoned, profound, and bitter, than that entertained by the mass of conservatives; and *we are confident that* Mr. Gladstone's Irish difficulties lie much *more with his so-called* supporters, than with his professed oppo-

nents. He is to elaborate during the recess a bill on Irish education, which (if it be really of the satisfactory character we expect) will at first hearing be received by many influential liberals with nothing less than disgust, as a base truckling to priestcraft and ecclesiastical usurpation. He will be able easily to show, so far as argument is concerned, that nothing short of such a measure as his will accord with that principle of religious equality, which liberals profess to have at heart. But this proposition, however undeniable, is so utterly uncongenial to the anti-Catholic liberals,—who moreover, with all their ability, are curiously narrow-minded on many points—that it cannot be pressed home to them, except by a variety of speeches coming from a variety of speakers. Nothing of this kind could possibly have been done in the Butt debate; and if Mr. Gladstone had expressed his conclusions (supposing always his conclusions were really those we suggest) without any opportunity for reiterated inculcation of his arguments, he would have necessarily incurred the grossest misconception. He would have been set down as a slave of the priests;* a passionate outcry would have been raised by anticipation against his educational measures; and it would have been simply impossible to obtain for them a fair hearing. Before so densely prejudiced an audience as the House of Commons, to speak the simple truth on Irish Catholic affairs, is often equivalent to speaking falsehood; and extreme reticence is an obligation imposed by veracity itself. Now all that can be said against Mr. Gladstone is, that he was reticent. He neither expressed, nor implied by his acts, any opinion at all—for or against the priests, for or against the landlords—except only that in the case of certain named priests there was a sufficient primâ facie case to warrant full legal investigation. And as to several of these priests, Mr. Butt himself admitted that they had violated the law.

We have never concealed our own earnest wish and hope, that Catholics of the United Kingdom may more and more shake themselves free from all connection with the liberal party *as a whole*. But towards Mr. Gladstone personally, our feeling is very different. We believe that the one main hope of sound and satisfactory Irish legislation is identified with his continuance at the head of affairs.

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* Lord Hartington's suggestion in the debate, to Mr. Butt and his supporters, is very significant. "He warned them *not to let their intentions be misunderstood*; as it was essential they should not cause it to be thought that there was any likelihood of Parliament upholding in Ireland a system of *priestly intimidation*."—"Times" Report.

Art. II.—THE MIDDLE AGES: THEIR POSITION IN CHURCH HISTORY.

An Essay on the Spiritual Life of Mediæval England. By the Rev. J. B. Dalgairns, Priest of the Oratory. Prefixed to the *Scale of Perfection.* By Walter Hilton. London: J. Philp.

General History of the Catholic Church. By the Abbé J. E. Darras, Irish-American. From the last French edition, with Introduction and Notes. By the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore. New York: O'Shea.

History of Latin Christianity. By Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean of S. Paul's. London: John Murray.

Mediæval Philosophy. By Frederick Denison Maurice. London: Macmillan & Co.

Introduction to the Literature of Europe. By Henry Hallam, LL.D. London: John Murray & Son.

Europe during the Middle Ages. By Henry Hallam, LL.D. London: John Murray.

Histoire du Monde. Par MM. Henry & Charles de Riancey. Paris: Victor Palmé.

Dante, et la Philosophie Catholique au Treizième Siècle. Par A. F. Ozanam. Paris.

Ritter: *Geschichte der Philosophie.* Hamburg.

La Philosophie Scolastique. Par M. Hauréau. Mémoire couronné par l'Académie. Paris.

Lectures on Heroes. By Thomas Carlyle. London: Chapman & Hall.

Shall France Perish? A Sermon. By the Bishop of Poictiers. Translated by a Secular Priest. London, Derby, and Dublin: Richardson & Son.

L'Art Chrétien. Par A. F. Rio. Paris: Hachette.

IF the Church is the Body of Christ, then, like Him, although from the first full of grace and truth, she must increase in wisdom and age and grace with God and men. The Infant wrapped in swaddling-clothes in the crib at Bethlehem, though wordless, was the Eternal Word and Wisdom of the Father; in the scarred, disfigured, and lifeless form of *the Man of* Sorrows, as it lay in His Mother's arms beneath *the Cross on Calvary,* there dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead, *bodily; and yet* between Bethlehem and Calvary there

had been a gradual outward growth of wisdom and of grace before the eyes of men, corresponding with the growth of years. The Boy of Nazareth was outwardly more full of wisdom and of grace for the world's salvation than the Child, whom Mary and Joseph carried into Egypt, and before Whose face the idols of an old world's civilization fell to the ground. The words of the Man Christ Jesus, Who spake as never man spake, as He went about preaching the Gospel to the poor, and discoursing on the mysteries of the kingdom of God, were deeper words, more pregnant of divine truth, so far at least as they touched upon the events of the world and the needs of men, than those which He had uttered among the village boys of Nazareth, or even perhaps in the midst of the doctors in the Temple, when as yet He was Himself a Boy. His very teaching *grew*, during the three years of his public ministry, not only assuming, as outward circumstances changed, and as the opposition of those who sat in Moses' seat developed itself more fully, a different form, but bringing before the minds of men a new matter for their instruction, now clothing itself only from time to time in parables, then beginning to break forth more emphatically into parables, and without parables coming not before them ;* now laying stress upon His Father's name, then veiling it under similitudes ; at first addressing itself even to His disciples in proverbs, at the last making use no more of proverbs, but showing them plainly of the Father, and of the coming of the Spirit of Truth, the Comforter, Who was to lead them into all truth ; and yet all the while growing in unity, and clearness, and strength, and depth, and majesty, until in the end, on the night on which He was betrayed, it poured itself forth in His magnificent prayer for the unity and perfection of His Body Mystical, that their roots might lie deep down in the unity, and love, and glory, in which the Father and the Son are one, and that the world might believe that God had sent Him.

So, too, has it been with the Church, which is Christ's Body. The Church in the upper chamber at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost knew the whole Faith, and the Church of the latter day, when our Lord will come again to take her to Himself, will know no more ; and yet from the hour of her first baptism of fire to that of the avenging fires of the great day of the Lord, there has been, and still is, and will be, a gradual unfolding of wisdom and grace as she grows in age unto the measure of the fulness of Christ. The Faith was once delivered to the Saints, and the Church knew all truth from the be-

* *See F. Coleridge's* "Theology of the Parables," pp. 5, 6, 10.

ginning; and yet, century after century, and even year by year, the Holy Ghost inspires the Church to take of the things of Jesus, and to show them unto men, in order that, according to Christ's promise, He may bring back to their remembrance whatsoever Christ has said, and enable them to share in that fulness of truth, which has been the Church's divine possession from the first. Thus also this outward growth of the Church in wisdom and grace, and in the manifestation of the things of Jesus hidden in her heart, corresponds with the outward growth of our Lord's teaching upon earth. As the circumstances of the world change, and as the opposition of the wisdom of the world develops itself, so it changes and develops. At one time it manifests itself in dogmatic definitions of the faith, at another in condemnations of false doctrine; at one time, in obedience to the Divine economy, it veils some prominent doctrine from too public observation, and then the Church, like her Master, speaks as it were in parables; at another it sets fearlessly before the gaze of men the very doctrine which formerly it had sought to veil, and then the Church speaks no more either in parables or in proverbs, but shows us plainly of the deep things of God. Heresies and false systems of philosophy cross her path, or lie in wait for her, and the Church arms herself with new weapons of thought. Her Bishops assemble in council, under the headship and guidance of him who holds Christ's place on earth, and as it seems good to the Holy Ghost and to them to decide, so gradually the faith stands out in sharper and clearer outline, which, when looked at closely, is found to be the outline of Christ Himself, God and Man, Who is ever growing in the Church's doctrine, as He grew in His human life unto the stature of the perfect Man. Doctors rise up to defend the Church, who draw from her armoury the keen steel of argument, although each of them fashions it according to the temper of his own mind. Athanasius, Basil, Gregory the Theologian, Chrysostom, in the East; Jerome, Augustine, Leo, Gregory the Great, in the West—all do battle for her cause, but each at the same time in his own way helps forward her doctrine's outward growth. Schism adds itself on to heresy, and strives to rend the Body of Christ in twain, or, as at a later period, to tear it limb from limb; but the headship of Christ only stands out more clearly than before, while the members of His Body are knit together into closer and stronger unity. The young vigorous intellect of Christendom has to be trained and disciplined, as it begins to be conscious of the promise of its glorious strength; and in the midst of the Church there rises up the Angelical, who seizes in one

grasp all the wisdom that had gone before him—the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, the traditions and learning of the Fathers, the inspired teaching of Holy Scripture,—and moulds them into a science worthy of Him from Whom all science flows; whilst, to borrow an expression from a recent writer, he forces the old Stagyrite to become literally a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for the Faith of Christ.* How marvellous in its vigour is this outward growth of the Church of the thirteenth century, and yet how changed in its outward aspect from the Church of the Fathers! At a later period, when the old pagan learning lifts itself up again in the very heart of Christendom, with a lie upon its lips, proclaiming that by its means men can be born anew to light and knowledge, and offering for their acceptance the deification of nature, and the idolatrous worship of form and sensual beauty, the Church, who recognizes no second birth for those who have been born again in Christ, and who is ever striving to develop the Christian intellect within its own proper mould of the image of Christ, seeks to draw off the waters of pagan influence into channels which she herself has cut for them, in order that, reduced within just limits, they may fertilize and not destroy the culture of her own hand. Nor let it be objected by any Catholic that since then these waters have often broken their barriers, even within the Church, while outside her boundaries they have ever carried with them desolation and destruction; for although this, alas! is the case, as indeed we shall shortly see, yet, looking back upon the past, no Catholic can fail to observe that, if the Church in her consummate wisdom had not known how to utilize whatever was good in the Renaissance, one of the most critical turning-points of her history would have been for the world and for her own children still more full of loss and of danger. Much, no doubt, has been lost in consequence, and the perfect development of Christian civilization has been interrupted, but the loss has been for the world, not for the Church, whose outward growth in wisdom and grace has never for an instant ceased.

So again, when, by a further corruption of error, reason rebels against the authority of God and of the Church, and sciences and arts are divorced from religion, in the great apostasy of the sixteenth century, the Church withdraws, as it were, into herself, and busies herself with the cultivation of greater interior wisdom and spiritual grace in the hearts of her own children, without however forgetting to influence,

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* "*Life of S. Thomas* Aquinas," by the Rev. F. Roger Vaughan vol. i. "*S. Thomas and Aristotle.*"

whenever she can, the civilization with which she alone had invigorated and enriched the world. Great political convulsions and social changes, such as the fall of the Pagan empire of Rome; the irruption of the Barbarians; the rise of the false prophet, Mahomet, and the conquests of his followers; the inauguration of the Holy Roman Empire; the fatal consequences of the Pseudo-Reformation, such as the divorce of the temporal from the spiritual, and the rejection of the authority of the Vicar of Christ in matters of supreme moment for Christendom: or, again, the Anti-Christian Democratic Revolution at the close of the last century, and in our own days, and the Abomination of Desolation which is yet to be, all these pass over the Church, and from them all she emerges, or will emerge, in some new character: at one time as conqueror and queen; at another, as the former and teacher of nations, and the moulder of civilization; at another, as the sole bulwark of civilization and of humanity; at another, as supreme ruler of the kingdoms of this world, seeking to transform them into the kingdoms of God and of His Christ; at another, as the one witness left in the world to Christ's kingship over the earth. Nay, although we have not yet seen the end of her present struggle, and although it may never come to pass, that she, who in the full, golden dawn of her victory, set the cross on the Cæsars' crown, and in the mid-day sunshine of her triumph held her own jewelled sceptre over the heads of kings, may also, amid the purple and crimson and golden clouds of her sunset, yet bow down beneath her feet the uncrowned heads of the peoples of the earth, and form them into one holy Roman people, who shall own no master but Christ; no king but Christ's Vicar; still, we know what the end of all will be, for the abomination of desolation itself will only serve to "prepare her as a bride, adorned for her husband," and the Church militant will pass into the Church triumphant. No earthly change, however great, can check her growth; no persecution, however deadly, can stay her progress; no hand of man, however powerful, can mar her beauty; and the last day of the Church on earth, in the midst of the cries of the world's agony, will be for her but the dawn of an everlasting morrow of triumph and of glory.

Further, the outward growth of the Church in wisdom and grace may be seen both in the development of her schools of theological thought, whether positive, scholastic, or polemical, mystical, dogmatic, or moral, and in the leading features of the spiritual life of her children from age to age; in the life of *the Fathers of the Desert*; in the Monasticism of the West; *in the Anchorets* and recluses of the Middle Ages; in the

spirit of the great Mendicant Orders of the same period; and in that of the Congregations of modern times, as well as in the influence of these several kinds of life, through the spiritual direction and example of those who led them upon Christians living in the world. Thus each school of theological thought helps to bring out some particular shade of Christian dogma, while all together help forward the outward growth of the whole body of Catholic doctrine, until its outline, first drawn by the definitions of the Church, is gradually filled up with the flesh and bones, and nerve and muscle of theological science. Thus also, each phase of the spiritual life is founded, and lives upon and represents some particular phase of the interior life of the Son of God, while all together—for the influence of each phase is not limited to the period in which it is manifested, but extends throughout all time—reproduce in the history of the Church the whole of that "life which was the light of men." For this reason no system of theology, no school of theological thought within the Church can be spared, or ought to be undervalued; and hence more especially the blindness and shallowness of those who speak against or make light of the scholastic theology, in which the doctrine of Scripture and the teachings of the Fathers are thrown into scientific shape, and in which the mind of the Church is reproduced. Hence also the Thomists, Scotists, Augustinians, theologians of the Society of Jesus, all alike have contributed their share to the outward growth of the Church's wisdom. For the same reason, it will be impossible rightly to understand the various phases of modern spirituality if we cut them off from, or fail to observe them in connection with those earlier phases of the spiritual life enumerated above, as well as with those mystical and ascetical writings to which those earlier phases have given birth; for here again the Church has grown outwardly in wisdom and in grace, and to forget, or not to take into account one period of her growth, is to destroy the unity of the whole. Lastly, the Church's outward growth in wisdom and grace is seen in the devotions of the Christian people, which, as we have already pointed out in the pages of this REVIEW, when speaking of devotion to S. Joseph, are closely interwoven with the development of the Church's dogmatic teaching, and which, although varying from age to age, according to the wants of men, are all inspired by that one Spirit, Who takes not of His own, but of what is Christ's, and shows it unto us. In all these different ways, then, in her doctrinal teaching, in her dealings with heresy and schism, *in her education* of Christendom, in her development *of the Christian intellect*, in her attitude at various critical

periods of her history, under all political changes and social revolutions, in her schools of theological thought, in the spiritual life of her children from age to age, in the devotions of the Christian people,—throughout all and each, there has been, as in the life and teaching of her great Head, and because of His Headship, a deep, strong, constant, visible, majestic growth of the Church in wisdom and in grace before God and men, "by which the whole body, by joints and bands being supplied with nourishment, and knit together, groweth all unto the increase of God." In a far other and higher sense then, than the poet could dream of, it is true to say that,

> "Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns,"

widened by the ever-expanding outward growth of revealed wisdom and grace, which, themselves perfect from the beginning, manifest themselves from age to age according to the necessities of the world for the education of mankind. We said just now that this was because of the Headship of the Church's Divine Founder; for if He be the head and she the body, then must His wisdom and grace flow over into her, and although manifested in her and by her, still ever remain His own. Thus, the outward growth of the Church's wisdom and grace is but the expansion of the Incarnation. Yet so little is this understood, so little are the legitimate consequences of the Incarnation realized, so imperfectly is the Scriptural plan of the Christian Church comprehended, that even clear-sighted, in many respects Christian-minded men, like the late Dr. Arnold of Rugby, can tell us, that while it is right and just to bow down heart and soul and body to *every image* of Christ Crucified, to bow down before Holy Church and Holy Fathers is idolatry; as if Holy Church were not more than any image, being itself Christ's body, the Holy Fathers being the more honourable members of the same. Still, although the outward growth of the Church's wisdom and grace springs from Christ's Headship, yet so important is the stress laid upon it in Holy Scripture, that in almost every type or figure of the Church it forms the prominent feature; as, for instance, in the mustard-seed, which is the least of all seeds, but when it is grown up is greater than all herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and dwell in the branches thereof; or, in the leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, until the whole was leavened; or, not to multiply examples, in the mystical building of which S. Paul *speaks, and of which* we are fellow-citizens with the saints and *the domestics of God*, built upon the foundation of the apostles

and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone, in whom all the building, being framed together, *groweth up* into a holy temple in the Lord, in whom we also are built together into an habitation of God in the Spirit.

We may perhaps have seemed to our readers to dwell over long on this point. But as our object in the present article is to prepare the way for a future article, in which we hope to speak of one phase, as it were, of the Church's outward growth in wisdom and grace, as shown forth in the development of her mystical and ascetical teaching during that most important period of her history, which is known under the name of the Middle Ages, we have wished to lay particular stress on the great general law of outward growth for two reasons: first, because although freely admitted and acted upon with regard to the Church's dogma, it has not, we venture to think, been sufficiently recognized as equally applicable to *all* the many ways in which the Church's development is carried on; and, secondly, because, more especially, it seems to us impossible to understand the spiritual life of any period of her history, without viewing it in relation to that earlier spirituality, out of which it sprang, and that later spirituality to which it leads. When the perfect harmony and beauty of proportion which attend the development of everything connected with the Church, from the highest dogma down even to minute points of ritual—each part interlacing and mutually influencing the other,—are clearly seen, we begin to realize more fully not only the beauty of holiness, but also the mystery of Godliness manifest in the flesh, begun in Christ's real body, and continued in His body mystical. Our souls and hearts and minds become enlarged to take in, at least, somewhat of the fulness of Him Who filleth all in all. We begin to perceive that in every age, and in all ages, it is not so much the Church that lives, and speaks, and acts and energizes, as Christ Who lives in her; and as we look into her face and listen to her words, and observe her actions, there happens to us what we read of as having happened to some, who, gazing upon the faces of certain of Christ's blessed Saints, have seen their human features melt away into those of their Heavenly Master; and what we have already alluded to as happening in the case of her doctrine, the outline of the Church's form seems to us to melt away into that of the Son of Man standing, as S. John saw Him stand, in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, that is the Seven Churches, while her features seem to be transfigured into that glorious face, which "is as the sun shineth in his power;"—so bright, *so clear, so certain* is the vision, that faith almost seems to

have ceased to be the "evidence of things that appear not," and to have become its own exceeding great reward. In like manner, and for the same reasons, that would indeed be a narrow, shallow, and false view of Mediæval spiritual life which should look at it as some mere transitory phenomenon, unconnected with the hidden life of Him who lived, and spoke and worked in the Church of those ages, as truly as when He went about Judea in the days of His flesh, uttering words of life, and working deeds of light; or even as unconnected with, and uninfluenced by the spiritual life of the ages that had gone before, or broken off from, and without influence upon the ages that were to follow in its turn. The spiritual life of the Middle Ages is only one period of that long spiritual life which took its rise in the upper chamber at Jerusalem, when the Infant Church lay in embryo waiting for the quickening of the Holy Ghost, and which will only end with the last hours of the Church Militant upon earth; and this spiritual life is again only one phase, so to speak, of the outward development of that wisdom and grace which she has inherited from our Lord; so that neither the one nor the other can be looked at alone, any more than the public ministry of our Lord can be looked at apart from the thirty years of His hidden life spent in preparation for it, or from His risen life which followed it; or, again, from all the effects of His whole life upon the destinies of the world.

In endeavouring, therefore, to form even an approximative estimate of the mystical teaching of the Middle Ages, it will be necessary for us not only to trace from the beginning, with as great clearness as may be consistent with brevity, the gradual development of this particular phase of the Church's wisdom and grace, and then to contrast the spirituality of the Middle Ages with that of later times; but also—in order to forestall objections and prejudices which are sure to come bristling to the front in any inquiry into mediæval times—to try and discover the relation in which, as we conceive, the Middle Ages stand to the Church; in other words, the position which they hold in what has been called the philosophy of Church history. The latter task alone will engage our attention in the present article. The Middle Ages have been often despised through ignorance of them, often idolized through admiration of their art, seldom understood. Yet undoubtedly they form a part of the Church's history which we ought to try and understand.

Speaking of this in his "Essay on the Spiritual Life of *Mediæval England*," Father Dalgairns considers, that to *assume that the* Middle Ages are the model times of Chris-

tianity, would, both historically and ecclesiastically, be a great error.

It matters little (he says) what a man thinks about Mediæval architecture, vestments, and embroidery; but it does matter a good deal what principles a man holds, as to what may be called the philosophy of Church history. If he conceives the grand story of God's Church, as though it were a pyramid, the apex of which is formed by the Middle Ages, while modern Christendom is on the downward side, then his whole view of Christianity is wrong. The Church never grows old, and it has advantages in the nineteenth century which it had not in the thirteenth.

Now we believe we are in entire accordance with what Father Dalgairns here intends, though we are not sure we should naturally express our thought in altogether the same language. In the first place, from all we have said about the outward growth of the Church in wisdom and grace, it will be evident that we heartily agree with him in saying that the Church never grows old, and that it has advantages (although of a different kind) in the nineteenth century which it had not in the thirteenth. We hold, by the very necessity of our position, that although, as Father Dalgairns points out, always one in spirit amidst all outward differences of form, the Church will increase in wisdom and grace before God and men as the ages roll along, up to the very last moment of her sojourn upon earth, just as her Divine Lord and Head outwardly increased in wisdom, and age, and grace, up to the moment when His mortal life was clothed with immortality, and, perfected by suffering, was crowned with glory; for "both He that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one." Yet at the same time we think it is necessary to distinguish between the Church's own outward growth throughout all ages, and her effect upon the world and the ages themselves through which she passes. In the former there is no pause, no check, even for a moment; in the latter there is not only no constant uniform progress and increase, but for centuries there may be a very serious retrogression and positive loss. Hence we said above, when speaking of the consequences of the Renaissance (and our remarks apply, of course, even more strongly to the "Reformation"), that although much has been lost, and the development of true Christian civilization has been interrupted, yet the loss has been to the world, not to the Church, which simply goes forward in her calm majesty, and increases unto a perfect day. Keeping, then, in mind the important distinction between the Church's own outward growth and her influence upon the world in different centuries, and fully allowing that *for her there can never* be such a state as old age, without in

any way saying that the Middle Ages are the model time of Christianity—alas! will there ever be a model time?—we still hold that in many very important respects our own times are vastly inferior to the Middle Ages. So, too, looking forward to the future, we cannot see how it can be doubted, that—except, perhaps, during that period of triumph for the Church, short or long, which saints such as S. Leonard of Port-Maurizio have foretold, and which there seems to be a general consent among holy men that God will grant His Church before the last great persecution of Antichrist—the latter ages of the world will witness a still further retrogression and falling away from Christian principles, a still further falling back upon and nearer approach to the naturalism of old pagan times, all of which seems to be shadowed forth in Scripture under the similitude of the "beast which was, and is not, and which shall yet come up out of the bottomless pit, and go unto destruction, one of whose heads was as it were slain to death, but whose death's wound was healed." Otherwise, how are our Lord's words to be explained: "The Son of Man, when He cometh, shall He find, think ye, faith upon the earth?" We hardly think that this requires further proof; yet, so far as the past is concerned, if any one should feel inclined to deny the general superiority of Mediæval times over our own in the recognition of the Kingdom of God, and in the acceptance of Christ's faith and religion, as the life and light of the world, we would offer the following suggestions. We have not now to do with Mediæval architecture, vestments, and embroidery—although we may afterwards say a word or two about Mediæval art generally—but simply with the question whether or not the Middle Ages were more Christian than our own times; whether or not, the Church always going forward to perfection, there has been since Mediæval times a fearful falling away from belief in Christian principles in the world at large. Now, no doubt, there is a tendency in every age to exaggerate present evils, and to surround the past with a halo of glory; no doubt, also, the Middle Ages were full of evils, as, indeed, are all times, and we have no wish to close our eyes either to their number or their gravity. We have no intention of forgetting the wide-spread simony and incontinence amongst the clergy, the victory over which gave to S. Gregory VII. his crown in heaven and his place among the saints; or their after recrudescence as one of the worst effects of the schism of the West, or the opposition of emperors and kings to the Vicar of *Christ and the* Church, or the thirst for blood, or the deeds of *violence and cruelty*, or the rationalism and unbelief in some

of the universities, or the ignorance and superstition against which the Church was ever victoriously contending, and which must be considered rather as the legacies of former still unhappier times, than as debts against God and men incurred by those times themselves. Nevertheless, there is one especial glory of which the Middle Ages can never be deprived, and which outbalances all the evils we have mentioned above, and throws all succeeding times into the shade. That especial glory lay in this, that, to use the words of the Bishop of Poitiers in a recent sermon on a Mediæval Saint—"In spite of immense disorders, which are punished with immense misfortunes, *the Christian principle was still in a marked manner the principle of all;* and in the foundation of this principle it was always possible for order to be re-established." * The Bishop had previously pointed out the still higher privileges of certain centuries, and those by no means the best; and as his eloquent remarks are very much to our purpose, we will give them at length :—

> If we go back (he says) to the second half of the fourteenth, and to the beginning of the fifteenth century, we shall find by the side of great crimes and great misfortunes, so much, alas! like our own, both great virtues and *great resources, which, at the present day, we are* without. Human nature, fallen nature, was no better then; but religion and the Gospel doctrine had a wider empire over the souls of men and over peoples. There were then, both for the souls of men and for peoples, opportunities and means of resurrection, which it is of the utmost importance for us to recover. First, then, let us speak of the souls of men. The immense advantage which former generations had over ourselves was the reverence with which they kept their baptism; in other words, the reverence with which they kept the faith,—that faith which is the first root of grace, as grace is the root and germ of glory. In these days, as in those, life was often troubled and stormy; the tempest of the passions was violent and terrible. But when all else was shipwrecked, the faith remained as a plank of salvation; and from faith, before long, there sprang forth prayer, and from prayer penance—austere penance, generous penance, penance fruitful in inspirations and works of holiness. Never let us forget, my brethren, faith is the foundation laid in us by baptism.†

Again, contrasting our own times with the Middle Ages, he says :—

> The great obstacle, my dear brethren, to the salvation of the men of our day, was pointed out by the Council of the Vatican from its very first opening, at the very head of its first doctrinal decree. Yes, that which at the

* "*Shall France perish?*" Richardson & Son. P. 35.
† *Ibid.* p. 29.

present day is multiplying the number of souls that are lost—let me speak plainly—which is peopling hell more than at any other time, is that system, far too widely spread, of rationalism or naturalism, which, placing itself in radical and absolute opposition to the Christian religion, in so far as it is a revealed institution, employs all its force to exclude Christ, our only Master and Saviour, from the minds of men, as well as from the life and morals of the peoples of the earth, in order to set up what is called the reign of pure reason, or of pure nature. Now, wherever the breath of naturalism has passed, there the Christian life has withered even down to its roots; has been destroyed down to its foundations. There we see utter barrenness in the order of salvation. *Scribe virum istum sterilem*—"Write that man barren." *

Yes, with all their faults the Middle Ages were not barren. They were, so to speak, the mighty womb from which has sprung that civilization of Christendom which in our own day is tottering to its fall; Christendom itself, as Christendom, having already passed away, while the present age has given birth to nothing which can take its place. In the Middle Ages Christ still reigned as King; nor were sciences, arts, politics, so far as these were in existence, no, nor even governments, although these may have been often in rebellion, divorced from religion and the Church. In the Middle Ages the leaders of thought—the educators of peoples—were men of God, most of them theologians, and theology was enthroned as the queen and mistress of all science. "The most remarkable men in the fourteenth century," says Victor Cousin, and his remark throws great light upon what we are saying, "were all mystics." The education of the Christian world was in the hands of the Church. The arbitrators of the destinies of nations and of Europe were sometimes saints. What a contrast to this nineteenth century in which we live! Let us picture for ourselves for a moment what the world would be now, how enormous would be the gain, if, instead of M. Thiers, M. Gambetta, or Count von Bismarck, or, until lately, Napoleon III., and Cavour, such a man as S. Bernard guided the politics of Europe,—a man who looked at every question in the light of God, and not in that of mere human expediency, or of international commerce. Were such a man to rise up in the world at the present day, the world would refuse to be guided by his counsels; nay, such a man has arisen. For five-and-twenty years Pius IX., Christ's own Vicar, has been trying to govern the world for Christ, and according to His laws; and not only has the world refused to listen to his counsels, but while Italy has dethroned him from his temporal princedom—the last witness to Christ's Kingship left upon the

* "*Shall France perish?*" Richardson & Son. Pp. 30, 31.

earth,—all the nations of the earth have stood by in silence with folded hands, and suffered the abomination of desolation to enter into the Holy City, and almost into the Holy Place. Such an act of treason would have been simply impossible in the Middle Ages; for "except, perhaps, during the momentary triumph of popular tribunes," says the Bishop of Poitiers, "Rome, even in the absence of her Pontiff-kings, ceased not to be the independent capital of Jesus Christ, the free and sovereign city of the States of the Church. The providential work of God and of centuries was not, therefore, touched; the keystone of European Christendom still remained. The treason of which we ourselves are witnesses, of which we ourselves are for the most part guilty, had not then been committed."* Later on he says, that when the sun, that is the Apostolic See, and the moon, that is the Roman Church, shall be no longer able to give their light, then the stars, that is the nations, will fall from heaven, and *that* will be the end. So again, side by side with the many undoubted evils of the Middle Ages, there were redeeming features which do not exist now, resources and blessings of which we have been long deprived. "Habits of faith," to quote again the words of the great French Bishop, "existed then to which we are strangers. How different, too, the times, compared with our own, when, the combat over (as at the battle of Poitiers), the conquerors and the conquered sat down together to the evening meal, asking a blessing before they began, and ending with returning thanks to God; and when on the morrow, at the break of day, a day which was not even Sunday, the conquerors and the conquered, before they parted, stood devoutly side by side, while Mass was being celebrated on the very field where on the eve the battle had been fought!" Even in these days of rifled cannon and breech-loading guns and improved ambulances, we might learn a lesson from those old Christian times.

Surely, then, we must admit, that although the Middle Ages may have been very far from perfect, they were nevertheless far more truly admirable, because more Christian than our own times; and that, if the Scripture prophecies are to be fulfilled, the ages yet to come will be still less Christian, nay, at the end, utterly apostate from Christ. Yet with all this, and although the ages have decreased and still are decreasing in Christianity, the Church has never ceased, and never will cease, to increase in wisdom and in grace, in unity and in strength. Nay, even during those three years and a half of the Church's Passion, in the time of Antichrist, which will

* "*Shall France perish?*" Richardson & Son. P. 38.

correspond to the Triduum of her Lord's Passion, when iniquity shall abound, and the charity of many shall grow cold; when all the glory of the king's daughter shall be from within,—even then the manifestation of her wisdom and grace will be greater than ever to those who believe, because concentrated, so to speak, into her last words upon the Cross, before dying for ever to this earth of sin, and rising to meet her Lord on the great Resurrection morning of the world.

Still, there is a difficulty, but it is a difficulty which, when solved, will throw light, we think, upon the whole question, and by showing the relation in which the Middle Ages stand to the Church, will fix the position which they hold in the philosophy of Church history. No one, we believe, can look closely into the history of the Church, and not perceive how, while in later ages her influence upon the world and upon mankind has been gradually decreasing, there was a time when, although often rudely broken off and interrupted, this influence gradually increased and expanded, until at last it was almost exalted into sovereignty. There was once a time, now, alas! no more, when the outward growth of the Church's wisdom and grace, and the progress of the world and of mankind in Christian virtue, Christian learning, Christian science, Christian art, Christian civilization, went hand-in-hand together. It is therefore very important for us to discover when this happy marriage of the eternal and the temporal, the spiritual and material, was dissolved, and the world refused to allow itself to be any longer fashioned and shaped in her own Christlike mould. Surely such a crisis in the Church's life must not only mark an epoch in her history, but also, by setting a limit to the Church's, until then, ever-growing influence over the world, serve to show that the ages in which her highest influence was exerted must occupy a central position in the philosophy of her history,—central, not necessarily, or so much in the order of time, although this, too, may well be, as in relation to the action of the Church upon the world, and even, in some respect, to the Church's own outward growth in wisdom, which, as we have seen, will never cease to increase as long as she remains on earth. For if the Church's influence over the world and the progress of the world under that influence gradually increased up to a certain point, after which they began to decrease, owing to the wickedness, and pride, and unbelief, and stubbornness of the hearts of men, it will hardly be rash to conclude that this influence and progress were originally meant by God to go on *continually increasing* as long as the Church should remain in *the world. From* this follow two conclusions. The first is, that

as the interruption of which we speak is due to man, and not to God, the ages of decrease must be regarded as altogether abnormal, and out of harmony with the plans of God, although, no doubt, He will know, as He always does, how to get His own glory out of them, and out of evil to bring forth good. The second is, that the period during which the Church's influence was most felt and recognized by the world must form, in a certain sense, a central point in her history, up to which everything led, and from the removal or destruction of which all the after-evils of the world have proceeded. Now if we ask ourselves where in the history of the Church this central period is to be placed, we answer, without hesitation, that it must be particularly placed during those centuries of the Middle Ages which witnessed alike the meridian glory of the temporal power of the Holy See and the general recognition of Christ's kingship over the earth. Of this central period the culminating point was the Pontificate of Innocent III., in which the harvest sown by S. Gregory VII. was reaped and garnered. This is that central period to which all the previous history of the Church had led; the destruction of the old Pagan Empire of Rome and her victory over it, the throne of the Cæsars giving way to S. Peter's throne; the invasion of the Barbarians, and their conversion, by which the many natural gifts of the Teutonic races were poured into the service of the Church; the establishment of the Holy Roman Empire, that magnificent erection of the Holy Roman Church, into which she wished to pour all that was good and noble in the empire of old Rome, after having first sanctified it in herself, and of which it has been well said, that "into it all the life of the ancient world was gathered, and out of it all the life of the modern world arose."* This, also, is that central period after which there set in almost immediately the continuous and ever-increasing decline of the influence of the Holy See and the Church upon the temporal destinies of the world, which before that period had been separated only fitfully and at intervals from the beneficent guidance and control of both the one and the other. Not all the deadly persecutions of "Babylon the Great, the mother of the fornications and abominations of the earth, drunk with the blood of the saints and of the martyrs of Jesus"; not all the invasions of Goths and Vandals, who swept before them the civilization of the old world; not all the poison of the earlier soul-destroying heresies; not the sword and fire of the false prophet Mahomet, the ministers of God's anger to the Churches of the East; not even the

* Bryce, "Holy Roman Empire."

great Schism of the East, which left the morning land of light and life in the midnight darkness, and the utter barrenness of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, from Whom all life and light proceed; not the mighty struggle of the Christian empire against the Church, which, crushed and humbled, withdrew, after the fall of the House of Hohenstaufen, into the narrower sphere of its own Teutonic pride, had been able to stay the onward progress of the Church's march towards supremacy over the world; whereas, the central period of which we have spoken once reached, all is changed. The lesser persecutions of Christian kings, compared with those of either the Pagan or the Christian empire; the lesser slavery of the captivity of Avignon, compared with those of the Church's captivity in the Catacombs; the lesser evils of the Schism of the West, compared with those of the Schism of the East (for while the former had to do only with the persons of the Popes, the latter struck at the very root of the Papacy itself); the revived naturalism and paganism of the Renaissance, endowed, one would have thought, with less vigour to corrupt the hearts of man than when they had behind them the old Roman empire in its strength; these began a deadlier work of ruin for the Church's influence over the world than all the former evils together had ever been able to accomplish, although in themselves deadlier far; for the former evils had arisen from without or from misbelief, not, except perhaps in the case of Frederick II., from the now rapidly-growing tares of scepticism and unbelief.*

Then, although, as we have said, the Church's own outward growth never for a moment ceased, and although she was as strong, nay, stronger than ever to save the world, and crown it with the glory of Christian civilization, the antagonism between the world and the Church grew deeper and stronger; nations began to grow jealous of the authority of the Holy See, and, misled by national prejudices, even Councils and theologians began to frame a system of opposition to the Papacy. At Constance and at Basle the germ of Gallicanism arose, while even men like Gerson and Nicholas of Cusa, helped to nurse it into strength. The Holy See began to lose its prestige, and, as a natural consequence, the clergy became again corrupt. The work of S. Gregory VII. was undone. When the shepherds of the flock, the guardians of the public morals, had themselves turned aside into unhealthy pastures, what

* "We find," says F. Dalgairns (Essay, p. xxviii.) "in the fourteenth century *the beginning of a distinct* revolt of the cultivated class against Christianity. *They are already numerous* enough to fill the sixth circle of Dante's Hell."

could become of the people whom they led? They began to forget, if we may here make use of the words of the Bishop of Poitiers, spoken of later times, the reverence due to their Baptism; they forgot to keep the faith which they had asked at their baptism of the Church of God, and which is "the root of grace, as grace is the root and germ of glory." The well-springs of their Baptism became closed up; the supernatural life could no longer flow; Christian faculties and dispositions were lost; the living waters ceased to leap up in sufficient abundance to fertilize Christendom; "iniquity began to abound, and the charity of many to grow cold." In other words, as the roots of faith began to decay and lose their hold on the hearts of nations, grace, which is the flower of faith, began gradually to grow dim and dull, and to lose the freshness and brightness of its colour, and then to wither away, blossoming indeed, as it ever will and must, in the souls of individuals, but no longer making the nations of Christendom to blossom like a many-tinted garden in the eyes of God. Then, as grace withered away, the morality of Christian nations became corrupt, because the only life-giving principle which could keep it pure and free from decay was gradually drying up, until at last, when, in the sixteenth century, an apostate monk raised the battle-cry against Christ's Vicar and Christ's Church, the Christian world, which had become barren and unfit to bear flowers and fruit to Christ, being over-sown far and wide with the devil's seed, became ripe for the devil's work, and half of Christendom fell away from God.*

"The great apostasy of the Reformation," says F. Dalgairns, "could never have been successful if a terrible outbreak of worldliness had not sapped the first principles of Christian life among the nobility and gentry of England"; and what is true of England is also true, we think, of other nations of the Teutonic race generally; and if what are called the Latin nations did not make such utter shipwreck at the same period, this is only because faith, the great principle of the Christian life, had a stronger hold upon their hearts.† From this great

* No one, we think, can fail to see the connection between the weakening of the Holy See by the systematic opposition of the Councils of Constance and Basle, supported as it was by national prejudices, and by the pretensions of the temporal power in regard to spiritual authority, with the spirit of the Reformation, which led sovereigns to throw off the supremacy of Rome, and to usurp her power.

† The corruption of morals seems to have been quite as great in Italy and in France in the fourteenth century as in Germany and England; probably it *was even greater.* In Italy especially, at a later period, the principles of *the Renaissance took* deeper root than elsewhere. What, then, could have

falling away Christendom has never recovered, and the influence of the Church over the temporal destinies of the world, and over the guidance of its civilization, has grown less and less. There is, however, no need for us to trace any further the sad history of its decline, or the connection between the revolt against spiritual authority in the sixteenth, and that against temporal authority, nay, the dissolution of all authority, at the close of the eighteenth century and in our own day; or, again, to point out how the anti-Christian Revolution, which is at present surging all around us, and loosening and dissolving all things, contains the germ of that spirit of utter lawlessness which is to culminate in the person of the "lawless one," the great Anti-Christ at the latter day; for we see the result of the decline of the Church's influence in the sad fact that not even one Government in the world is now Christian; that there is not even one nation that, as a nation, is not apostate from Christ; while, since the temporal princedom of the Roman Pontiff has been taken from him, there is, as we said above, no longer even one national witness left to Christ's kingship over the earth. Christendom has in some sense ceased to exist. Alas! indeed the contrast between our own days and those of S. Gregory VII. or Innocent III.!

Having now pointed out the central position of the period which, speaking roughly, witnessed the triumph of S. Gregory VII.'s great mission, in relation to the history of the

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saved Italy and France, at the Reformation, we do not say from Protestantism, for that is opposed both to the minds and hearts of the peoples of both nations, but from utter unbelief, except that the principle of faith was still more firmly rooted amongst them? Even at the present day in Italy, where the mystery of iniquity is working so fearfully, what is it that keeps the vast majority of the people sound at heart, except their deep-rooted faith? So, too, with the clergy. Twenty years ago it was the fashion to speak of the corruption and unbelief of the Italian clergy; yet how very few—they are so few that they can be easily counted—have given in to the false nationalism which is blighting their beautiful land. Surely it would have been far otherwise had unbelief been common, or corruption prevalent, and all the more so, as they have nothing to gain, in a human point of view, from remaining true to the Holy Father. Contrast the ready compliance of so many of the bishops of England with the views and wishes of the King at the Reformation, with the attitude of the Italian Episcopate and clergy at the present crisis, and in how much more favourable a light will the latter appear. (See upon this subject an article in this REVIEW, July, 1869, on the "Suppression of the Religious Houses in Italy.") At page xxii. of his Essay, F. Dalgairns points out that at the beginning of the fourteenth century the influence of the Church was sensibly growing less, and that simultaneously with the fierce attack of Europe on the Papacy of which the treatment of Boniface VIII. by Philip the Fair was the beginning, there arose an *undoubted outburst of sin*, a marked progress in vice. He then proceeds to *enlarge upon the well-nigh* universal degeneracy of the times.

Church which both preceded and followed it, we must now look more closely into the nature of that period itself, in order to see how, in almost every way, it deserves to be called "central." Speaking of the thirteenth century, a recent Church historian has said that in it "the clergy, both secular and regular, gave a splendid example of every virtue. Science and sanctity, that twofold crown of the priesthood, never shone more brightly; the whole world, led on by the powerful influence of the Papacy, was steadily advancing in the true path of Evangelical perfection; *and to every true Christian this period must appear the most fruitful and wonderful in works of faith, charity, and devotedness.*"* Of the power and vigour of the Holy See during this period we need say but little; there are probably few at the present day who would contest it. And although we agree with F. Dalgairns in thinking that "even in the thirteenth century the Church was by no means omnipotent" (p. xxii.), we still hold that she then came as near to sovereignty over the world,—as nearly succeeded in making Christ's kingship over the earth a reality to the eyes as well as in the hearts of men,—as she ever could or can do in a world, which, although God so loved it as to send His only-begotten Son to be its Saviour, has ever hated the Church, as it hated her Lord before her. Enough for us to say, that during this period the Vicar of Christ controlled the world by judging, and, when necessary, condemning Emperor and kings and peoples, and this too when Emperor and kings were mighty, and peoples headstrong; when men like Henry IV., Frederick Barbarossa, and Frederick II., of Germany, and Henry II. of England, reigned upon the earth. More than this, and because of this, we may say that never before this period, and never since, did the Christian nations of the earth form so completely one body, corporate and politic, knit together and animated by one policy, and that policy subservient to God's laws, and the interests of God's Church: so that the Common Father of the faithful could rule over them, as over the whole vast family of God. Never before nor since has there been a period, when the middle wall erected between nations by the spirit of false nationalism has been so completely broken down,—when all the Christian nations formed so completely one family, in which Christ was all in all. The Vicars of Christ controlled the world, and in

* Darras, "History of the Church," vol. iii. p. 420. The statement about the clergy must not be taken to imply that there were not, even in the thirteenth century, *many abuses in* particular places. The historian is taking a general *view of the period.*

them Christ Himself ruled and reigned. In all this, the period of which we are speaking stands alone; all the previous history of the world leads up to it; all the after-history of the world reflects its greatness; before it, the world saw nothing like it; as soon as it had passed away, the first shadowy signs of the world's apostasy and reprobation appeared. It is thus, as it were, the centre of the thousand years during which Satan is bound, that he may no more seduce the nations, until they be finished, corresponding with the thousand years of the first resurrection, in which the Saints reign with Christ in glory, and, as patron Saints of the kingdoms of the earth, have power over the nations.* But, as whenever the Holy See is free to exercise its creative, life-giving, and providential influence over the world, all good things come together with it; so we need not be surprised to find that this period also witnessed the happiest development of sanctity and science. "The episcopate of the Church," says the last-mentioned writer, "bound to the Papacy by the closest ties, formed but one solid body, communicating to the farthest extremities of the earth the influence of the Holy See. . . . . The hierarchy of the Church, thus constituted in strength and power, was in a condition to act with vigour upon the society of the Middle Ages. This influence was outwardly displayed in the crusades against Islamism and the Albigensian heresy, and by the spread of the gospel among heathen nations; its inward working was seen in the wonderful development and spread of a spirit of faith and holiness; by the foundation of religious orders; by the intellectual movement which regenerated learning, established a new school of Christian art, and dotted the world with universities. . . . In its laws, habits, and manners, society seemed to aim solely at Christian perfection; and this tendency was displayed by prodigies of virtue and holiness in every rank and condition." (Vol. iii., 5th par., ch. x.) What the Christian world would have become had this happy period lasted, and civilization been allowed to develop itself under the guidance and control of the Church and the supreme direction of the Holy See, we may gather in some measure

* In vol. ix. p. 72, Milman has some very severe remarks upon the worship of the Saints during the Middle Ages, apparently quite unconscious that his own words testify to the truth of our Lord's promise, as revealed to S. John. "To him that overcometh will I give to sit on My throne, and I will give him power over the nations." If for Christ to sit on His Father's throne is to share His Father's power, then to sit on Christ's throne is to share in Christ's power. Surely no one, who fails to grasp the doctrine of the *Incarnation in its fulness*,—that is to say, that the Church is Christ's body,—*is able to write a history of* Christianity.

from what the Holy See and the Church were able to do then. With the Vicar of Christ for arbiter in the quarrels of nations, and judge over the whole Christian world, wars might have died out of the earth: the vision of the gospel-prophet might have been literally fulfilled: "And many people shall say, Come let us go up to the mountain of the Lord and to the House of the God of Jacob, and He will teach us His ways, and we will walk in His paths: for the law shall come forth from Sion, and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And He shall judge the nations and rebuke many people; and they shall turn their swords into plough-shares and their spears into sickles: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they be exercised to war any more. They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat: for as the days of a tree, so shall be the days of my people, and the works of their hands shall be of long continuance. They shall not hurt, nor shall they kill in all my holy mountain, for the earth is filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the covering waters of the sea." The intellect of Christendom, which we see during this marvellous period quickening into life with all the first flush of its glorious promise, would have been developed in harmony with the Divine Revelation, and in that only true and perfect freedom which comes from the light of God: for the license of error, like the license of sin, is not freedom, but the slavery of darkness, causing men to grope about and feel their way, and retrace ever the same circle, instead of going forward to perfect knowledge. Informed by the light of God, it would have arrived at this perfect knowledge, not by spasmodic efforts, often self-contradictory as well as opposed to God's truth, but by one calm onward march; still less would it have contented itself with fragments of God's truth, but, becoming enlarged by a higher power than its own, would, in the due course of time, have formed a still nobler synthesis of all science, divine and human, than that which, as we shall see, was then formed, noble though it was. Reason, instead of becoming first a rebel against, and then a tyrant over the Faith of Christ, would have continued its handmaid, looking to its definitions as finger-posts, not as obstacles; helping to build up and strengthen the temple of revealed truth by the bulwarks of her arguments, and laying the results of all her investigations and discoveries at the foot of Christ's Cross. The sciences would still have continued to recognize theology as their queen and mistress; the arts, which carry on for the delight of *men* the development of the beautiful, instead of *slaking their thirst* with impure and troubled waters, and

building for them aqueducts and cisterns, broken cisterns that hold no water, would have drawn even deeper and deeper from the crystal and living well of all beauty, which is at the same time the well of all truth and goodness. Civilization, instead of being of the earth, earthly, dragging men down to mere material comfort,—to the lust of the eyes, and the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life,—would have helped them forward to their eternal end, and made the earth the very footstool of God's throne. In a word, "the earth would have been the Lord's and the fulness thereof, the world and all they who dwell therein." But the Church is not above her Lord, it is enough if she be as her Lord: and the hosannas which greeted the Church as queen of the whole earth, like those of her Lord, were destined before long to be drowned in the cries of "Crucify her, crucify her!" God in His wisdom has willed it so to be, and all that we can do is to comfort ourselves with the knowledge that in His own good time all shall be well; that as He Himself revealed to one of His servants, who lived just when the Church's glorious era had passed away, and who, in her little quiet cell at Norwich, was sorely troubled with the "ugly sight" of sin that was coming over Christendom: "All shall be well, and all shall be well, and all manner of thing shall be well. I may make all thing well, and I can make all thing well, and I shall make all thing well, and I will make all thing well; and thou thyself shalt see that all manner of thing shall be well, for sithen I have made well by the most harm, then it is My will that thou know thereby that I shall make well all that is less."*

Have we exaggerated the glories of this period of the Church's meridian earthly splendour? Are we wrong in applying the term "meridian" to any part of her past life on earth, even in reference to her influence over the world? Do our readers think that we have not as yet shown sufficient grounds for calling this period of her nearest approach to sovereign power over the world the central period of her history? If so, we must ask them to bear with us a little longer, while we examine it still more in detail. We are not contending for a mere view, but for a theory, which, as it seems to us, is the only one which can rightly explain the philosophy of her history as well as that of the world. We have no wish to build up any mere picturesque structure of argument, which, however apparently harmonious in the proportion of its parts,

* "Sixteen Revelations of Divine Love," made to a devout servant of our *Lord, called Mother* Juliana, an Anchoress of Norwich, who lived in the days *of King Edward III.* 13th Rev., ch. 27, 29, 31.

may rest on no solid foundation; but we wish to show that the central position of the period in question is borne out, not only by what we have already said, but also by its general nature and character. While contending that the outward growth of the Church in wisdom and grace has never ceased, and can never cease until the great day of her translation from earth to heaven, we are not by any means prevented from maintaining at the same time that in the process of development there is one central point in which the rays of the Church's wisdom and grace become as it were concentrated. So was it in the life of our B. Lord Himself, when He stood transfigured upon the holy mount, the voice of God the Father coming down to Him from the excellent glory, and confirming His whole Divine life —past, present, and future—by the manifestation, while His flesh was as yet unglorified, of the glory which He had with the Father before the world was. The glory of the Godhead broke, as it were, through His human flesh, and showed him to be indeed the Lord of Glory, the Lord of lords, and King of kings. Even so also the period of her brightest glory upon earth may be called the Church's Tabor, not because she was surrounded with merely earthly glory—God forbid! that would be, indeed, to take an unworthy view of the Church's mission —that would, indeed, be no transfiguration; but because the Divine glory of the kingdom of God, which will only be revealed in its fulness when "all principality, and power, and virtue has been brought to naught," broke through the Church's human life, and showed her for a little while to be the mistress of the world. Now, this manifestation of the Divine glory took place in other ways besides those already mentioned, and these, again, seem to us amply to justify the title of "central," which we have given to this period.

Take for example the development of the Church's dogma. Which is the great central dogma which gives life not only to all the rest, but to the Church herself, and to all her members? Is it not that of the Real Presence of Christ's Real Body enthroned in the midst of His Mystical Body, the Church? that Real Presence which is the source of all her wisdom and grace, the secret of all her strength, the centre of all her life, the pledge of her future glory? Yet, what do we find? When was it that the solemn enthronement of Christ's Real Body in the worship of His Mystical Body took place? We do not of course speak of the truth of the dogma itself, which had been held from the first and in all places, but of the position which the definition of the dogma occupies in the process of development of the Church's dogmatic teaching, and of the immense *increase of devotion* to our Lord in the B. Sacrament which

followed that definition. When writing last year in the pages of this Review on devotion to S. Joseph, we made use of these words: "Our readers will have perceived that in the course of our rapid sketch of the Church's doctrinal development, we paused at the solemn enthronement of the Real Body of Christ in the outward worship of the members of His Mystical Body. We did so advisedly, for we believe that in very truth this was the centre and turning-point of the Church's mystical life. From that moment the current of her thought and love passed into another channel; but it was only the channel that was changed, the deep waters of her doctrine and devotion were still the same. . . . . The cycle of the doctrine relating to Christ's Real Body having been completed, these in their turn began to give place to those which related to His Mystical Body. And so the Church unfolded before the eyes of men its institution, its authority, its sacraments, and its rites, ever bringing out into clearer light the mutual relationship of its members, whether militant, suffering, or glorified, as well as the royal dignity, prerogatives, and privileges of its earthly head, the Holy Roman Pontiff, until that long-looked-for Midsummer day came at last, when not yet a year ago she crowned her doctrine about Christ's Mystical Body with the solemn definition of the Infallibility of His Vicar upon earth."* Borrowing a comparison from the architecture of the Mediæval Church, we said that the dogma of the Real Presence formed as it were the high altar and tabernacle of a vast cathedral, standing between the costly sanctuary of the doctrine relating to Christ's Real Body, which had been first built, and the long nave or central aisle afterwards to be raised out of the hewn stones of the doctrines which relate to our Lord's Mystical Body; the aisle of our Lady on the right hand, with its delicate and smaller proportions growing up by the side of the central aisle, although the Lady chapel of the worship of God's Mother, out of which it sprang, had been erected from the first, along with the sanctuary of Christ's Real Body; the third aisle of S. Joseph beginning to lift up its walls just at the very time the high altar of the B. Sacrament was being completed, while the chapels of the Saints first of all cluster round the sanctuary, and then gird the aisles, forming, as it were, an outer circle of worship around Mary, Jesus, and Joseph.† Thus rose up, thus still is rising up, the

* "Devotion to S. Joseph," DUBLIN REVIEW for April, 1871.

† The writer of this article may perhaps state at once, that although entertaining the warmest admiration for Mediæval architecture, as the expression of *some of the noblest thoughts* of the human mind, he still feels most strongly *that there are other* thoughts, no less noble, that find their best expres-

three-aisled temple of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, with the central dogma of the Real Presence as its glorious altar-throne. Now it was during that period of the Church's history that we have called "central," that this altar-throne was erected in the midst of the Church; that this central dogma reached the perfection of its development in the definition of Transubstantiation, and in the solemn enthronement of the B. Sacrament in the outward worship of the Church by the establishment of the Feast of Corpus Christi. In 1208, B. Juliana, of Mont Cornillon, beheld in vision, under the figure of a moon, full all but in one little point, how there was wanting yet some little thing to the fulness of the adoration of the B. Sacrament, and this, as she was told by God, was the institution of a special feast in its honour.

In 1215, Innocent III. opened the fourth Council of the Lateran, taking for his text the words of our Lord, "With desire have I desired to eat this Pasch with you." This Council was for the Middle Ages what we had hoped would have been, and still hope may be, if God so will, the Vatican Council for our own times. It seems to have met every want of the Church; it consolidated and re-consecrated the great work of S. Gregory VII., and its decrees have served as a foundation for ecclesiastical discipline down to the present day. It was meet and right that this foundation should itself rest on the foundation of all unity, and holiness, and strength; and so in the first Canon we meet with these memorable words: "Of the faithful there is only one universal Church, out of which no man is saved. Jesus Christ is Himself its Priest and Sacrifice. His Body and Blood are truly contained in the Sacrament of the Altar under the species of bread and wine, the bread being transubstantiated into the Body, and the wine into the Blood, by the power of God, in order that, for the perfecting of the mystery of unity, we may receive from Him what He has received from us." Just as the term "Consubstantial," consecrated by the Council of Nice, condenses, so to speak, into one word all the Church's early doctrine concerning her Lord's Godhead, so all her past doctrine concerning His Real Body becomes, as it were, condensed into the one word, "Transubstantiation." Even as the bread and wine are transubstantiated into Christ's Body and Blood, so the Church now stands before the world "His own Flesh," and all her children "members of His Body, of His Flesh, and of His Bones." But the thirteenth century had yet one more act of homage to

sion in other styles. His remarks, therefore, upon Mediæval art, towards the close of this paper, must be understood rather of the spirit which animated it, than of itself, as a style.

pay to the centre of the Church's life. The vision of B. Juliana received its fulfilment, and the full moon of the Church's adoration of the B. Sacrament shone down upon the Christian world, and has shone ever since, when in 1264 Urban IV. established the Feast of Corpus Domini, by means of which, when all the great feasts of the year are over,—when Passion-tide and Easter have come and gone, when our ascended Lord has sent down the promise of the Father, the Holy Ghost the Comforter, while the faithful are still bowed down in adoration of the mystery of mysteries, the ever glorious Trinity, the Son of God and the Son of Mary is carried in triumph through city and village, and quiet country fields, to bestow upon the homes and possessions of men, as well as upon their souls and bodies, as Lord of the whole earth, the fulness of His blessing. When we think of the close connection between doctrine and devotion, between dogma and the spiritual life, it will be hardly too much to say that all the doctrines of the Church, all the many varied phases of the spiritual life of her children in after-ages, down to our own time, have been affected, quickened, developed, by the solemn enthronement of the B. Sacrament in the outward worship of the Church in the thirteenth century, and by the greater familiarity with its life-giving Presence, which has been the blessed fruit of that enthronement; just as the effects of the Definitions of the Immaculate Conception of our Lady and of the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff will be felt long beyond our own times. But this we shall hope to show more clearly in another article.

Again, in the development of the science of theology, what do we find? Do we not see this period, and especially the thirteenth century, assume the same central position, as in respect to the more solemn development of dogma and worship by the Church herself? Kneeling before the B. Sacrament, now enthroned high above the Church's Altar, we see two great doctors, each offering his gifts. The one is the Angel of the Schools, the other the Seraphic Doctor. Both were asked by Urban IV. to write the office and mass of Corpus Christi; but one alone, the Angelical, was to be known as the Doctor of the B. Sacrament. We are told that when S. Bonaventure read the office written by S. Thomas, he tore up his own; and can we wonder? We are writing this while the words of the "Lauda Sion" are still ringing in our ears, still melting the heart of the whole Western Church,—the Lauda Sion which is the Sum of his theology, centred on the Bread of angels, while the marvellous unity of the office of the B. Sacrament is still rising up before us in the magnificence of *its proportions*, and we seem in some poor way to understand

how it is the special privilege of angelic purity of heart, more even than of love, to *see* God—we do not say, to feel Him. Yet not one of these great saints but has his own gift to offer before our Lord's Sacramental Throne. The one throws upon the living coals of his thurible all the wisdom of the old heathen past, and purifies it from its dross, and transmutes it into the pure gold of scientific truth, worthy to form a crown of gold round about the Ark of the New Covenant, and the cherubim of beaten gold on the two sides of the propitiatory, and the seven-branched golden candlestick to stand with its lamps in the Holy Place. To the wisdom of the old heathen past he adds the fragrant spices and priceless gums of his knowledge of the Holy Fathers, Greek and Latin, and of the written Word of God, so that the sweet perfume of the whole may rise up in fleece-like clouds and twine themselves round the columns of the Tabernacle wherein the mighty Sacramental Presence is enshrined. Then he who is Plato and Aristotle in one, and greater than either, offers in the midst of the incense cloud the work of his own angelic mind; he takes the whole faith of Christ, together with all that human reason had produced, and forms one glorious synthesis, harmonious and perfect in all its parts, "a transcript of the mind of the Universal Church," and lays it at the feet of Him who is Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End, the First and the Last.* The Sum of S. Thomas is the gathering in of the highest human wisdom to obedience to the Eternal Wisdom, the Word of the Father; it is the summing up of all science, human and Divine, so far as was then possibile; it is the concentration of all doctrine; it is the perfecting of philosophy, and its consecration to the service of the Church. So perfect is the reconciliation of theology and philosophy, that the queen of sciences condescends to clothe herself in a dress woven for her by the hands of her hitherto often too rebellious sister, and even to shadow forth to the intellects of men the great central dogma of the faith in the terminology of human speculation. Nor is this all; for from the subtlety of his piercing intellect S. Thomas's gigantic and systematic summary of all doctrine anticipates almost all future error; so that even in our own day there is hardly an objection which can be brought against the Faith which has not already received its death-blow, in the principles at least, laid down by the Angelical; even those who are strangers to the mind of the Church, and blind to the true philosophy of her history, feel the truth of what we have been saying. "Thomas Aquinas," says the historian of Latin

* *See upon S. Thomas* and his work, his Life, by F. R. B. Vaughan.

Christianity, "is throughout, and above all, the Theologian. God and the soul of man are the only objects truly worthy of his philosophic investigation. This is the function of the Angelic Doctor, the mission of the Angel of the Schools. In his works, or rather in his one work, is the final result of all which has been decided by Pope or Council, taught by the Fathers, accepted by tradition, argued in the schools, inculcated in the Confessional. The Sum of Theology is the authentic, authoritative, and acknowledged code of Latin Christianity." * "Take away Thomas," said an heresiarch of the sixteenth century, "and I will destroy the Church." So again another modern writer has said: "Thomas Aquinas has abundantly fulfilled his master's prophecy of him. The bellowings of that Bull have been heard throughout all countries and in all generations; there is more than a feeble echo of them in our own. He has governed the schools, moulded the thoughts of nearly all Roman Catholic students, given a shape to the speculations of numbers who have never read any of his writings, and to whom his name is rather a terror than an attraction. . . . . From first to last he was thinking of all that could be said on both sides of the question he was discussing, chiefly of what might be said in favour of the opinion which he did *not* hold, and which he was ultimately to annihilate. Those who suppose that he was afraid of approaching heretical or infidel opinions, can have very little acquaintance with him. His books are a storehouse of arguments for such opinions. The reasoner against almost any tenet of the Catholic faith may be furnished at a short notice with almost any kind of weapons out of the armoury of *the* great Catholic doctor." † Now it is to what we have called the central period of the Church's history, to the most splendid portion of it, that this central synthesis of Catholic doctrine and of true philosophy belongs.

But kneeling by the side of the great Dominican before the now solemnly enthroned Centre of the Church's life, there is, as we have said, another doctor, the glory of the Franciscan Order, the theologian of seraphic love; and he, too, has his own gift to offer, which, although of a different kind, has ever the same end in view as that of his brother saint. The gift and the work of S. Bonaventure, for they are the same thing, is to show the relation of all the sciences and all the arts to theology, and above all, to bring theology to bear upon the heart through charity, "towards which all Holy Scripture tends, and in which it terminates, which is the end consequently of that illumination

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* *Vol. ix. b. xiv. ch. 3.*

† "*Mediæval Philosophy*," by Frederick Denison Maurice, pp. 184, 188.

which descends from above, without which all knowledge is vain, for there is no coming to the Son save through the Holy Spirit, Who teaches us all truth, Who is blessed for ever and ever. Amen." As S. Thomas represents the dogmatic side of theology, so S. Bonaventure represents its mystical side; while each may be said, in his own province and by his own synthesis, to occupy a central position in this central period of the Church's history. But these two great doctors, prominent as they are in themselves, may also be said to be embodiments of the two great tendencies of the age in which they lived.* Nor are they kneeling alone while offering their gifts of intellect and love. Dominic and Francis, their great fathers, the authors of their spiritual life, — the one encircling the Church with his "Order of Truth," the other with his "Seraphic Order," and an intense love for nature, are kneeling behind them; and, as has been well said, in the two great mendicant orders nearly all the philosophy of the thirteenth century is comprehended.

There too on the one side is Albert the Great, S. Thomas's "myriad-minded" master, only less than his disciple, the two grand objects of whose life seem to have been to christianize Aristotle, and to form Divine and human science into an organized whole, and to whom, therefore, the Sum of S. Thomas itself is due;—Albert, who, to the shame of after-centuries, is said to have understood the Stagyrite, even through the clouds of a Latin translation, better than his modern commentators with all the light of sound Greek philology;† who, in his superhuman work of twenty-one folio volumes, has not only gathered up all the treasures of ancient science, but has enriched them with large contributions of his own on every branch of it; who also stands before us as the

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* "Mediæval Philosophy," by Frederick Denison Maurice, p. 212. "History of Latin Christianity," vol. ix. b. xiv.; where, after observing that it might have been supposed that the popularizing of religious teaching, which was the express object of the Friar Preachers and the Minorites, would have left the higher places of abstruse and learned theology to the older orders, or to the more dignified secular ecclesiastics, Dean Milman adds, "But the dominant religious influence of the times could not but seize on all the fervent and powerful minds which sought for satisfaction for their devout yearnings. No one who had strong religious ambition [we should say, "zeal for God's glory"] could be anything but a Dominican, or Franciscan."

† "Zur Beschämung späterer Jahrhunderte, wird man gestehen müssen, dass im 13 Jahrhundert, die Aristotelische Lehre zwar nicht ohne Vorurtheile, aber besser erkannt wurde, als noch in unsern Jahrhundert."—Ritter, 8. Theil, doch Buch 12. In another place he says: "Albertus habe den Aristotles wohl besser verstanden, als unsere neueren grossen Philologen." See also the chapter *on Albertus Magnus* in F. Roger Vaughan's "Life of S. Thomas Aquinas."

anxious investigator of the mysteries of nature; the subtle chemist, the bold astronomer, the able interpreter of the theorems of Euclid, who went about Christendom scattering the seeds of knowledge at Cologne, Hildesheim, Fribourg, Ratisbon, Strasburg, and Paris;* and who, best of all, through all the masses of scientific research, knew how to keep his mind fixed upon his heavenly Master, and to cleave unto God.† "The result of the labours of Albert," says Haurćau, "was nothing less than a veritable revolution." ‡ And there also, on the same side, is Vincent of Beauvais, the father of modern encyclopædists, who seems to have been among the first to discover the importance of the philosophy of history, especially of Church history, and whose best work, with its three grand divisions of nature, doctrine, history, all reflecting, under different aspects, the greatness of God and His Providence, forms not only a complete encyclopædia of all that was known in his own day, but also a general mirror of the world. There, on the other side, is the Englishman, Alexander of Hales, the "irrefragable doctor," who shares with Albert the Great the glory of having digested the wisdom of the past and of his own times, and by his Sum of universal theology, of having prepared the way for the masterpiece of S. Thomas,§ but whose chief glory seems to us to

* Hauréau, "Philosophie Scholastique," ii. p. 103. Jourdain's estimate is not less favourable; he considers Albert, whether looked at as theologian or philosopher, to have been one of the most "extraordinary men of his time, and even one of the most astonishing geniuses of past ages." This is very different from the estimate formed by Fleury, who saw nothing great in him, but his volumes; or of Hallam, who, although he has evidently never opened his works, but trusts entirely to Meniers, can think it just to speak of the "evil inflicted upon Europe by the credit Albert gave to astrology, alchemy, and magic." In a later edition he adds, it is true, a note, in which Jourdain's favourable estimate is quoted; yet he never seems to have thought of going himself to consult the works of this truly great and wonderful man. Most of Hallam's knowledge of the literature of this period seems to be second-hand, and is therefore of very little weight.—"Int. to Lit. of Eur.," vi. p. 79, 7th ed.

† Those who, like Ritter, Hauréau, Maurice, and the later German writers upon the Middle Ages, have read his work *de adhærendo Deo*, and the great scholastic doctors, know how to appreciate them.—(See Maurice, "Med. Phil.," pp. 173–184.)

‡ Hauréau, ii. p. 103. Milman quotes Hauréau with approval, but differs from him, in thinking that Albert "rather foreboded than wrought this revolution." Yet only a few pages before he had compared the tomes of the Scholastics to the pyramids of Egypt; oppressive from the sense of power for no discoverable use. "Whoever penetrates within, finds himself bewildered and lost in a labyrinth of small, dark, intricate passages and chambers, devoid of grandeur, devoid of solemnity; he may wander without end, and find *nothing!*"

§ *In saying this,* we do not wish to imply that Alexander of Hales was the *master of S. Thomas,* as has sometimes been said. That this was not the case,

have been in having laid the foundation of scientific thought in the Franciscan theology and philosophy, which afterwards served to keep the balance straight between excess of mysticism or ascetical fervour on the one hand, and too passionate an investigation into the mysteries of nature on the other, —dangers recurring from time to time in the course of the development of Franciscan thought.* There, too, as if that the first rays of the dawn of physical science, although the time for its full development had not yet come, should not be absent from this glorious period, is Roger Bacon, of whom it has been said that of all men he seemed to have been surprised, perhaps overwhelmed, by the mysteries of nature, with whose teeming inexhaustible life and productive powers he was ever seeking to come directly into contact,† and who, with all his faults, not only anticipated the principles of inductive philosophy, and beheld almost in dim outline very many of the glories of modern science, but to whom even the second Bacon may have been more largely indebted than is commonly supposed.‡ There also is the Irishman Duns Scotus, who shows us the scholastic side of Franciscan thought, with its strong Platonic tendency, just as S. Bonaventure represents its spiritual and mystical, and Roger Bacon its natural side, and who in two hundred distinct propositions becomes the champion of the Immaculate Conception of our Lady.§ How magnificent is

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see F. Vaughan's "Life of S. Thomas," i. 422. That Alexander of Hales prepared the way for the Summa, see vol. ii. 826–30.

* For example, the Spirituals or the Fratricelli in the 14th century, whom Michael of Cesena, General of the Franciscans, and William Occam supported. Not that Dominican thought had not also its own especial dangers, but these were themselves rather of a scientific nature. However, Dominican thought had even a more solid foundation than Franciscan, resting as it did on the works of S. Thomas.

† See Maurice's "Med. Phil.," p. 235.

‡ See Foster's "Mahomedanism Unveiled," quoted by Hallam, "Int. to Lit. of Eur.," vol. i. p. 117.

§ Maurice points out, and we think correctly, that although Scotus preserves the terminology respecting form and matter, which the schoolmen had chiefly borrowed from Aristotle, that terminology acquires a new meaning in his hands; while in saying that the one efficient principle is the exemplar of all forms, Duns is Platonical. Hallam, as usual, has read nothing of Scotus, except some extracts in Turner, and these seem to him "very frivolous."—"Europe during the Middle Ages," p. 684 (Murray's reprint). He adds: "I have met with four living English writers who have read parts of Thomas Aquinas,—Mr. Turner, Mr. Barrington, Mr. Coleridge, and the Edinburgh Reviewer. Still, I cannot bring myself to believe that there are four more in the country who could say the same. Certain portions, however, of his writings are still read in the course of instruction of some Catholic universities"! It is difficult to see how Mr. Hallam could sit down to write about the Middle Ages at all, most of the works of the schoolmen being unknown to him, as he con-

this spectacle of the intellectual, moral, spiritual, natural tendencies of science, while interpenetrating one another, all grouping themselves together in the persons of these great doctors round the centre of the Church's life, now solemnly enshrined on her great altar-throne in this central period of her history, and forming one vast synthesis of universal doctrine in its honour! Of a truth, Wisdom hath built herself a house, she hath hewn her out seven pillars; the opposition of science, falsely so called, although, as ever, active and restless, seems for a little while to have ceased to prevail, and even to the wise and prudent the Church has become the Seat of Wisdom.

If, however, the B. Sacrament receives in the Church's public worship at this memorable period a more open recognition as the very centre of her life, so by a parallel impulse of the Spirit of God, the worship of God's Mother receives a no less striking development. Our Lady, too, in her own measure, is the very life of these ages. "All the greatest men of this period appear as the faithful servants of that Queen of love. S. Francis takes her for the *Charter of his Indulgences*; S. Dominic weaves her a chaplet of roses, to which every hand contributes a flower. To her S. Thomas Aquinas owed the gift of purity, the sister of genius. S. Bonaventure speaks her praises with the affection of a child for his mother, of an exile for his home. For her Alexander of Hales foregoes the glory of an illustrious name, the applause of the schools, the joys of science; and from her Albert the Great seeks the knowledge of the mysteries of nature."* The doctrine of her Immaculate Conception, the definition of which only our own age has seen, was ever on the lips of the subtlest doctor of the schools. If our Lord received a new increase of homage from Sums of theology composed in His honour, our Lady too was not without the Sums of her own spotless life, the "Marials," which formed so distinguishing a feature of this period; while, as if to crown its close with a work of her special favour, —we must ask our modern critics to forgive us,—she bade the Angels carry her own Holy House of Nazareth from the East to the West, and set it down among the laurel groves of Italy to be the joy of Christendom. Our Lady takes her place upon her Son's Throne, as the Queen of the whole earth. It was during this period, too, that devotion to S. Joseph began in

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fesses, except in the pages of others. As if to make the matter still more ludicrous, he tells us that he could find no better guide than Brücker, who also *confesses that he has not read the original writings of the schoolmen.* Yet *Mr. Hallam's* works, we believe, are still considered text-books in England.

* *Darras's* "*Hist. of* Church," vol. iii. p. 427.

the West, and he who had covered our Lord with his mantle, as he carried him into Egypt, came now to cast his mantle of protection over the Mystical Body of Christ, just as the doctrines relating to it were beginning to receive fresh development. The third aisle of God's great Mystical Temple rises up from its foundations under the patronage of the Foster-father of the Son of Mary.*

As with the sciences so with the arts. They, too, at this period began to gather round Christ's Sacramental throne, and offer their gifts with a beauty of holiness which has never been seen again. From faith alone they borrowed their inspiration, and for faith and in faith alone they worked. Some, like architecture and sculpture, realized even then the ideal of all perfection; others, like statuary and painting, took their rise then, and gradually blossomed into beauty. Those Christians of other days, if we may use a beautiful thought of Montalembert's for a somewhat different purpose, when in their thoughts they had taken in, so far as might be, the heavens and Him who dwells therein, and His Mother, and the Blessed Saints, turned their thoughts to earth, and tried to make a heaven there, or rather they tried to lift nature up to heaven. Revelation and Nature met together beneath the azure vault of the great cathedral, and kissed each other. The three-aisled nave, the triple doorway, spoke to the minds of men of the glorious Trinity; the whole building of nave and transepts was in like manner three in one; but in unity it was a cross. "The pointed arch," said de Lammenais, before he had yet closed his eyes to the only light in which the Divine and the Natural blend themselves into harmony; "the flying buttress and graceful spire springing into space; the upward tendency of every part and of the whole mass, speaks to the soul of the natural aspiration of the creature toward God, its beginning and its end. The temple has its vegetation too. Its walls are covered with flowers, twining themselves into garlands opening in the sunshine, creeping along the fretwork, clinging around the slender pinnacles, and shooting upward with them, while the delicate clustered shafts are crowned with flowers and foliage." It was in the thirteenth century, just at the very time that we have seen the master-works of mediæval science consecrated to God,—and the relationship between them, as F. Vaughan points out, is surely something more than accidental,—that the great architectural glories of Christendom arose.† Burgos and Toledo, Salisbury and York, the nave

* See "Devotion to S. Joseph," already quoted.

† "Life of S. Thomas," vol. i. p. 345, note.

of Durham, the choir of Ely, Cologne, Fribourg, and Strasburg, Chartres, Rheims, Amiens, Beauvais, the Sainte-Chapelle, and Saint Denis, the façade of Notre Dame, these were raised *then*, as has been happily said, by the faith that can move mountains, and they are standing *now*, to shame our modern degeneracy. Or if we cross the Alps, for we are more concerned with the spirit of architecture than with its styles, we shall find it culminating in the fourfold glories of Pisa, or in that fair bell-tower at Florence, which Giotto himself, architect and painter, "has made a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."*

Out of the architecture of this period Christian sculpture took its rise: the form of the Son of Man coming in His glory, or of the Virgin Mother, or of Angel or of Saint; or again, the sleeping form of Pope or Bishop, or king, or lord, or lady, until in the fourteenth century the great Christian sculptor, Nicolo Pisano, appeared, offering the first-fruits of his genius at the shrine of S. Dominic of Bologna. The rules and theories of Grecian art had been long forgotten, but now Grecian grace and ease came to life again, sanctified by Christian modesty, purity, and sentiment. Alas! too soon, as the spirit of the middle ages began to die away, and men's minds becoming absorbed in the study of pagan antiquity, the old pagan taint again broke out, and the exclusive worship of form opened the way to sensuality and meretriciousness in art. Sculpture no longer drew its inspirations from faith, but from the models of antiquity; the adornment of galleries and pleasure-gardens rather than of the shrines of the Saints, or the Chair of truth, or the baptisteries of noble churches, became the end for which it worked, man's enjoyment, not God's glory, its highest aim, until at a later period it sunk far below the grace and dignity, and even the purity, of pagan times.

It was in the same fruitful period that Christian painting sprang into new life and vigour. Unlike her sister art of sculpture, painting had ministered from the first, and all through her history, to the Church of God. It would hardly be too much to say that in the subjects chosen by painting for representation at different epochs we can alone read her whole history. The symbolic representations of the Catacombs, where, although during a time of martyrdom, everything speaks of the Resurrection, the martyrdoms, although martyrdoms had ceased, the last judgments, and the sufferings of hell, so common during the earliest part of the middle ages,

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* Those who have seen Giotto's campanile, after having read Mr. Ruskin's *works, will be better able* to understand not only that great architect and *painter, but the art-critic* himself.

the more devotional and touching subjects of later times,* the very attitude of the Redeemer of the world, and the expression of His face, first as the gentle Saviour, then, when the kingdoms of the world had become the kingdoms of God and of his Christ, as the King of Glory; the mighty Mother standing with uplifted hands, or enthroned and holding the Holy Child —all these, whether roughly, or grandly, or sweetly painted, represent distinct phases of the Church's life on earth, as well as of the development of her doctrine and devotion.† But at the time of which we speak painting, whether of the Christian-Roman or the Byzantine type, or as the result of the intermingling of both types, rises with a noble vigour to the knowledge of its noblest functions, and strives to realize that happy harmony of nature and of art for God's glory, that blending together of the supernatural and the natural, the Divine and the human, which we have seen so marvellously mastered in the architecture of the same period; but all this in such a way that what is Divine and supernatural may reign supreme. Cimabue and Giotto arise, and as sculpture consecrated its first fruit at the shrine of S. Dominic, so too the double Church of S. Francis of Assisi,—of that marvellous saint, in whom the love of God and of nature met together in such perfect harmony,—becomes the treasure-house of the first triumphs of Christian painting, in the golden hours of its glorious renewal. In the great Dominican order it rose a little later to a still higher level, and culminated in the mystic painting of Fra Angelico da Fiesole, before whose ecstatic gaze the heavens seemed to have rolled away, and revealed the secrets of the Holiest. Never before, never since, have the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, the beauty of holiness, the Godlike in the creature, been so marvellously shadowed forth before the eyes of men. Yet, as if to fasten the glory of this great renewal to this especial period, no sooner have its Christian traditions begun to be slighted and forgotten than painting, like sculpture, ceases to be distinctively Christian, and becomes too often the minister to men's passions, the incentive to impurity and lust; the divinity of the human countenance, the holiness of spiritual expression, is seen no more.‡

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* See Didron, "Manuel d'Iconographie," p. 182.

† Durandus, "Rationale," i. c. 3.

‡ See upon Christian architecture, sculpture, painting, Milman's "Latin Christianity," vol. ix. b. xiv. ch. 8, 9, 10, where, however, the writer is evidently torn one way by his artistic, and another by his religious feelings. The same may be said of Mr. Ruskin, with this difference, that the latter, from his *more Catholic mind*, is obliged, whenever he comes across the doctrines of the *Catholic Church*, to do greater violence to himself.

Lastly, this was the period which witnessed the apogee of Christian monarchy under S. Louis, the liberation of modern languages from the throes of their birth, and the rise of Universities, to which, with all their faults, all the unbelief and heresies with which they were too often infested, the intellect of Christendom still owes its training; truly a magnificent period of intellectual emancipation and admirable progress, presided over by the faith which has overcome the world, a period in which it has been said that "individualities triumph through unity; and while nations have their own proper existence, Christendom is crowned with universal glory." "Let us pause yet a moment," says the same writer, "and before delivering over to the torrent of ages the great period which we have been examining, let us cast upon it one last look of love and immense regret. It is an epoch that stands alone in the annals of humanity, a time of perfecting and of glory, in which the harvest of two hundred years of labours is gathered in. . . . . Never has it been given to man to behold a spectacle like to this; never has the superiority of the West over the East shone forth more brightly; never has the cause of God and of Christendom appeared more triumphant or more glorious. Something of the magnificence of Sinai accompanies the victory of the Cross. As over the doorway of the great cathedrals which this period has raised the Son of Man is seen coming in His majesty, and all the voices of nature, all the powers of earth and of heaven, celebrate His greatness." *

We have dealt chiefly with the thirteenth century, because in it all the chief glories of the Middle Ages are centred,—their leading characteristics seen at their best. In saying this we do not at all mean to say that each century had not also its own special characteristics, good or bad, or to deny what F. Dalgairns asserts, that there may have been as much difference between the twelfth and fourteenth centuries as between the fourteenth and the nineteenth. Still we believe that throughout the period known as the Middle Ages, while each century has its own very marked features, there are certain broad and leading characteristics which run through them all, and distinguish them both from earlier and later times; just as the last three centuries, although each bears upon it the mark of some special form of rebellion against God and His Church, may all be classed together as ages of Apostasy. These leading characteristics may be thus summed up: the universal public recognition of the Christian principle, as the foundation of all order, all civilization, in other words, of

* De Riancey, tome viii. pp. 301, 331.

Christendom; so that however often order might be disturbed, or the course of civilization interrupted, recovery was always possible, and even comparatively easy; the public homage paid to Christ's kingship over the earth in the subordination of the temporal to the spiritual, of emperors, and kings, and peoples, to the Vicar of Christ, at least for a time, when the harvest sown by S. Gregory VII. had been gathered in,—a subordination not perfect, it is true, but so far perhaps as was possible in a world always by nature antagonistic to Christ; the general subjection of all science and learning to faith, so that however much unbelief might break out in individuals or in particular places, as in some of the universities, or heresies, at first of Eastern origin, although later on of Western birth, fasten like a blight upon some of the leaves of God's beautiful flower of Christendom, then opening into fullest blossom, the beauty and glory of the whole were not, substantially at least, impaired; the obedience of all the arts and their ministry to the service of the Church of God, so that she stood out before the eyes of men clad in a vesture of gold, girt about with variety. Add to all this the central position occupied by this period in the history of the development of the Church's doctrines and devotions by the Definition of the fourth Lateran Council, touching the Sacramental Presence of the centre of the Church's life, and by its more solemn enthronement in her outward worship; the immense expansion of the public worship of God's Mother; the rise in the West of devotion to S. Joseph; the gathering up of all science, Divine and human, so far as was then possible, into one vast synthesis, by the Doctor of the B. Sacrament, as if in honour of our Lord enthroned therein as the King of the whole earth; and we shall hardly be wrong in saying that no other period of the Church's history so nearly realized upon earth the harmony of the natural and the spiritual, the natural and the supernatural, the temporal and the eternal, the human and the Divine. It was the temporal reign of the Church on earth, a brief foreshadowing of her more perfect reign hereafter, when the creature itself, which now groaneth and travaileth in pain, shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the children of God; and yet only brief, because of the growing wickedness of men, not because of any growing weakness in herself. For although the above leading characteristics are for the most part centred in one century, yet the whole period shares in them more or less, either by leading up to and preparing the way for their more brilliant and striking *manifestation, or* because, after their full splendour had shone *forth, their rays did* not at once fade away, but still continued

for a while to illumine the world. Thus, on the one hand, Charlemagne, S. Leo III., and Sylvester II., led up to S. Gregory VII. and his mighty work, the fruits of which were gathered by Innocent III.; Joannes Erigena, Gerbert, Lanfranc, Anselm, S. Bernard, Hugh and Richard of S. Victor's, and Peter the Lombard, prepared the way for Albert the Great, S. Thomas, and S. Bonaventure. On the other hand, while Boniface VIII., Calixtus III., and Pius II. continued the policy and guarded from attack the work of S. Gregory VII., preserving for Christ at least His Kingship over the West, Gerson, Ruysbrock, Thauler, B. Henry Suso, Gerard Groot, the author of the "Imitation," and our own Walter Hilton testified still to the supremacy of the highest wisdom, the contemplation of God, upon which S. Thomas had founded his theology,* "all the great men of the fourteenth century," we may again repeat, on the authority of Victor Cousin, "were mystics." Prominent among all, Dante, the creator of Italian poetry, and almost of the Italian tongue, the spokesman, as Carlyle has truly called him, of the Middle Ages, summing up their inner life, embodying in all respects save one,—the temporal Supremacy of the Holy See,—the triumphs of the Mediæval Church, enshrining in all else the sublimest soul of Mediæval Christianity in a "mystic, unfathomable song," building up the whole theology of the schools, the dogma of S. Thomas, the mysticism of S. Bonaventure, into one vast cathedral of glorious poetry, into which the mythology of old heathen days is forced to enter and offer its gifts to Christ the Lord of all.† The "Divina Commedia" is the partial Sum of the Middle Ages themselves, as well as of their theology and philosophy, the shrine in which they are preserved for the veneration of all after-ages. Upon it stands the image of Christ risen from the dead, and round about it we may still read the words, "*Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat.*" ‡

To conclude. We keep in mind the important distinction between the Church's own outward growth in wisdom and grace, which will never end on earth, and her influence over the world, which has varied at different periods of her history; in other words, between Christianity and Christendom. We have seen that there is one point in that history, up to which her influence over the world and its civilization gradually increased,

* F. Vaughan's "Life of S. Thomas," vol. i. p. 800.

† Carlyle, "Lectures on Heroes," Lect. iii. Milman's "Latin Christianity," vol. ix. b. xiv. ch. 2 and 5.

‡ Ozanam, "Dante et la Philosophie Catholique au treizième Siècle," *partie iii. ch. 4 and 5.*

at which it culminated, and after which it gradually declined,—a point in her history which is also a central point in the development of her dogma, devotion, and theological science—and when all these good things of which we have spoken above, and need not now repeat, come together at her bidding to the feet of Christ as King over the earth. We have discovered moreover, that the ages which immediately preceded and followed this great central period shared more or less in its glories and leading characteristics. Above all, we cast our eyes upon our own times, the offspring of three centuries of rebellion against the Church, and behold Christendom a heap of ruins; the corner-stone of the temporal princedom of the Vicar of Christ removed out of its place; the intellect of man in open enmity to God; sciences and arts divorced from religion; the Christian principle ignored; all the governments of the world apostate from Christ; a corrupt and material civilization, in which the naturalism and paganism of the old Roman empire have come to life again, eating away the energies of men; the great antichristian Revolution that maketh desolate, triumphant in the city of the Saints. And as a conclusion from all this, we do not see how we can avoid the conclusion, that never did the Kingdom of God, which itself can know no decrease, take such possession of the world as in the Middle Ages. No doubt, as we have always owned throughout, there were then many evils, as there must ever be; much sin, much corruption of heart even in high and holy places, even unbelief and heresy from time to time; much darkness and ignorance, notwithstanding all the light. No doubt the later glories of material civilization were wanting, for then men's minds were absorbed in the higher sciences; but these too would have come in as rich abundance had the reign of the Church continued, and they would have come, too, stripped of many of their present dangers; nay, even then were coming. "We doubt," says Macaulay,* "whether any country of Europe, our own excepted, have at the present time reached so high a point of wealth and civilization as Italy had attained four hundred years ago." Still, the glory of the Middle Ages lies in this, that however great their evils, however strong the opposition of the world, Christ's law, as the public law of Christendom, was stronger; the Christian principle was the principle of all, and so Christ reigned. The Middle Ages, therefore, may be said to differ from earlier and later ages in having witnessed—for too short a time indeed and in too poor

* Essay on Machiavelli.

a way,—but still for some time and in some way, which might also have been longer had it not been for men's perversity, the temporal reign of Christ and of His Church upon the earth, as distinguished from their spiritual reign: an anticipation, a foreshadowing of their final victory over all things, when Christ himself shall come again to judge the earth at the latter day. Whether in the unknown future such a time may ever come again to the Church before the end, even as more than once there have been foreshadowings of the last Antichrist, is known to God alone. But surely it is a solemn thought that, while the first twelve hundred years of her history were but a preparation for her earthly crowning, the last six hundred have but witnessed her gradual temporal deposition and ultimate temporal dethronement; although, to her children of course, she is ever queen, and dearer far in her crown of thorns and robe of scorn than on her throne of glory.

It may perhaps be said that this view of the Church's influence over the world might lead men to suppose that, after all, the Church is a human institution, able to influence the world for awhile as long as she had some special work to do in it and for it, and then gradually losing all influence over it, and becoming a thing of the past. There would be truth in this objection, if it could be shown that there is any decay in the Church herself, to which the decrease of her influence could be attributed, rather than to the perversity of men. But we have seen that the Church is ever young, and that for her there is no decay; any more than there was decay in our Lord's work of redemption, or want of vigour in His teaching, when men's hearts turned against Him, and they cried that they had no king but Cæsar. The Church is as Divine, as royal in the hour of her dethronement by the world, as her Lord in the hour of His rejection by the Jews. In the end, too, the victory will rest with the Church; none of God's works fail, although there is much of seeming failure in all His works. Seeming failure is one of the mysteries of the kingdom of nature, as well as of the kingdom of grace. The greater number of seeds cast into the earth never spring up into life. The greater number of men born into the world never reach their prime. God created the angels, yet vast hosts of the angels fell away from Him; He created the world and man, and straightway by man sin entered into the world, and death by sin. God sent His Son into the world to save the world, and men crucified Him. But, even as the failure of what is sown in nature cannot rob her of her glory and her beauty, or the *premature falling* away of so many men interfere with the *destinies of the* human race, so shall nothing in the kingdom

of grace fall short of its purpose and its glory in the day when death shall be swallowed up in victory. The Church, as the kingdom which the God of Heaven hath set up, can never be destroyed, nor shall it be delivered up to another people, but it shall consume and break in pieces all the kingdoms of the earth, and itself shall stand for ever.

We have finished our task, however imperfect the result. Hereafter we hope to examine with our readers one particular phase of the Mediæval period,—its mystical and ascetical teaching. This we shall be able the better to understand, now that we have seen the position held by the Middle Ages in Church history; have noticed their leading characteristics; have weighed, above all, their relation to the development of the Church's dogma, theological science and devotion, which have all necessarily affected her spiritual life. No one at least, we are convinced, will ever be able to grasp the full meaning of the mystical and ascetical works of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, who forgets Christ's kingship over the earth, or the establishment of the Feast of Corpus Christi:

In hâc mensâ novi Regis,	On this table of the King,
Novum Pascha novæ legis	Our new Paschal offering
Phasc vetus terminat;	Brings to end the older rite;
Vetustatem novitas,	Here for empty shadows fled,
Umbram fugat veritas;	Is reality instead;
Noctem lux eliminat.	Here, instead of darkness, light! *

Art. III.—CATHOLICITY IN GERMANY.

Ein Wort über den Staat-Gott. Von Dr. G. Felix. Regensburg und New York: Verlag von F. Pustet.

(*A few Words on the Idolatry of the State.* By Dr. G. Felix. Pustet: Ratisbon and New York.)

Germany, Italy, and the Jesuits. A speech delivered before the Catholic Union. By T. W. Allies, M.A. London: Burns & Oates.†

DR. FELIX is one of many writers, who set themselves to encounter views and principles which are as yet little known in England. In this country the Church has to contend with intolerance; but it is intolerance which is afraid for the

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* F. Caswall's translation.

† *The first part of this article was in type, before the Cologne Congress had met, and before Mr. Allies's speech had appeared in print.*

most part to avow its real character, or else it is the intolerance of religious bigots rather than of infidels. In Germany it is otherwise. There the old-fashioned liberalism, which proclaimed freedom for every sect and opinion, has passed away; and the State asserts its right of exercising an absolute control in religious matters. The comments in England and in Germany on the law for the expulsion of the Jesuits, may serve as an illustration. One at least of our influential journals condemned the law altogether, as an infringement of religious freedom. The "Saturday Review" defended it, but only in the most timid and apologetic way, and with an evident consciousness that it was sacrificing principle to party spirit. One daily paper laboured to show that Prince Bismarck's motives in driving out the Jesuits were entirely political. But organs like the "Allgemeine Zeitung," or the "old-Catholic" "Deutsche Merkur," speak in a very different tone. They look upon the religious education of the people as the special business of the State; and in their judgment a body which propagates opinions, regarded by the dominant party as opposed to "enlightenment" or "progress," is at once convicted of treason against legitimate authority. They make no apology for the apparent intolerance of such a measure; for in their eyes a liberal State, which permits anti-liberal influences to exert themselves within its territory, is resigning its proper office and betraying its own weakness. The persecution of the Jesuits is only one part of an avowed and organized system for the persecution of the Church in general. Since the secularization of 1802, freedom in teaching has been unknown in Germany. No college or school can be opened without leave from the government, and liberals have consistently curtailed the freedom of Catholics in this respect whenever they thought it safe to do so. They are now interfering with the freedom of the pulpit and the immunity of the confessional. The other day a liberal paper said the government ought to insist that all candidates for the priesthood should go through a complete course in the Gymnasium and the University, under professors appointed by the State. After that, the bishops might place them in seminaries, and teach them, if they pleased, the irrational dogma of Papal infallibility. But even this modicum of liberty aroused the indignation of the "old-Catholics." Their official paper, the "Deutsche Merkur," protested against half-measures like this, and declared that any statesman who wished his country's good must see to it, that the doctrine of Papal infallibility was taught neither in the universities nor in the seminaries. These proposals are made in plain terms, and without any attempt at apology or concealment. In fact German liberals *seem to have forgotten* the very possibility of any one seriously

believing in toleration and liberty of opinion. In a recent article on "Catholicity in England," the "Allgemeine Zeitung" expressed its amazement, that the English Government could sit with folded hands, while convents arise in every part of the country and ultramontanism is rampant. It could find no explanation for this extraordinary phenomenon, except in the sage supposition that Jesuit influences were brought to bear upon Mr. Gladstone. And though it is against the Catholic Church that the liberal fanaticism is chiefly directed, it by no means ends there. "The State," Hegel said, "is the living God"; and many of his countrymen seem resolved to carry out the principle in all its consequences. If the State is absolutely supreme, religion is no more than a means for promoting order, which the State can alter and modify at will to secure its own ends. The Catholic Church is the first great obstacle in its path. It makes a marked division among Germans, whose one and only thought should be the political greatness of Germany; while its hierarchical constitution, and connection with foreign countries, are a constant check to political absolutism. The Church is to be got out of the way to begin with. When that is effected, the main part of the work is over. Still something remains to be done, before Germany can be called really one. "The efforts of ecclesiastical parties among German Christians," says Professor Holtzendorf,* "are essentially anti-national. Catholicity, which has now degenerated into ultramontanism, is the enemy of the people. The Protestant national Church is the enemy of German unity." Besides, there are dogmatic differences among Protestants; and to get genuine unity among Germans, there must be a German Christianity from which dogma is eliminated altogether. The "Allgemeine Zeitung" has devoted a series of articles to this subject.

Dr. Felix shows in his pamphlet, which is written with a good deal of ability, the effects to which this idolatry of the State necessarily leads. If people are brought up to believe that the State is absolutely supreme, and that God has no claim on their consciences, they will not be content to stop there. Selfish and individual interests will become the rule of action. The lower classes will refuse to submit to the supremacy of the State, so long as the State is identified with the educated few. Liberalism will pave the way for communism; and prove fatal to the interests of government, which it was meant to serve. It begins by declaring war on religion, because it considers

* "*Das deutsche Reich* und die Constituirung der christlichen Religionsparteien *auf den Herbstversammlungen* im J. 1871." Berlin: 1872.

religion unpatriotic: it will end by destroying patriotism as well. Dr. Felix supports his assertion with a number of theological arguments. The events of the late war have practically demonstrated the ruin which irreligion brings upon a nation. Infidelity has long been widely spread in Germany. Still, the influences of religion have not been so systematically banished from the schools, as in France. During the war, the Germans showed themselves a more religious and a more moral people than their enemies; and to this, as Bishop Ketteler said last year in the Mayence Congress, they owed their victory. But though the French were conquered, French principles have taken the Germans captive; and German statesmen are doing their best to carry out the anti-Christian principles, which have already brought about the destruction of France.

We cannot expect, that either reasoning like that of Dr. Felix, or the evidence of recent history, strong as it is, will produce much effect upon the dominant party. Even the more orthodox of the German Protestants are ready, as a rule, to unite with infidels in attacks directed primarily against the Church, but ultimately against all belief in the supernatural. There are indeed Protestants, and they deserve all honour, who are free from such sectarian blindness, and are large-minded and courageous enough to support the "Central Faction," which represents Catholic interests in the Imperial Chambers. But cases like this are quite exceptional; and in the struggle between the State and the Church, Catholics must rely upon themselves. We propose, then, to try and form some estimate of the state of Catholics during this crisis in Germany; of the dangers which threaten them; of the forces which they have at their command; and of their prospects in the future.

To begin with the dark side of the picture. The religious orders have not exercised during this century any appreciable influence on the higher education in Germany; but teaching orders have been employed to a considerable extent in the education of the lower orders, and the secular clergy have been closely connected with the gymnasia and universities. In Bavaria very many, and in other parts of Catholic Germany a considerable number, even of the secular professors are priests; and out of school the pupils have enjoyed full religious freedom. Since the Council, very important changes have been introduced. In Prussian territory the religious orders have been forbidden to teach, while the law regarding school inspection has loosened the bond between the clergy and the parish schools. In the universities, some of the theological chairs are occupied by priests who have abandoned the Faith; and in the gymnasia *the children of* Catholic parents are forced to receive religious

instruction from ecclesiastics of the same kind. The pupils at the Catholic schools and colleges are now forbidden, under pain of expulsion, to join pious confraternities; and we must remember that in Germany exclusion from the gymnasium means exclusion from all public preferment. Moreover, under the Prussian Government, a priest who is devoted to the interests of the Church has little chance, whatever his learning or abilities may be, of obtaining even a theological chair. At Bonn, for instance, all the professors except one belong to the old-Catholic movement, and receive their salaries, though they give no lectures; while Dr. Kaulen, a biblical scholar of great reputation, but a decided Catholic, has been for many years a privat-docent, and is likely to remain in this humble position for many years to come. All this is bad enough, but unless the government is alarmed by the energetic resistance of the Catholic population, it will only be the beginning of evil. An extract from a pamphlet of Dr. Hinschivs may give us some idea of the laws which may be in store for German Catholics. He is a canonist supposed to be in special favour with the court of Berlin; he has just been appointed to a professorship in the university of the capital, with a seat and a vote in the Prussian ministry of Public Worship, so that his utterances are invested with a semi-official character. He professes* that the "neo-Catholics" (i.e. of course *all* Catholics—all persons who accept the definition of the Vatican Council) "should be excluded from teaching religion in all State or communal schools: that in these schools the teaching of the neo-Catholic doctrine should be prohibited; that an end should be put to the Catholic faculties of theology in the universities." In other words, he wishes to make the schools and universities anti-Catholic; and to force the children of Catholic parents to attend them, or else to sacrifice their prospects in life. There is no need to dwell upon the effects of such measures if they can be carried out.

Fortunately there is much to be set on the other side. The Prussian liberals, and their allies in the dependent states, may find after all that the auspicious moment for a thorough-going persecution of the Church has not yet arrived. Great hopes were entertained of the old-Catholic schism, but it has proved a ludicrous failure. Thirty out of the thirty thousand priests in Germany have rebelled against the authority of the Church. Some of them, it is true, are men of learning; but except Dr. Döllinger himself, none of them stand in the first rank

* "Die Stellung der deutschen Staatsregierungen gegenüber den Beschlüssen des vatikanischen Concils," 62.

either of learning or ability. They have found hardly any support among the laity. Here and there a few Catholics, generally the children of mixed marriages, have joined the schismatical congregations; but their adherents for the most part are free-masons and free-thinkers, who talk loudly against the infallibility of the Pope, but feel the same contempt for the infallibility of the Church or the sacrifice of the Mass. There are signs too that the liberals who have used the old-Catholic party as a convenient excuse for interference with the affairs of the Church, are getting tired of them, and no longer care to defend men who occupy a position so absurd and illogical. The "Deutsche Merkur," which is under the influence of Döllinger, lately denounced Frohschammer for calling himself a Catholic while he professed principles which are simply infidel; and the "Allgemeine Zeitung," the paper in which Janus first appeared and the great patron of the old-Catholics as long as they had any chance of success, replied by sneering at the inconsequence of people, who rejected the infallibility of the Church, and then erected their own infallibility in its place. What right, it said, has the "Deutsche Merkur" to go a certain length in antagonism to the Church, and insist that everybody else should go just so far and no further? This amount of inconsequence was involved in the old-Catholic position from the beginning. If the infallibility of the Pope was a novelty, the appeal on the part of Catholics from a council to a handful of professors, was a novelty more startling still. Döllinger and his followers boasted, that while a Council had transformed the constitution of the Church, they themselves were continuing to believe and teach what they had always believed and taught; and then, in the same breath, they made appeals from the Church to "science," and to "cultivated men," which are natural enough in the mouths of Protestants and Rationalists, but which sound a little strange when they come from persons who profess their strict attachment to the Catholic faith. The history of the schism, brief as it has been, has thrown additional light on the contradictory nature of old-Catholic principles, and the impossibility of remaining stationary in such an untenable position. At first the old-Catholics maintained that they were true Roman Catholics, and were faithful to the decisions of Trent and the creed of Pius IV. Since then some at least of their acknowledged leaders tell us that the Greek Church has the same, if not a better claim, to be considered Catholic as the Roman, and that there have been only seven Œcumenical Councils. In 1871 they protested that they adhered to the ancient canons and constitution of the *Church.* In 1872, in defiance of canons which date from the

earliest times, and were repeated at council after council, they have invited a bishop of the Jansenist sect, himself uncanonically consecrated, to administer the sacrament of Confirmation in the dioceses of other bishops. Very soon the old-Catholic Congress is to meet at Cologne; and, before it is over, we may expect fresh instances of the internecine conflict which is the characteristic of the sects. A year ago the Protestant Congress at Darmstadt, after vainly trying to come to an agreement upon any positive doctrine, were at last united in a resolution to petition for the expulsion of the Jesuits; and probably the argument of the Congress at Cologne will begin and end in a similar way.

But we have other and better grounds of hope for the future of the Church in Germany, than the failure of the old-Catholic delusion. Infidelity has made some way in the large towns, but even the large towns of Catholic Germany offer a very favourable contrast to the cities of France. In the former, the large majority of men hear mass on days of obligation; the working men and the shopkeepers are still in the main faithful to the Church, and ready to defend its interests. During the last eight years Catholic clubs or "casinos," as they are called, have been established in most of the towns. They meet once a week to discuss Catholic questions, and their success has done much to counteract the influence of the liberal papers. In Würzburg, for instance, which has a population of rather more than forty thousand, the Catholic "casinos" number more than five hundred members, all of them men, and most of them belonging to the middle classes. The meetings are always numerously attended. In the same place, among the students attending the university, there are two Catholic corps, the Walhalla and the Marcomanni. The members bind themselves to maintain Catholic principles. They walk together in the procession at Corpus Christi, and lose no opportunity of coming forward as consistent and decided Catholics. One of these corps, the Walhalla, counts eighty members, a very considerable proportion in a university of four hundred and fifty students, many of whom are Protestants. In the country districts, the population is a source of great strength to the Catholic cause. The German Catholic peasantry is second to none, either in intelligence or in piety. And it is precisely in the tracts of country which are Catholic to the core, that the peasants are most prosperous. In the Catholic half of Westphalia, they are more like well-to-do farmers than like peasants in the English sense of the word. They have the power to make themselves felt in a political crisis, and they do not want the will.

But it is in the present condition of the clergy that we find the

strongest motives for encouragement and confidence. It is not only the present character of the German priests, it is the contrast of what they are with what they were fifty years ago, which forbids us lose heart, and bears witness to the power of renovation and reformation, in the true sense of the word, which never dies in the Church of God. Fifty or sixty years ago they were corrupted through and through with Josephinism; and it seems almost a miracle, that Catholic Germany was not severed altogether from the Holy See. At the beginning of the century the printed sermons of Protestants were read from Catholic pulpits; it was a common view among the clergy, that the recital of the office was a counsel, not a precept; discussions were held in clerical conferences as to the amount of food a priest might take before saying mass.* No secret was made of these opinions. A priest in his published writings declared that the Breviary was the worst book of devotion in existence, and supposed he might take it for granted that most of the German bishops never said their office. The same exemplary ecclesiastic boasted, that he had persuaded his parishioners to give up the use of the rosary. In many churches the parts of the Mass which are uttered aloud, were sung in the vernacular. Even this did not satisfy the liberal spirit of the time. The bishops were exhorted to introduce a Missal entirely German into their dioceses; and if the Pope offered any hindrance, the bishops were to remember that each of them had in his own diocese as much authority as the Pope had in his, and to resist the despotism of Rome.† In 1830 a bishop of Limburg issued a ritual for the use of his diocese, in which even the sacramental forms were in German;‡ and as late as 1839, Rellor, Bishop of Rottenburg, published an ordinance, in which he repeated, with additions and aggravations, the rules of the Jansenist synod at Pistoia. Among the schemes for the improvement of the Church, some implicitly denied the formal teaching of the Tridentine Council on the sacrifice of the Mass.§ Happily, this state of things has passed away, and let us hope for ever. It is needless to dwell on the various influences which, beginning in great measure from Möhler and the noble school which he founded, have gradually made a Church once so full of scandals, eminent for its Catholic spirit. Whatever dangers may be in store for the German Church, she can at least rely upon her clergy.

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* See Guéranger, "Institutions liturgiques," ii. 709.

† *See* Dr. Huber's article in "Freimüthige Blätter," 1835, p. 367.

‡ "*Katholisches Ritual*," von Jakob Brand, Bischof von Limburg. Frankfurt, *1830*.

§ *See* Werkmeister's "Predigten," ii. 320.

The period of so called "enlightenment" in Germany was singularly barren in works of research or of literary merit, and the revival of learning in Catholic Germany dates from the revival of Catholic spirit. One learned historian, who contributed in no small degree to the promotion of ecclesiastical studies, has fallen away from the cause he defended for so many years, and is now labouring, though it is labour in vain, to destroy the work of his past life. But a Church, which counts among its clergy men like Kuhn, Hagemann, Kraus, Hettinger, Hergenröther, Haneborg, and many others worthy to be named with them, is well equipped for the intellectual conflict. And it is worth noticing that an unusual number of learned works has been announced since the Council. Hergenröther is preparing a book on the relations of Church and State. A "Catholic library" is promised, in which Hergenröther is to contribute a manual of Church History, and Scheeben a compendium of Dogmatic Theology, while Hettinger and Hagemann are to furnish the "Apologetik" and "Encyclopædia." Kraus has undertaken to edit a dictionary of Christian Antiquities, with assistance from Hagemann and Hefele.

The attack upon the Church comes from the revolutionary party, which is plotting the destruction of the Church in every country of Europe. In Germany, the persecuting government is intoxicated with the pride of conquest, and it will require no slight obstacles to arrest its career of injustice and oppression. But of one thing we may rest assured. It will not succeed in sowing division in the Church; it will not be able to flatter or cajole Catholics into rebellion against ecclesiastical authorities. In the Catholic towns it will meet with a percentage of unbelievers who will accept or applaud its measures. But when it comes "to the Catholic people, to the Catholic clergy, to the Catholic bishops, it will find them like a wall; like a wall, as the prophet says, built for the defence of the house of God."*

Since the preceding remarks were in type, the old-Catholic Congress has met at Cologne; and most significant is the lesson derivable from its proceedings. Several Catholics, even among those who saw most clearly the necessity of the Vatican Definition, regretted nevertheless the loss of Dr. Döllinger and his friends. They regarded this evil of course as far more than counterbalanced by other considerations; but they thought it an evil nevertheless. For our own part, we need not say indeed how keenly we should rejoice, if Dr. Döllinger or any

* *From* Canon Moufang's Speech at the Mayence Congress.

like-minded person would renounce his past habits of thought: but we have always held that, so long as he *retained* those habits, his nominal Church-membership was a serious public calamity. "There is no Act of Pius IX.'s Pontificate," we said in July, 1871 (p. 216), "which will have added greater strength to the Church, than the exclusion from her body of such treacherous and injurious members." *

Now if the old-Catholics at Cologne had proposed to themselves as an end the emphatically confirming such adverse judgments, they could not have more effectually succeeded in doing so. They had started with the profession, that their doctrine was identical with that which prevailed universally among Catholics before the Council; and they chose the very name "old-Catholic" to express that stand-point. Yet within the short space of two years, not only such profession has ceased to possess the faintest and most superficial plausibility, but they have almost in so many words abandoned the profession itself. What kind of Catholics can those men have been in the year 1869, who take part in such theological orgies as those of 1872? We need not attempt ourselves to enter into particulars; because we find the work done ready to our hand, in the "Spectator" of Sept. 28th. We will place then before our readers in extenso the vigorous article to which we refer; an article written of course from the Protestant point of view, but hardly containing a word to which the Catholic would demur. We observe indeed one difference between the writer and ourselves. Our own impression is, as we have said, that Prince Bismarck is tired of the old-Catholic movement; whereas our contemporary holds that it is still under the Prince's influence. The "Spectator's" view in fact is, that the old-Catholics are Protestants pure and simple; differing however from those other Protestants by whom they are surrounded, in more abject submission to a purely secular influence. The article runs thus:—

Dr. Döllinger's prudent Conservatism in claiming for his followers the title of the "Old" Catholics is becoming every day more and more inconvenient. He meant, and asserted that he meant, by "the Old-Catholics," the Roman Catholics as they were before the Vatican Council was summoned, the Roman Catholics of 1869. But since then they have become so much older Catholics, that the question now debated by the most moderate of their

* Our only point of difference from Mr. Allies's impressive speech relates to Dr. Döllinger. Mr. Allies thinks that that writer has "destroyed by" one "act of intense pride and overweening self-sufficiency the glory of so many years spent as a defender and champion of the Church" (p. 16). We consider that, long before the Vatican Council, Dr. Döllinger had forfeited all *claim to be accounted* "a defender and champion of the Church."

critics is whether they desire to be thought in sympathy with the Catholics of the eighth century, or with the Catholics of the fifth century. In short, their theology has grown older by at least 1,100 years in the two years of their existence as a Church. For example, the priest Kaminsky, who has made so much noise in Prussia, called out at one of the meetings of the Congress for an immediate settlement of the reforms needed in discipline and worship, asserting, according to the excellent report in the *Débats*, that he was weary of playing a part in the comedy of the hierarchy, that it was time to give effect to the reforms which the conscience demanded, and especially to the abolition of celibacy and auricular confession ; that the Old Catholics might almost as well pretend to infallibility, if they were to display so much timidity in going forward, and that the Congress ought to declare that they wished to return at once to the Christianity of the eighth century. The accomplished correspondent of the *Débats* who reports this demand, who is no other than M. de Pressensé, one of the most thoughtful and spiritual of French Protestants, remarks on the capriciousness of the date on which Herr Kaminsky had fixed, and suggests that for his own part he should rather consider the general tone of the Old-Catholic Congress as belonging to the fifth century, while he himself would gladly see it go back to the very rigin of the faith in the first century, as his own Church endeavours to do. For ourselves, we suspect that the Congress will not succeed in going back to the theology of any particular century ; the powerful influences to which the new body is more and more subjected are of a kind wholly antagonistic to the sort of antiquarian faith of which our own Puseyites, for instance, have been dreaming. We believe that the "Old" Catholics will utterly disappoint the Anglican party in this country, which, as Bishop Wordsworth has confessed, while extremely anxious to get them to repudiate the Council of Trent, is quite as anxious that they should hold fast by the general features of what is called Patristic Christianity—the Christianity of the Fathers ; and that they will before long take up a position much nearer to that of the German Catholics of 1846,—the Ronge school of rationalizing Christians who held to the name of "Catholic" only for the sake of the comprehensiveness which the word implied,—than to that of the Anglo-Catholics on whose behalf Dr. Wordsworth speaks. The "Old" Catholics were indeed getting newer and newer every day the Congress lasted ; and though Dr. Stanley may very possibly still give them his sympathy at the Congress—if there be a Congress—in 1873, we suspect we shall find that the yearning glances with which such prelates as Dr. Harold Browne and Dr. Wordsworth turn towards them now, will be exchanged by that time for the cold neglect of disapproving recollection. Let us briefly justify this expectation.

We need not recall the strong expressions of the Old-Catholics' wish for reunion with the Episcopal Churches of England, Russia, and America. Those expressions are well known, and would be quite consistent with the Puseyite idea, if indeed the desire for unity were not expressed in a way to indicate a good deal of indifference about the standard of creed. But Professor Michaelis—who not only appears to be "somewhat" among the *Old-Catholics, but is* one of the class without whom the Döllingerites would

get exceedingly little hold of the people at all—is reported to have declared at the first public meetings at Cologne that the party wanted the intelligent "co-operation" of the German Protestants to further the movement. He declared against the Scholastic theology,—a declaration which would horrify Dr. Pusey,—and professed the object of his party to be to find a Church suited for "the whole of humanity," and of course in the sense not merely of bringing the whole of humanity into the Church, which every Church professes to desire, but of adapting the Church to the aspirations of the whole of humanity as it is now outside the Church. Professor Schulte, another of those who "seem to be pillars," declared his wish for a reunion with the German Protestants. And though Professor Bluntschli declared on behalf of the German Protestants that they differed too much amongst themselves to hope for any union of faith even amongst themselves, and therefore entertained no hope of hitting on any creed which would reconcile them with the "Old" Catholics, yet the whole tendency of the Congress was much more towards conciliating the approbation of modern ideas, than towards vindicating the orthodoxy of their confession of faith. Thus, Professor Knoodt, of Bonn, declared openly at one of the public meetings, what, as far as we know, none of the English "Old" Catholics have ever ventured to hint, that "infallibility" is a quality simply incompatible with any human organisation whatever; that there is no such thing as infallibility possible in the Church at all. He positively declared that a human intelligence *could* not be infallible; that inspiration is conceivable, but not infallibility,—in which, as far as the conceivability of the thing goes, we confess we cannot follow him, though we accept his statement as a description of the obvious fact. Does not Herr Knoodt's extreme position imply that omniscience and omnipotence do not exist? If they do exist, it is clearly possible, though it is not true, that they might guard every human being from every possible error on any point God chose. If "inspiration" is intelligible enough, as Herr Knoodt admitted, so, as a matter of mere intelligibility, is absolute immunity from error. If God can keep us from error by His inspiration on any particular theme at any particular moment, He might, if He chose,—which He does not,—do so on the same theme at all moments. Infallibility is a dream, no doubt, even in relation to Revelation, but it is far from inconceivable. The mere existence of a real Revelation implies the probability of degrees in revelation, and what God can tell us at all, He clearly *might* tell us so that we *could* not mistake or misunderstand it. The Romanist dream of infallibility is far from an unnatural or unintelligible development of the very conception of revelation. There is in some sense, we must all admit, a kind of paradox in the Protestant position,—which is nevertheless the true one,—that though God has revealed Himself to the world, He has revealed Himself so as to be differently apprehended and differently understood by those to whom His revelation came. No doubt the fact is so, but it is pushing the position of the Protestant quite beyond reason to assert that *à priori* no other result is conceivable. However, our interest in the matter is in the evidence that the Old-Catholics are embracing the Protestant and not the Anglo-Catholic *position. We doubt if any* of the Old-Catholic party in England—any of

Lord Acton's and Mr. Oxenham's party,—ever yet denied the infallibility of the Catholic Church in some sense of the term; only they assumed that so many things were necessary to get an infallible decree of the Church, that hardly any prudent person would venture, even on their own assumption, to claim infallibility for a single article of belief. But if the Old-Catholics go with Herr Knoodt of Bonn in denying the mere possibility of an Infallible Church, they are already far beyond the high Anglicans who strenuously maintain the infallibility at least of the Apostles, and of every statement which we can trace up to Apostolic authority. Now, everything that awakened any real enthusiasm in the Old-Catholic Congress was purely Protestant in its ring. The tone of Professor Friedrich, in speaking of auricular confession, for instance, was so far from Puseyite, so far from showing that anxious, fearful deference to external ordinances and external authority which Puseyism urges on the sinner as the only possible relief from sin, that it was contemptuous and even one of disgust; and it seems to have carried the Congress with it, though at the private meetings the more conservative leaders of the Congress would not permit any declaration against auricular confession till the proper episcopal heads of the Church could be appointed to complete their organization. So, too, as regards the celibacy of the clergy. Professor Reusch, who had charge of this part of the private business, declined to let any decision be taken upon it till the Church was properly constituted; but the leaders at the public meetings were not so careful. Professor Schulte declared that the Old-Catholics were fighting "not only against infallibility but against that false authority which kills true authority, and makes of the clergy an instrument of slavery"; and he declared that this was done by the dry theology with which the child is shackled from his cradle, by the Romanist treatment of women as inferior beings not entitled to the higher education, by the smothering of national instincts, in not permitting the various peoples to worship in their own languages, and lastly, by the forced celibacy whereby Gregory VII. isolated the clergy from the general life of man. All that is no more in the tone of the high Anglicanism than in the tone of the old Romanism. It is good strong Protestantism; indeed, a very decided whiff of pure rationalism was not wanting here and there to the more exciting speeches. There can be no doubt in the world that the Old-Catholic movement got at Cologne quite out of the hands of Dr. Döllinger. It is now for the most part in the hands of Protestants of the purest kind, though not Protestants in name, though they may still, some of them, hold Transubstantiation on the strength of Scriptural arguments and a certain fascination which it has always had for imaginative piety. Professor Reinken, who closed the Congress by a very powerful speech, which excited the greatest enthusiasm, definitely advocated, instead of the primitive Catholicism of Döllinger, Christian development of a kind the most opposed to the notions of our Anglo-Catholics. "The Church," he said, "is marvellous in its height, for it comes from God; in its depth, for it reaches and satisfies the highest aspirations of the soul; in its breadth, *for it would embrace* universal humanity; and in its length, for it has in it *a principle of infinite* development. Ultramontanism has no height, for it

comes from the earth ; no depth, for it belongs solely to the region of the external ; no length, for it can no longer develop itself" [we thought the charge of "Old" Catholicism against it was precisely that of developing itself *too much* and not cleaving to the "old" doctrine] ; "infallibillity is its final point, beyond which it cannot pass,—*for a doctrine which cannot develop itself must perish.* Let us, then, be sure of victory ; an immense movement has commenced in all churches ; the hour of mutual approximation is at hand, and this approximation will be realised only by life in union with Christ at the foot of the Cross of Calvary." These are eloquent words, but they are the words not of an "Old" Catholic, but of a New Protestant. And everything of mark, both in the private and the public sittings of the Congress, speaks with one voice of a movement which is gaining popularity only by casting away all appearance of conservative reserves.

There is, however, a marked feature in the Congress which may imply a conservative tendency of a far more vigorous kind than any which Dr. Döllinger can command. M. de Pressensé, the most kindly and acute of observers, declares that the tendency of the Congress to lean upon Bismarck and the State was manifest, and was, in his opinion, its greatest danger. One speaker, whom, however, he warns us not to regard as typical of the main body of the new Church, called out, "Prince Bismarck is too dilatory in this matter. We want here a General Moltke." Another speaker at one of the private meetings—one of the leaders, as we understand—said, "Gentlemen, don't forget that we need bread to fortify our bodies, and that if our bodies are weak, we cannot struggle against our adversaries. Let us try, then, so to present ourselves to the State that it will award us its patronage and its subsidies." And, indeed, nobody in the world doubts that the vast difference between the importance of this meeting at Cologne, and the last meeting at Munich, is really due to Prince Bismarck. His agitation against the Roman Catholics in Germany, his bill against the Jesuits, has really been the new force which gave fresh life to a movement that would otherwise have been quite insignificant. And no one can question but that what he desires is a movement which will act as a check on the orthodox Catholics, and serve him to play off against the Ultramontanes. Now the further the "Old" Catholics go in Professor Schulte's and Professor Reinken's direction, the less this will be the case. In that case they will become a mere addition to the force of the German Protestants, and probably not a sufficient addition to be of much moment. But while they keep to the Roman Catholic Church in all but their adherence to the Pope, they will be very useful to the civil power. This strikes us as the only real make-weight to the forces which are rapidly dragging the "Old" Catholics into New Protestantism. If Prince Bismarck can keep them in the old Döllinger track, we think he will. But whether the State can possibly control the centrifugal tendencies which are showing themselves so rapidly in the movement, we cannot be too doubtful. Loaves and fishes may make good ballast, but after all, attractive as they are, they will not much affect the rate of sailing when such a ship as this is once before the wind.

We are to notice lastly Mr. Allies's effective, and indeed un-

answerable speech. The meeting, at which it was delivered, was of a very important character, as showing (what Protestants are so slow to believe) the hearty and profound sympathy of English Catholic laymen with the fortunes of the Church. As to the speech itself, we have reason to believe that it was not published by Mr. Allies's own act; and the Catholic world has every reason for gratitude to the adviser, who carried its publication into effect. The "Saturday Review" ventured to characterize it as a piece of "frothy declamation": a remark curiously exemplifying the contemptuous and contemptible indifference to truth on things Catholic, which characterizes the English Protestant press. So far from being declamatory,—the speech bristles with facts, while it is singularly sparing in epithets. Mr. Allies doubtless felt that the facts might well be left to speak for themselves, and would only lose due effect if any attempt were made to illustrate them by declamation. Facts indeed are so closely packed in the speech, that it is impossible to do them any kind of justice in briefer space. It begins with Italy, and then proceeds to Germany. First as to Victor Emmanuel:—

> He is installed as a housebreaker in the Palace of the Quirinal. This and no other is his position, as declared by himself. Shortly after his Minister had professed publicly that an attack upon Rome would be a violation of all international law, he seized the opportunity of the moment, when Europe was in the convulsions of a deadly struggle, to make that very attack. He became a lawbreaker whom he had denounced. Being a Sovereign, he attacked in full peace another independent Sovereign; being a Catholic, he raised his hand against the Vicar of Christ. He is thus a double criminal. (p. 6.)

Next as to his Government. It begins with injury to ecclesiastics "under circumstances of the utmost discourtesy and insult" (p. 6). It proceeds (pp. 7, 8) to forbid Christian poor-schools, under pretext of danger to the public peace. It then seizes convents, the property of nuns, giving the proprietors a ludicrously inadequate compensation; and even to that compensation gives the shape of interest in its own funds; thus making them (p. 8) "interested in the continuance of an usurpation which they abhor." It next (pp. 8, 9) seizes "all works of charity in Rome and the Roman States"—in other words large gifts which had been made in past centuries to the Holy See—"as belonging ipso facto to the usurping" power. It closes (pp. 9, 10) all access to the public service against those who may have received a Christian education: preferring to educate infidels as the appropriate instruments, for such work *as servants of* the State will now have to do. It compels

priests to serve in the army (p. 10). It seizes and puts to profit episcopal estates and even episcopal houses (pp. 10, 11). It threatens—so Cardinal Antonelli expressly testifies (p. 11)—to suppress all the religious houses in Rome.

We may add that the great mass of English Protestants are left in total ignorance of these facts. As the "Month" observed some time ago—on every other matter the English journalist spares no effort to arrive at true information, and feels that his credit depends on his success. But woe betide him, if he ventures on a similar course in regard to things Catholic; if he dares to place before his readers such facts as those recounted by Mr. Allies. His paper would at once grievously suffer, as exhibiting "Popish proclivities."

Mr. Allies then passes to Germany, which is our more immediate theme. He had hoped for better things (p. 12)—and we confess so had we—from the new German Empire. The Prussian kingdom had hitherto dealt altogether equitably with the Catholic Church (p. 12). The Charter of 1850 (p. 14) had expressly declared that "the Roman Catholic Church orders and administers its affairs independently." On the 30th of May, 1857, an act of excommunication had on this very ground been declared within the Church's exclusive competence (p. 14). Nay, even before the Charter the same principle had long been acted on, as in the well-known case of Ronge (p. 15). But now what takes place? The Bishop of Ermeland has done no more than notify to two heretical professors the state of excommunication in which they had placed themselves (p. 13): his salary is confiscated and he "is threatened with outlawry" (p. 16). In like manner, when another bishop inhibits a priest from saying Mass in a church devoted to the use of heretics, he "is either threatened with imprisonment or actually imprisoned" (p. 16). Both these blows are aimed, "not at religious orders, but at the essential law" and organization "of the Church" (p. 16).

A still more shameless outrage is, that the clergy are expelled from the inspection of schools (p. 17); or in other words that a direct assault is made against denominational education. Will those Protestants who lately addressed Prince Bismarck, commend such a measure as this?

Lastly comes the expulsion of the Jesuits. "Prince Bismarck was challenged in the Reichstag to produce a single act of a single Jesuit, which had infringed any law of the State" (p. 17). Why then are they banished?

They are attacked because of their pre-eminence. In this consists their *guilt*. And as it was wished to punish the Church in their persons, it was *necessary, since* no act could be proved against them, to pass a bill of attain-

der. You know our lawyers are said to hate bills of attainder. We have not had them for generations: their apparition would be an evil omen. But here we have one in the new German Empire in the case of the Jesuits, and such Orders as are like them—observe the ambiguity, loose enough to admit any Order which is zealous and influential enough to merit the ban—here we have a bill of attainder, because in any other form of bill you must prove a crime before you can punish it. But as here punishment was determined on, and crime there was none, this was the only course that could be pursued. And so Germans born, Fathers who for years have spent all the energies of a virtuous, nay, an heroic life, in the various labours of an apostolic ministry, are to be proscribed and banished from the German soil. Their beloved Colleges are to be shut up; their community life abolished; they are no longer to be allowed to teach the ignorant, to sit in the tribunal of penance, much less to be champions of the Church. The world, personified in Prince Bismarck, refuses to allow the Church any longer the liberty of a simple spiritual institution: it is afraid of poverty, self-denial, and learning when united with an unswerving faith and an unbroken union—and it banishes by a bill of attainder. (p. 18.)

We believe the truth to be this. European nations are more and more throwing off in their political action—we will not say the yoke of the Catholic Church, we will not say the yoke of Christ,—but the yoke of God. They detest the Church, not because she teaches this or that supernatural doctrine, but because she testifies unfailingly the eternal principles of honesty and justice. Yet even from their own point of view, what can exceed the infatuation of their course? No one detests, more cordially than Prince Bismarck, the whole crew of anarchists, rebels, red republicans: and yet he has broken with the only authority, which can give the German Empire permanent security against their assaults.

Art. IV.—THE LEGENDS OF SAINT PATRICK.

The Legends of Saint Patrick. By Aubrey De Vere. London: Henry S. King & Co., 65, Cornhill. Dublin: McGlashan & Gill.

IT is not denied that our generation has produced a large quantity of verse; but it is very generally doubted whether it has produced much poetry. Some few critics, who, if not the greatest, are certainly the most self-confident, assure us that we have among us no real, genuine *poet at all.* Others there are, equally self-confident and

equally rare, who think we have not alone one great poet but half a dozen. There are yet other critics of a less stringent and less dogmatic character, who hold an opinion mediating between these two. We have, they say, a sufficient number of real poets, but no one of the highest order. This view appears to meet with general approbation, and this view we are inclined to consider correct. Our age has produced many great things; but among its great productions it does not reckon a great poet.

When the cause of this phenomenon comes to be sought after, it is wonderful with what self-complacence the children of our generation speak. That we yet lack a great poet is, it is said, no fault of the gentlemen among us who find it necessary or agreeable to write poetry. They are quite as highly endowed as any men that have gone before them. It is all the fault of the age. No matter how God has made him, the poet is really the product of his own generation, is simply its highest incarnate expression; and our age is — well!—not highly poetical. The atmosphere of our quarter of the nineteenth century is cold and cloudy when it is not hot and perspiring, sunless and joyless when it is not burthened with blackness, or wrung with wailing; and in it no such tender plant as a great poet can have other than stunted growth and crabbed development. We are, says Mr. Matthew Arnold,

> "Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
> The other yet powerless to be born;"

and while in that extraordinary position between corruption and impotent life, catching into our nostrils the fetid odours of the one, and into our ears the low wails of the other, it is no wonder that we are sick and sad at heart. And Mr. Arnold sets himself religiously to prove his doctrine by his own example. He begins by writing poetry which, much to his anger—if such a placid creature can be angry—gets him called a "spurious Jeremiah." He ends by renouncing poetry altogether, seeking "sweetness and light" in the less passionate regions of a very excellent and very natural prose.

Now, the doctrine which Mr. Arnold, in company with the great majority of contemporary writers, puts forward in explanation of our want of great poets, contains some particles of truth. But it is, in the lump, untrue. Poets are, as a matter of fact, very generally, like other men, what their age makes them. As a matter of fact, it may be admitted. But in each individual case the fault is the poet's own. Every poet, we know, *will, nolens, volens*, bear some marks about him to tell of the *generation from* which he comes. But the general character

of his soul is a thing which it is evermore in his own power to shape. And to the power there is added on the duty: no man, and especially no poet, can guiltlessly allow his soul to take its impress from the fingers or feet of passers-by. To the poet, the duty ought to be easy and sweet, for the more original a man is the more does he despise the vulgar models, and in proportion as he is conscious of his own higher endowments, in the same proportion is he jealous that these owe nothing to alien hands. Let us be just to our age, which has, of a verity, enough to answer for. If we have no great poetry, let us frankly admit that it is because we have no great poet. If we have no great poets, let us frankly say that God has not deigned to send them, or that, though He has sent them, they have not accepted the simplicity of the Lord's Prayer, and have learned, by irretrievable losses, what it is to fall into temptation. The age is not to blame. So far is the original man from being in the power of his age, shaped by it, living on its blown breath, that he it is who, in the natural order, is to fashion it and to supply it with the nutriment necessary to develop in it those higher and grander powers by which it may excel its forerunners. He comes with the "light which never was on land or sea"; it is his own, his gift from God for his own use and others; and woe betide him if he allow a generation that loves the darkness to extinguish it, or dim it, or direct one ray of it to an object that does it dishonour! If we wish to know the relations which the true man of genius bears to his age, we may learn them, but for obvious reasons only in a small way, from the life of Mr. Carlyle. He found our century a time of reckless self-ruin, its Coleridges taking to opium and its Byrons taking to gin; but the grave young lad from Dumfries kept himself clear of Circean revels. Later on he saw our century a time of trivialities, but it did not succeed in making him trivial. Still later he witnessed its adoption of the style and the strain lugubrious; but, sad stoic though he is at times, it did not find him even here willing to become one of its thousand echoes. Last of all, he beheld its transition to the period of calm despair and divine tranquillity—a fatal fatalism—killing, as soon as born, all noble purpose and heroic endeavour; but from him it still got nothing better than contempt and denunciation. He went on to make himself what we must all admit him, half pagan, half Puritan as he is, "a clear-sighted, true-hearted, noble, and valiant man"; and he went on to make his generation, some of its best souls at least, to his own image and likeness. As with him, so will it ever be with the genuine poet. If to mingle with his own generation *would demoralize* and despoil him, he will do as the Saints do,

quit the world, and form himself in solitude and silence. And out from his solitude he will, if he choose it, send the words that shake the world.

We therefore think that a main reason why our poets are what they are is because, forgetting their divine duty, they passively permit the world to shape them. But tending far more to the same result, is there another and more deplorable cause. One of the many lamentable things in modern verse is its practical atheism. Our poets write as if they had no God to think of, or as if He were not worth a thought. This is, of course, very disastrous for their readers, but it is quite as disastrous for the writers themselves. Without faith in the perpetual presence of the Divine which makes the Human intelligible, faith heart-piercing and absorbing, there is no true insight and no true inspiration. But our poets, as a rule, have no faith at all. They waste their splendid powers on things trivial or worse. They engender in themselves an incapacity to sympathize with anything except the mediocre and the low. And, as a consequence, whenever they enter upon those "higher arguments" which alone have permanent power over the heart of man, they, like performers who try an octave above their range, do not sing but scream.

The Catholic poet, when God sends him, will be very different. He will not permit the world to form him, for his faith will tell him that for such as he the world's touch is contamination. He will not fear the world's anger or the world's neglect, for he will be looking for a crown from higher hands. He will not speak as one sick or as one doubting, but as one convinced and as one having power. He will not rest in the small or sensuous, for his eyes will be ever seeing through faith, which is the argument of things unseen, not merely the divine idea but the divine and awful reality sustaining and glorifying all things that appear. He will show us a sin-laden and passible humanity, with its work to do and its cross to bear, but he will also show us man arisen!—the grave garments flung aside, and his whole self, body and soul, without one sorrow and without one flaw. His songs, while they pierce our hearts with sorrow for the fair earth which sin has marred, will swell our souls with gladness for the new earth and the new heaven, when sin shall be no more. No little studies and no little models will suffice for him. "Be ye perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect," will be for ever in his ears. And with these words to guide him, he will for ever struggle to make more visible and more loveable—to gather all men's *eyes to see, and all* men's souls to worship—not any minor or *mere earthly excellence*, at which, because human longings

transcend humanity, the soul can never stop, but that infinite good and beauty, imaged for ever in every son of Adam, in revealing which art finds its one true function, in working for which the artist finds his one true felicity.

We have been led to make these remarks by Mr. Aubrey de Vere's last book. Mr. De Vere has now been a long time before the English reading public. During that time he has witnessed many of his contemporaries rising (and generally without much apparent trouble) to what, though after a few years it will be only poetic notoriety, at present passes for poetic fame. There was no difficulty in seeing how and why they rose. An orator, Mr. Gladstone has told us, gains his best successes by receiving the feeling of his audience in vapour and flinging it back in flood. That results from the fact that an orator's success must be instantaneous or nothing. The poet who wishes to succeed rapidly, whose nature hungers for instant admiration, has only to take the hint from the orator. And most of our modern poets have done so. They sang to an unchristian public the songs of an unchristian muse; and they sang them well. No one, we think, can without insincerity deny, that in the mere mechanical department of poetic art, Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Morris, and even Mr. Swinburne, are among the most accomplished that our language has yet known. It was only natural that the world should love its own, and should love those among its own best, who are the best images of itself. Mr. Aubrey De Vere knew well that to enter upon the course which he has throughout consistently followed, would be to leave himself, as that other solitary singer left himself, who, too, had "fallen on evil days." But Mr. De Vere was equal to the sacrifice. For more than twenty years he has stood apart on the clear cold heights, where only the higher spirits dwell, and has left it to others to roll and revel in the mud and mire of the lowland pools. He himself tells us the reason in some exquisite lines "On Visiting a Haunt of Coleridge's:"—

> The world's base Poets have not kept
> Song's vigil on her vestal height,
> Nor scorn'd false pride and foul delight,
> Nor with the weepers rightly wept,
> Nor seen God's visions in the night!
>
> Profane to enthrone the Sense, and add
> A gleam that lies to shapes that pass,
> Ah me! in song as in a glass
> *They* might have shown us glory-clad
> *His* Face Who ever is and was!

They might have shown us cloud and leaf
Lit with the radiance uncreate;
Love, throned o'er vanquish'd Lust and Hate;
Joy, gem-distill'd through rocks of Grief;
And Justice, conquering Time and Fate!

But they immodest brows have crown'd
With violated bud and flower:—
Courting the high Muse "par amour,"
Upon her suppliants she hath frown'd,
And sent them darkness for a dower.

Better half-sight and tear-dimm'd day
Than dust defiled, o'er-sated Touch!
Better the torn wing than the crutch!
Better who hide their gift than they
Who give so basely and so much.

* * * * * *

Great Bard! To thee in youth my heart
Rush'd as the maiden's to the boy,
When love, too blithesome to be coy,
No want forebodes and feels no smart,
A self-less love self-brimm'd with joy!

Still sporting with those amaranth leaves
That shape for others coronals,
I ask not on whose head it falls
That crown the Fame Pandemian weaves—
Thee, thee the Fame Uranian calls!

For wilder'd feet point thou the path
Which mounts to where triumphant sit
The Assumed of Earth, all human yet,
From sun-glare safe and tempest's wrath,
Who sing for love: nor those forget,

The Elders crown'd that, singing, fling
Their crowns upon the Temple floor;
Those Elders ever young, though hoar,
Who count all praise an idle thing
Save His who lives for evermore!

Apart from its poetic excellences, from which too they might learn a lesson, we commend that extract to our popular poets for the wise counsel which it contains. Paganism and the passions of paganism are transitory; Christianity and its emotions are everlasting. And no song can live when those whom alone it moves have passed away.

It is now thought praiseworthy in a poet—and alas! what *an indication* this is of the spirit of the times—if he has

"uttered nothing base." We do not offer such praise to Mr. De Vere. That he has never written a line which could bring a blush to the cheek of the most perfect womanly modesty, or excite indignation in the most sensitive and noble manhood, is simply a consequence of his being an earnest and sincere Catholic. But he can claim in this department much more than the negative purity claimed for Wordsworth. His sympathies have invariably been with nothing but the noblest and grandest things. The emotions in which he himself lives and under whose influence he draws his readers, are not only the most powerful but the most ennobling that can stir man's soul. He has such a horror of the base and impure and petty, that he hardly ever mentions them even in condemnation. Even for what is in itself good he has no great care, unless it be the very best of its kind. With what is called "love-poetry," for instance, he has no strong sympathy, and regrets with a lofty compassion its prevalence in the present age. The love that he speaks of (when he speaks of love at all) is not merely love freed from the dregs of earth, but love lifted up and glorified by the grace of heaven. This is as it should be. While no one denies to love-poetry a considerable place in literature, no wise man ever dreamed that its place is the highest. It is not a healthy sign when the general tendency is towards it alone. Poetry, we should ever remember, has not for its object merely to excite emotion, but, by exciting emotion, to raise humanity. It is not by such emotions, no matter how strong they be, as are excited by amatory verses, that humanity is raised. Milton, notwithstanding his trilogy of wives, had not much of the tender passion, and Shakspere not much of it except in his worst days. Mr. De Vere, in comparison with our modern poets, does not appear to have any of it at all. He has not certainly a particle of it as it is possessed by and possesses some of the most notable of our modern bards. He leaves it to them to do honour to "the darker Venus" and "the singing women of the sea." For him he most often moves—

> ——— through a land like a land of dream,
> Where the things that are, and that shall be, seem
> Wov'n into one by a hand of air,
> And the Good looks piercingly down through the Fair!
> No form material is here unmated,
> Here blows no bud, no scent can rise,
> No song ring forth, unconsecrated
> To a meaning or model in Paradise!

Ex abundantiâ cordis os loquitur. Our blessed Lord's words

may be adapted in quite a special sense to the case of a poet. It follows therefrom that the character of a man's poetry tells the character of the man's self. But the higher a man's sympathies the greater and loftier the man's self will be. The poets, therefore, who by preference select little subjects or treat great subjects in a little way, are essentially little poets. But the subjects of our modern poets are generally extremely small. Even the Laureate has never been able to get beyond King Arthur; and King Arthur, though an exceedingly amiable person, is, when one comes to view him more closely, and to see through the haze around him, nothing better than a courteous, truthful English gentleman. But an English gentleman, no matter how courteous, and no matter how truthful, is, in comparison with what a man is capable of, not much more than what Mr. Mill calls "a starved specimen of humanity." We are not of those who decry Mr. Tennyson. We are sincerely thankful for even King Arthur, though we should be much better pleased if the "stammering and staring" passage between Sir Lancelot and Guinevere, with much else of the same character, had been kept for the Laureate's own private delectation. But though King Arthur is good, we want something better. Even the pagans have given us such as he. But we live in an age when, if society is to be saved at all, men must form themselves, not on pagan but on Christian models. The natural virtues are very good, but they are not sufficient. Veracity and courtesy and fidelity to a single love will not keep us from the scepticism, and disbelief, and materialism of the times. What on the other hand we particularly admire in Mr. De Vere is, that he has employed his powers, not in making a nation cynical, or trivial, or effeminate, or worse, but in placing before it those noble Christian models—given not by culture, but by God—beside which all natural gentlemen must be for ever contemptible. Catholicity (and therefore society) has had in these times no lay teacher among the poets comparable to Mr. De Vere.

But, great as Mr. De Vere's services to Catholicity and society have been, it was for neither the one nor the other that these services were directly and proximately intended. We ardently wish him yet many years of labour. We ardently expect that before he dies he will leave behind him some crowning song that will address itself to the universal Catholic heart, and thereby to the heart of all humanity. But if we are to judge him by what he has already written, he will take *his place among* the great singers of the earth, not as the *poet of humanity* nor as the poet of the Church Catholic and

All-conquering, but as the poet of the Church of Ireland. Of course the cause of these three is the same; and he who renders a service to any one of them, in some way renders a service to all. But it is the proximate and explicit motive of action which especially colours the act. And the proximate and explicit motive of all, or nearly all, Mr. De Vere's poetry has been to make Catholic Ireland—as she was, and is, and will be—move in life so as to be seen, and known, and judged by this and every after generation. The Catholic Church of Ireland—Rosaleen, the Little Rose, as her bards loved to call her—to her above all is his service given. Over all her life has he brooded and sung: when she bloomed and breathed for all the world; when her red leaves were made redder by the blood of those that loved her; when, struck by the hand of Heaven, her leaves were scattered to all the winds; when, her winter over and her new spring-time well begun, she began to send her odours through the garden of God once more.

The history of the Irish Church, which is really the history of the Irish nation, is not well or generally known. With a few exceptions, British writers do not care to know it. They have long since made up their minds about the Irish of the present, and they do not care to check or change their opinions. But they have made up their minds in a strange way. Οἴεται ὃ βούλεται is as true of them as it ever was of the Athenians. They think of the Irish people just what they wish to think of them, and they find in the Irish people just what they wish to find. As Mr. De Vere writes—

> The vulgar dog-like eye can see
> Only the ignobler traits in thee;
> Quaint follies of a fleeting time;
> Dark reliques of the oppressor's crime.
> The Seer—what sees he? What the West
> Has ne'er except in thee possess'd;
> The childlike Faith, the Will like fate,
> And that Theistic instinct great
> New worlds that summons from the abyss
> "The balance to redress of this."

In working to make his country's history truly known, Mr. De Vere's first allegiance was due to Truth. He gave it sincerely. We do not therefore find him using his gift of invention as a substitute for his duty of fidelity to fact. He is no Dryasdust; but that uninteresting gentleman himself could not be more scrupulously zealous of the undue intrusion of fancy than Mr. De Vere. He everywhere challenges not only

poetical, but historical criticism; and lest the historical critics should doubt that the challenge is given, he, in his prefaces and notes, meets them on their own ground. He will accept no exercise of critical charity; and therefore what they might be unable to examine, if surrounded by the loftier and less bearable light of poetry, he exposes to their mercy in their own native prose.

But, having paid all due homage to Truth, Mr. De Vere gives heart and soul to Ireland. No one of her poets, not even Davis, that strange soul of fire and tears, feels for her as he. To him she is a land to be justly proud of: for she it is who in natural qualities is below no other, and in supernatural gifts is above them all. To him she is a real mother, to be loved and honoured—loved and honoured all the more that her life has been a life of suffering, and that even yet her cheeks are no strangers to tears. But his love for her, his passionate eagerness to bring her consolation, never make him forget the Reverence which is her due. She is not an Amazon to shout in battle, nor a virago to scold and scream in the public squares. She is his mother, but she is Holy Ireland; Innisfail, the Isle of Destiny; awful and unearthly by reason of that destiny, and still more awful from her Martyr's crown. And so, while he sings boldly, clearly, triumphantly, of her glory in other times; while he reminds her of her prosperity borne without presumption, and her sorrow sustained without despair; while he bids her look up and see how

> Even now old sounds of ancient wrong
> At distance roll, and come not near:
> Past is the iron age—the storms
> That lash the worn cliff, shock on shock;
> The bird in tempest cradled warms
> At last her wings upon the rock:

his voice becomes low and solemn and awe-struck, as he shows her the days of her yet greater and more unearthly greatness that are still to be. Hear him:—

> The future sleeps in night: but thou
> O Island of the branded brow
> Her flatteries scorn who rear'd by Seine
> Fraternity's ensanguined reign,
> Thy past, thy hopes, are thine alone!
> Though crush'd around thee and o'erthrown,
> The majesty of civil might,
> The hierarchy of social right,
> *Firm* state in thee for ever hold!
> *Religion* was their life and mould.

And hear again :—

We pass'd the offending stream which dash'd its spray
Contemptuous on us, proud of liberty.
I laugh'd.—"Our passionate Ireland is the stream ;
Seven hundred years at will it mocks or chides ;
You have not made it turn your English mill !"

And in another strain :—

O Thou ! afflicted and beloved, O Thou !
Who on thy wasted hands and bleeding brow—
Dread miracle of Love—from reign to reign,
Freshenest thy stigmata of sacred Pain :
Lamp of the North when half the world was night ;
Now England's darkness 'mid her noon of light ;
History's sad wonder whom all lands save one
Gaze on through tears and name with gentler tone :
O Tree of God ! that burnest unconsumed ;
O Life in Death ! for centuries entomb'd ;
Thou art uprisen, and higher far shalt rise,
Drawn up by strong attraction to the skies :
Thyself most weak, yet strengthen'd from above :
Smitten of God, yet not in hate, but love :—
Thy love make perfect and from love's pure hate
The earthlier scum and airier froth rebate !
Be strong ; be true ! thy palms not yet are won :
Thine ampler mission is but now begun.
Hope not for any crown save that thou wearest—
The crown of thorns. Preach thou that Cross thou bearest !
Go forth ! Each coast shall glow beneath thy tread !
What radiance bursts from heaven upon thy head ?
What fiery pillar is before thee borne ?
Thy loved and lost ! They lead thee to thy morn !
They pave thy paths with light ! Beheld by man,
Thou walkest a shade, not shape, beneath a ban.
Walk on—work on—love on ; and, suffering, cry,
"Give me more suffering, Lord, or else I die."

And hear him yet once more :—

And in my spirit grew and gather'd
Knowledge that Ireland's worst was weather'd,
Her last dread penance paid ;
Conviction that for earthly scath
In world-wide victories of her Faith
Atonement should be made.

* * * * * * *

A Land become a Monument !
Man works ; but God's conceal'd intent

Converts his worst to best.
The first of Altars was a Tomb—
Ireland! thy grave-stone shall become
God's Altar in the West!

These few extracts show sufficiently how it is that Mr. De Vere regards Ireland. He is proud of her past greatness; is sore afflicted for her past and present suffering; but he has the profoundest and firmest faith in her future. She was, and is, and will be for ever the Isle of Saints; and the day will yet come—it is plain he believes it in his heart of hearts—when to her, the destined people, scattered over all the earth, the glory will be given of alone keeping alive the light of faith to save the nations from darkness and destruction. "Once more," he says, addressing her:—

Once more thy volume, open cast,
In thunder forth shall sound thy name;
Thy forest, hot at heart, at last
God's breath shall kindle into flame.

Thy brook dried up, a cloud shall rise
And stretch an hourly widening hand
In God's good vengeance, through the skies,
And onward o'er the Invader's land.

Of thine, one day, a remnant left
Shall raise o'er earth a Prophet's rod,
And teach the coasts of Faith bereft
The names of Ireland, and of God.

It is only by bearing in mind what we have been putting before the reader—the permanent purpose that inspires the labours of Mr. De Vere—that his life's work can be estimated correctly. For, keeping that idea before us, we at once see his more important poems bound together in clear epical unity. He has written the Epos of the Church of Ireland; and perhaps no more splendid, and certainly no more stimulating, subject for a great epic poem was ever selected. The life of the Irish Church has had the vicissitudes that exclude monotony, and the situations that inspire passion. The first three centuries of her existence were centuries of surpassing glory. During that time she was a light for all northern and western Europe. Her sons were Apostles in almost every European nation. Her schools were frequented by students from all civilized countries. "Here," says Mr. De Vere, in the Preface to his latest work, "here we tread no land of sorrows *or of wrongs.*" The chronicle of these three centuries "is a *song of gratitude* and hope as befits the story of a nation's

conversion to Christianity, and in it the bird and the brook blend their carols with those of angels and of men." No Irishman can view this greatest epoch of the island's history without high and hopeful, yet humble emotion. He must be proud of a people that felt with such enthusiastic reverence the truth and beauty of the Christian Creed. He must be thankful to a God who so lavished His gifts on so lowly a race. He must be hopeful—knowing how faithful the land has been—that when such glorious things were done in the green wood, things still more glorious will be done in the dry. It is in such a spirit, proud but humble, resigned but hopeful, that Mr. De Vere has sung of these three hundred golden years.

But the times of glory were succeeded, as it is well both for men and nations that times of glory should be succeeded, by times of tribulation. For Ireland the tribulation has been long and sore. The wholesale pillage and slaughter committed by the Danes; the wholesale pillage and slaughter committed by the Normans; the wholesale pillage and slaughter in the days of Elizabeth; the wholesale pillage and slaughter in the days of Cromwell; the wholesale pillage and slaughter during the long, and as yet, scarce ended period of the penal laws; the awful visitation of the famine; the awful wails of necessitated emigration: these are a few of the heavy burdens of Ireland's life during the past thousand years. It is to this long and bitter time of sorrow and desolation that the eyes and heart of Mr. De Vere have most frequently turned. He has sung of his country's griefs with a power and pathos which he has never attained to on other themes, and which no other modern poet has attained to at all. In every quality which makes lyric poetry great, we venture to affirm the following, from an ode of his on "The Famine Years," surpasses everything else that has come from the modern lyre. It is headed "Winter":—

> Fall, snow, and cease not! Flake by flake
> The decent winding-sheet compose.
> Thy task is just and pious: make
> An end of blasphemies and woes.
>
> Fall flake by flake! by thee alone,
> Last friend, the sleeping draught is given:
> Kind nurse by thee the couch is strewn,
> The couch whose covering is from heaven.
>
> Descend and clasp the mountain's crest;
> Inherit plain and valley deep;
> *This night* on thy maternal breast
> A vanquish'd nation dies in sleep.

Lo ! from the starry Temple Gates
  Death rides, and bears the flag of peace :
The combatants he separates ;
  He bids the wrath of ages cease.

Descend, benignant Power ! But O,
  Ye torrents shake no more the vale :
Dark streams, in silence seaward flow :
  Thou rising storm remit thy wail.

Shake not, to-night, the cliffs of Moher,
  Nor Brandon's base, rough sea ! Thou Isle.
The Rite proceeds ! From shore to shore,
  Hold in thy gather'd breath the while.

Fall snow ! in stillness fall, like dew,
  On church's roof and cedar's fan ;
And mould thyself on pine and yew ;
  And on the awful face of man.

Without a sound, without a stir,
  In streets and wolds, on rock and mound,
O, omnipresent Comforter,
  By thee, this night, the lost are found !

On quaking moor and mountain moss
  With eyes upstaring at the sky,
And arms extended like a cross,
  The long-expectant sufferers lie.

Bend o'er them, white-robed Acolyte !
  Put forth thine hand from cloud and mist ;
And minister the last sad Rite,
  Where altar there is none, nor priest.

Touch thou the gates of soul and sense ;
  Touch darkening eyes and dying ears ;
Touch stiffening hands and feet, and thence
  Remove the trace of sin and tears.

And ere thou seal these filmèd eyes,
  Into God's urn thy fingers dip,
And lay 'mid eucharistic sighs,
  The sacred wafer on the lip.

This night the Absolver issues forth ;
  This night the Eternal Victim bleeds :
O winds and words—O heaven and earth ;
  Be still this night. The Rite proceeds !

Scarcely less grand, and making up for what it lacks of grandeur by its terrible, merciless minuteness, is the following

on the same subject, from Mr. De Vere's poem of "The Sisters":—

> Sudden fell
> Famine, the Terror never absent long,
> Upon our land. It shrank, the daily dole;
> The oatmeal trickled from a tighter grasp;
> Hunger grew wild through panic; infant cries
> Madden'd at times the gentle into wrong;
> Death's gentleness more oft for death made way;
> *And like a lamb that openeth not its mouth*
> *The Sacrificial People, fillet-bound,*
> *Stood up to die.* Amid inviolate herds
> Thousands the sacrament of death received,
> These waited God's decree. These things are known:
> Strangers have witness'd to them; strangers writ
> The epitaph again and yet again.
> The nettles and the weeds by the wayside
> Men ate: from sharpening features and sunk eyes
> Hunger glared forth, a wolf more lean each hour;
> Children seemed pigmies shrivell'd to sudden age;
> And the deserted babe too weak to wail
> But shook if hands, pitying or curious, raised
> The rag across him thrown.

The same power and the same pathos which Mr. De Vere has shown in speaking of the Famine Years are his also when speaking of the earlier—at least in its worst phases, earlier—period of the Penal Laws. We can in illustration give but a single extract; and it we select from others more powerful, because it is nearest to our hand. It is, like the extract last quoted, taken from "The Sisters":

> Thus question after question
> Dragg'd, maim'd and mangled, dragg'd reluctant forth
> Time's dread confession! Crime replied to crime:
> Whom Tudor planted Cromwell rooted out;
> For Charles they fought:—to fight for Kings their spoilers
> The Rebel named rebellion! William next!
> Once more the nobles were down hurl'd; once more
> Nobility as in commission placed
> By God among the lowly. Loyalty
> To native Princes, or to Norman chiefs,
> Their lawless conquerors, or to British Kings,
> Or her the Mother Church who ne'er betray'd,
> Had met the same reward. The legend spake
> Words few but plain, grim rubric traced in blood;
> *While*, like a Fury fleeting through the air,
> *History* from all the octaves of her lyre

> Struck but one note! What rifted tower and keep
> Witness'd of tyrannous and relentless wars,
> That shipless gulfs, that bridgeless streams and moors,
> Black as if lightning-scarr'd, or curst of God,
> Proclaim'd of laws blacker than brand or blight—
> Those Penal Laws. The tale was none of mine;
> Stone rail'd at stone; grey ruins dumbly frown'd
> Defiance, and the ruin-handled blast
> Scatter'd the fragments of Cassandra's curse
> From the far mountains to the tombs close by
> Which mutter'd treason.

It has been very customary and very natural for Irishmen to brood much over their country's sorrows. It has been very customary and very natural for Irish poets to draw from the woes and wrongs of Ireland their strongest inspiration. What the brooding often ends in has been, even in our own time, but too apparent. What chord the bards strike is equally well known. The Irish are essentially a hot, hasty race, "easy to be drawn, but impossible to be driven," hating above all things injustice and oppression; and the Irish Poet is, as a matter of course, an Irishman of the intensest type. But Mr. De Vere is not only a true poet, but he is a wise man; and his wisdom gives his poetry both "a conscience and an aim." That he could, if he chose, write as fiercely as any of the Poets of Young Ireland is evident enough from the following stanza:—

> Up with the banner whose green shall live
> While lives the green on the oak!
> And down with the axes that grind and rive
> Keen-edged as the thunder-stroke!
> And on with the battle-cry known of old,
> And the clan-rush like wind and wave:
> On, on! the Invader is bought and sold;
> His own hand has dug his grave!

But he did not choose to devote himself to the literature of blood and iron. His Ireland is a very different Ireland from her who makes "the false Saxon yield," and who keeps military appointments "at the rising of the moon." For his mind, revolution and reprisals have no beauty and no blessing. Revolution and reprisals, he thinks, are bad anywhere, but they are sacrilege in Ireland. S. Paul must not turn pugilist in the end of his days: he that fought with beasts at Ephesus must not end his career as a patron and performer in Irthonian *amusements*; and the common market-place or the common *prize-ring of* common nations is no fit place for Holy Ireland.

That is the sentiment of Mr. De Vere. It has been his sentiment from the commencement of his literary career. It is no less his sentiment to-day. In the very latest and grandest of his poems this is how her Great Apostle, already nigh to death, addresses Ireland :—

> Happy Isle !
> Be true ; for God hath graved on thee His name ;
> God, with a wondrous ring, hath wedded thee ;
> God on a throne divine hath 'stablish'd thee :
> Light of a darkling world ! Lamp of the North !
> My race, my realm, my great inheritance
> *To lesser nations leave inferior crowns ;*
> Speak ye the thing that is ; be just, be kind ;
> Live ye God's Truth, and in its strength be free !
>
> * * * * * *
>
> Thou setting sun
> That sunk'st to rise, that Time shall come at last
> When in thy splendour thou shalt rise no more ;
> And darkening with the darkening of thy face
> Who worshipp'd thee with thee shall cease ; but thou
> Who worshipp'd Christ with Christ shall shine abroad
> Eternal beam, and Sun of Righteousness
> In endless glory. For His sake alone
> I, bondsman in this land, re-sought this land.
>
> All ye who name my name in later times,
> Say to this people that their Patriarch gave
> Pattern of pardon, ere in words he preach'd
> That God who pardons. *Wrongs if they endure*
> *In after years, with fire of pardoning love*
> *Sin-slaying, bid them crown the head that err'd ;*
> *For bread denied let them give Sacraments,*
> *For darkness light, and for the House of Bondage*
> *The glorious freedom of the sons of God.*

We are far, we would say in passing, from being insensible to the surpassing merit of the poetry of Young Ireland. That poetry we distinguish utterly from the Irish patriotic verses of later years. When we hint displeasure with the modern poets of Ireland, we are not thinking of the companions of Davis and Duffy, Mangan and M'Gee. The men of '48 constitute a class splendidly and perennially apart. Even those who have no sympathy with their political aspirations must perforce regard them as in genius and nobleness worthy of any nation and of any age. We do not, in fact, know of any nation in any age which saw so much of the highest endowment so suddenly arise for the support of one sole cause. We do not be-

lieve that even politically the Young Ireland Party was fruitless for Ireland. But no matter what it achieved or failed to achieve for her in politics, in literature it left her a gift that will enrich her for ever. There are, for instance, in the few things bequeathed by Davis, indications of a genius loftier and larger, more passionate and more profound, than any we claim for Mr. De Vere. And Davis was only a single star in a splendid constellation, his light most visible only because it was nearest to our earthly sphere. Nor is the poetry of '48 like the poetry of Byron, a poetry of great genius misapplied and abused. It is inspired throughout by a lofty spirit, and often, as in the case of M'Gee or MacCarthy, directed to highly religious ends. That was indeed a glorious band—those young men of great hearts and hopes, whose one love was the love of country, and whose one endeavour was to gather together her scattered strength, and by sheer genius "to build up a noble nation"! But they were, after all, though more heavenly-gifted, more earthly-guided, than Mr. De Vere. Their conception of Ireland lacked the grandeur of his. With them she is only a nation like other nations, higher in gifts but not different in destiny, and their exhortations to her do not reach those deeper deeps pierced by him who bids her "to lesser nations leave inferior crowns." When all is said, this Ireland is a political Ireland, whose heart and soul are to desire, whose brain and hands are to work for national political glory. This is especially visible when they speak of her past sorrows. These sorrows are not her crown, but her disgrace—are the signs of weakness, and not the proofs of superhuman strength. And hence their words to her are words that speak of her kingdom as a kingdom of this world; and they rarely, if ever, tell her that even if she had twelve legions of angels, it is better to go on from Gethsemane to Calvary than to smite her foes and sit on an earthly throne. It has been said of Cardinal Cullen, we know not with what truth, that he looks on Ireland as predestined to teach to nations what our Blessed Saviour taught to men; this, namely, that the royal road to heaven is the rugged road of suffering. That is surely about the highest conception that one could have of the destiny of the Island of Saints. It was not the conception entertained by Young Ireland. It is evidently the conception entertained by Mr. De Vere.

But even after singing the dark days of Ireland's suffering, and the bright days of Ireland's greatness, Mr. De Vere's work as the poet of the Irish Church was incomplete. The period of Ireland's evangelization remained unsung. This, though *the first in order* of time, was the last period to benefit by

Mr. De Vere's genius. His neglect (or seeming neglect) of it may be accounted for in many ways. At first sight, for instance, and to a youthful mind, the other periods seemed to give larger scope for the display of poetic power. They were, moreover, more stimulating, and therefore, at least in one sense, more easily handled. Besides, Mr. De Vere may have naturally considered that the most pressing of his country's needs should be supplied the first; and what Ireland most needed when Mr. De Vere began to sing was to be reminded of her real greatness both in adverse and prosperous days, and to be so reminded of it that she would decline to shame it now by indulging in national animosities, or seeking after national revenge. But at last Mr. De Vere has completed his task. In the volume now before us he has given us the history of Ireland's evangelization. We may say at once that he has given it with the same detail and the same historic correctness as characterize his Odes and his "Innisfail." We may also say at once that, barring some petty defects, upon which we shall touch hereafter, Mr. De Vere's last book is the best that he has ever written. And we may say at once, in the third place, that the poem now before us is, in many respects and by many degrees, the noblest poem of our times.

When S. Patrick came among the Irish as their authorized Apostle, they were, it may be said roundly, all pagans. They were pagans, too, as Mr. De Vere remarks in his preface, all of whose vices and most of whose jealousies rendered their conversion to Christianity peculiarly difficult. Yet before S. Patrick's death they were, it may be said roundly, all Christians. And their conversion was due, under God, to S. Patrick's personal character. "The island race," says Mr. De Vere (p. 31)—

> The Island race, in feud of clan with clan
> Barbaric, gracious else, and high of heart,
> Nor worshippers of self nor dull'd through sense,
> Beholding not alone his wondrous works,
> But, wondrous more, the sweetness of his strength,
> And how he neither shrank from flood nor fire,
> And how he couch'd him on the wintry rocks,
> And how he sang great hymns to One who heard,
> And how he cared for poor men and the sick,
> And for the souls invisible of men,
> To him made way—not simple hinds alone,
> But chiefly wisest heads (for wisdom then
> Prime wisdom saw in Faith); and, mixt with these,
> Chieftains and sceptred kings,

The story of S. Patrick's life would therefore be the story of Ireland's conversion. It is so in the hands of Mr. De Vere.

It is a common literary trick in these times to tempt the public to the perusal of a book by giving it a mysterious title, between which and the subject of the book there exists, oftentimes, only a very fanciful connection. But "Legends of Saint Patrick" tells with sufficient plainness what a reader may expect to find in the last volume of Mr. De Vere. The reader is supplied with a still stronger safeguard against surprise or disappointment. The book has a preface of some extent and unusual ability; and from it the reader may easily gather what views of S. Patrick and of the Ireland of S. Patrick's times the book is certain to take. Nor does the author omit to mention that the legends are *bonâ fide* legends, found, substantially, not in his own personal fancy, but in the traditionary tales of the Irish people. Furthermore, he instructs us that the legends which he has selected are of two kinds;—those where (to use his own figure) the central stem is fact, though the foliage is supplied by "an ever active popular imagination"; and those where the entire legend is authentic historical fact. To the latter class belong most of the legends in the volume; to the former only a few, principally those which speak of a fancied connection between S. Patrick and the Irish bard Ossian. The legends, as we have said above, give the history of Ireland's conversion. But they do something more. They have been so selected and so arranged as to make up a complete biography of the Apostle of Ireland. There is a continual progression from the "Baptism of S. Patrick," which begins the volume, to the "Confession of S. Patrick," which ends it. Mr. De Vere's present poem is therefore not merely the complement of his previous poems on the Church of Ireland, but it is intrinsically a unity in itself. Its unity is rendered more complete by the ingenious manner in which, through incidental allusions, the various separate poems are interconnected. The Ossianic legends, purely fanciful though they are, serve a similar purpose; for, by showing Ireland and the Irish in the age of the old bard, they show what kind of work it was which S. Patrick was sent to accomplish. The book has, at all events, as much epical unity as can be claimed for the "Idylls of the King"; and they, we are willing to admit, do, without the help of the bookbinder, constitute a single poem.

In estimating the value of the "Legends of Saint Patrick," it is proper to commence by considering the value of the tales themselves. It is not, of course, with their historical but with *their poetical* value that we are concerned here. They who wish *to be informed* upon the former point may profitably consult

the preface to Mr. De Vere's volume. But speaking of the poetical value of these legends, we have no hesitation in saying that, while any one of them will amply repay frequent perusal, most of them are surpassingly beautiful. The reader will search in vain through the "poetry of the period" for anything so calculated, not merely to stir our best emotions, but to elevate and ennoble, as are "The Striving of Saint Patrick on Mount Cruachan," "Saint Patrick and the Two Princesses," "Saint Patrick and the Children of Fochlut Wood," "Saint Patrick and the Childless Mother," "The Arraignment of Saint Patrick," and "Oisin's Good Confession." Of course, the legends are Catholic, and for their proper appreciation require in the reader a knowledge of Catholic belief and Catholic practices. But even with those outside the household of the faith, they cannot fail to be effective; for they breathe throughout a lofty spirituality which all men must aim at who aim at greatness, and which is neither practised nor preached very extensively in these latter days. One rises from the study of our popular poetry with an idea that if he looks long enough on the face of "Dolores," or betakes himself to mourn over the triviality of the times, or analyzes himself till he is lost in smoke, or moulds himself in colossal calm, he is fulfilling his earthly destiny. One rises from reading the "Legends of Saint Patrick" with a firm conviction that, after all our learning, humble faith and humble prayer are the only things that can make a real man, and that the systems must be contemptible which, though they produce scholars in plenty, have never turned out a single saint.

Having said so much of the value of these legends, we are desirous of giving the reader some means of forming a judgment for himself. It would save us much time and trouble, could we throw one or two of the stories into a few brief sentences of our own. But we dare not attempt to do so. Neither can we afford to cite any of the longer legends at length. We shall adopt a middle course. We shall quote the first two legends of the volume. The first we shall give in extenso, as it is made up of only two or three stanzas. From the second we shall quote such passages as are principal in the story; for the intermediate passages, substituting a few words of our own. The first legend is entitled "The Baptism of Saint Patrick." It runs thus:—

"How can the babe baptized be
Where font is none and water none?"
Thus wept the nurse on bended knee
And sway'd the Infant in the sun.

The blind priest took that Infant's hand :
With that small hand, above the ground
He sign'd the Cross. At God's command
A fountain rose with brimming bound.

In that pure wave, from Adam's sin
The blind priest cleansed the Babe with awe ;
Then, reverently, he wash'd therein
His old, unseeing face, and saw !

He saw the earth ; he saw the skies,
And that all-wondrous Child decreed
A pagan nation to baptize,
And give the Gentiles light indeed.

Thus Secknall sang. Far off and nigh
The clansmen shouted loud and long ;
While every mother toss'd more high
Her babe, and glorying, join'd the song.

Secknall was a Christian bard trained by S. Patrick himself. Merely saying of the foregoing little legend, that it at once introduces us to a world where the poets of the period decline to bring us; a world where there is a God personal and present; where that God has not as yet been shown by science to be unable to work a miracle; where a poet is content with a saint for his subject; where such a thing as a hymn in a saint's praise can excite men and women to a high state of enthusiasm: merely saying so much of this first little legend, we pass on to the second. The second is entitled "The Disbelief of Milcho." Patrick, the reader is aware, was from his sixteenth to his twenty-first year a slave in Ireland. Milcho was his master, and Milcho was a prince in the region now known as Antrim. Patrick escaped from slavery: became a cleric; after many years of preparation was made a Bishop; and finally, having received the requisite commission from Pope Celestine, set out for the conversion of Ireland. He landed on the coast of Wicklow. This much premised, we let Mr. De Vere begin :—

When now at Imber Dea, that precious bark
Freighted with Erin's future, touch'd the sands
Just where a river through a woody vale
Curving, with duskier current clave the sea,
Patrick, the Island's great inheritor,
His perilous voyage past, stept forth and knelt
And blest his God.

* * * * * *

The hours went by :
The brethren paced the shore, or musing sat.

But still this Patriarch knelt, and still gave thanks
For all the marvellous chances of his life
Since those his earliest years, when, slave new-trapp'd,
He comforted on hills of Dalaraide
His hungry heart with God, and, cleansed by pain,
In exile found the spirit's native land.
Eve deepen'd into night and still he pray'd:
The clear cold stars had crowned the azure vault;
And, risen at midnight from dark seas, the moon
Had quench'd those stars, yet Patrick still pray'd on:
Till from the river murmuring in the vale
Far off, and from the morning airs close by
That shook the alders by the river's mouth,
And from his own deep heart, a voice there came,
"Ere yet thou fling'st God's bounty on this land
There is a debt to cancel. Where is he,
Thy five years' lord, that scourged thee for his swine?
Alas that wintry face! Alas that hand
Barren as frozen well! To him reveal it!"

Obedient to the suggestions of the Spirit, Patrick at once sets out for Milcho. From Wicklow to Antrim is a long journey, but Mr. DeVere makes it a very pleasant one by his description of the Irish coast, as seen from the ship that carries the Apostle and his companions. They land at last on the shore of Strangford Lough. Here they meet with Dichu,

that region's lord, a martial man
And merry, and a speaker of the truth.

Dichu is converted, partially by witnessing miracles of S. Patrick, principally because

——— prayers of little orphaned babes
Whom he had saved, went up for him that hour.

Patrick made some stay at Dichu's home. They often spoke of Milcho. The Apostle sorrowfully fears that Milcho's heart is—

"Unlike those hearts to which the Truth makes way,
Like message from a mother in her grave.
Yet what I can I must. Not heaven itself
Can force belief: for Faith is still good will."

Dichu laughs—

"To Milcho speed! Of Milcho claim belief!
Milcho will shrivel his small eye, and say
He scorns to trust himself his father's son,
Nor deems his lands his own by right of race,
But clutch'd by stress of brain! Old Milcho's God
Is gold. Forbear him, sir, or ere you seek him
Make smooth your way with gold."

Patrick, as it turns out, unfortunately, adopts Dichu's suggestion. He sends forward messengers, bearing presents, to announce his coming. Meantime, Milcho had already heard the great news that was then shaking the island. But he was not shaken. He made up his mind to disbelieve. Various events occur to him, some weakening, some establishing his resolve. At last he hears for certain, that the Great Apostle to whose standard the whole land is running, is none other than his former slave. That makes him furious. But Milcho is crafty, and, while all hell and heaven are fighting for his soul, he himself has an eye to the tangible. He has heard some whisperings that bode a revolt among his people. He has fears that Patrick and his companions may seize his wealth. The devil is hard upon him; but still he gets his chance:—

> His head he raised,
> And lo, before him lay the sea far ebb'd,
> Sad with a sunset all but gone: the reeds
> Sigh'd in the wind, and sigh'd a sweeter voice
> Oft heard in childhood—now the last time heard:
> "Believe!" it whisper'd. Vain the voice! That hour,
> Stirr'd from the abyss, the sins of all his life
> Around him rose like night—not one, but all—
> That earliest sin which, like a dagger, pierced
> His mother's heart; that worst, when summer drouth
> Parch'd the brown vales, and infants thirsting died,
> While from full pail he gorged his swine with milk,
> And flung the rest away. Sin-wall'd he stood:
> God's Angels could not pierce that cincture dread,
> Nor he look through it.

But he was not alone in his musings. The Demon of his House stood by him whispering—

> "Masterful man art thou for wit and strength;
> Yet girl-like stand'st thou brooding! Weave a snare!
> For gold he comes—this prophet. All thou hast
> Heap in thy house; then fire it! In far lands
> Make thee new fortunes. Frustrate thus shall he
> On ruins stare, his destined vassal scaped."

He consents. By his command all his wealth is gathered into his castle, and the principal hall thereof is filled with wood, resinous and seasoned, such as he was wont to use for "the ribs of ocean-cleaving vessels."

> Which ended, to his topmost tower he clomb,
> And therein sat two days, with face to south,
> Clutching a brand; and oft through clenched teeth
> Hissed out, "Because I will to disbelieve."

But, two hours before the sunset of the second day, he descries S. Patrick and his company approaching. That determines him. He fires his house, and though "his whole white face" is scorched, stands grimly there, watching "the swift contagious madness of that fire." But again he has company.

> The Demon of his House
> By him once more and closer than of old
> Stood, whispering thus: "Thy game is now play'd out;
> Henceforth a bye-word art thou—rich in youth—
> Self-beggar'd in old age." And as the wind
> Of that shrill whisper cut his listening soul,
> The blazing roof fell in on all his wealth,
> And, loud as laughter from ten thousand fiends,
> Up rush'd the fire. With arms outstretch'd he stood;
> Stood firm; then forward with a wild beast's cry
> He dash'd himself into that raging flame
> And vanish'd as a leaf.
>
> Upon a spur
> Of Sleemish, eastward on its northern slope,
> Stood Patrick and his brethren, travel-worn,
> When distant on the brown and billowy moor
> Rose the white smoke that changed ere long to flame,
> From site unknown; for by the seaward crest
> That keep lay hidden. Hands to forehead raised
> Wondering they watch'd it. One to others spake:
> "The huge Dalriad forest is afire
> Ere melted winter's snows!" Another thus:
> "In vengeance o'er the ocean Creithe or Pict,
> Favour'd by magic or by mist, have cross'd,
> And fired old Milcho's ships!" But Patrick lean'd
> Upon his crosier, pale as the ashes wan
> Left by a burn'd-out city. Long he stood
> Silent, till, sudden, fiercelier soared the flame,
> Reddening the edges of a cloud low hung:
> And, after pause, vibration slow and stern,
> Troubling the burthen'd bosom of the air,
> Upon a long surge of the northern wind
> Came up,—a murmur as of wintry seas
> Far borne at night. All heard that sound; all felt it;
> One only knew its import. Patrick turn'd:
> "The deed is done: the man I would have saved
> Is dead; because he will'd to disbelieve."

Now, to say that in that legend the interest never flags, is to *say little*. To say that its moral is far from being a truism, is, *unhappily*, to say less. But the qualities in the legend to

which we draw the attention of the reader are its terrible solemn pathos and the wonderful dramatic power with which that pathos is made to grow and gather from page to page. The poor Saint praying, hoping, hastening; the unfortunate Sinner growing harder and grimmer from hour to hour; the fierce Demon knowing his time is short, and his enemy, the white-faced Saint, is near, and with that knowledge hurrying on his forces with more than devilish rapidity; the flaming pile; the approaching night; the Angels struggling to break through the legions of Milcho's sins; the Demon, breathless and expectant, whispering at Milcho's ear; Milcho's horrible hardness; Milcho's horrible despair; and then that crowning scene, where Patrick, awestruck and silent, stands

> " ——— pale as the ashes wan
> Left by a burn'd-out city :"

—if there be anything in all literature which, for tragic, heart-piercing pathos, surpasses that legend, it belongs to a period long passed away. It belongs only to the transcendent age of the Œdipus Rex.

These legends, we have said, give the history of Ireland's Evangelization; but they give, we have also said, the biography of S. Patrick. And perhaps it is when viewed as peforming the latter function that the power displayed by Mr. De Vere in their shaping becomes most apparent. Mr. Browning has said, and has in his own way practised what he preached, that the one thing worth showing to mankind is a human soul. We shall not quarrel with Mr. Browning. He is just one of those men with whom we very largely sympathize; the men, namely, who are working valiantly towards the truth, and who, with the help of God, will reach it ere they die. We shall therefore only qualify Mr. Browning's principle by a small restriction; and it is, that there are some human souls which it is useless to know. But the soul of a great Saint! that is just the grandest earthly thing and the best earthly thing that can by artist of any kind be shown to humanity. After all, as models for men, as revelations of the Divine, Hamlet and Faust, and Frederick the Great, and Schwangau, saviour of society, are either complete misconceptions or conceptions on a very small scale. For all the good they have done to men, they might as well have remained among the yet uncaptured Platonic ideas. But the soul of a Saint appeals to all that is best in human possibilities; excites to a greatness which is not one of the things dreamt of in Hamlet's philosophy; *is the true* human Ideal, at least partially realized; and *is in itself* so great and so far-reaching as to have already,

even on the earth, burst the bonds of sense to live the life of the invisible blessed. It is with such souls as these that the poets of the period can do just nothing at all. They cannot go beyond their last. An Oliver Cromwell can be given us by Mr. Carlyle, because Oliver is only Thomas in other conditions. But imagine the Chelsea Philosopher attempting to show us the soul of S. Paul! The poets of Nature give us the children of Nature; but the children of God can be given us only by those whom God's representative—the Church—has taught and trained. One of these is Mr. De Vere. He has shown us the soul of the man S. Patrick. And he has shown it as only a great Catholic poet could show it. We have none of that tortuous, torturing, infinite anatomy—for the sole purpose of showing off the anatomist's skill — which would be visible in a Saint Patrick of Mr. Browning; but we have these few great outlines of the Saint's soul given us which our own souls tell us can be filled up only in a single way. Faith, which conquers all obstructions to sight; prayer, which conquers all obstructions to action; humility, self-slaying by its obedience to God; love, self-slaying by its resistance to men; tenderness, which cannot bear another's sorrow; zeal, which cannot brook another's sin; courage, which fears no danger; confidence, which dreads no defeat; a light of truth, from which liars flee; a whiteness of chastity, which puts unchasteness to shame; these, wonderful in themselves, bring with them of necessity all else that can excite enthusiasm for what is grandest in man. And all these has Mr. De Vere shown us, clearly and piercingly, in S. Patrick's soul.

But though Mr. De Vere has been admirably successful both in his handling of the Patrician legends and in his portraiture of S. Patrick himself, it is not in these ways that his success is greatest, nor in these ways, we think, that his powers are best suited to succeed. Like a greater but less fortunate poet, "description is his forte," and, in description, the rendering of natural scenery. We do not know of any writer, ancient or modern, not even Wordsworth, who is, as it were, so haunted by nature. We do not know of any writer, ancient or modern, who regards nature with such a reverential love. We do not know of any writer, with the sole exception of Byron, whose mastery over the meaning of nature equals that of Mr. De Vere. It is with her that he is thoroughly at home. From her it is that he draws not his best, but his strongest inspiration. The breath of the mountains stirs him like wine; the sight of the sea makes him lift up his voice in *words half of joy*, half of wailing; even the song of the stream *forces him to listen* and linger till he unconsciously carries

away memories of the buds on the bramble, and of the violets thronging the grass. Nor does he rest in the externals of nature. These are for him as they will ever be for the Catholic poet, but lower and earthlier sacraments, strengthening symbols of the Divine attributes, symbols soiled and shattered by sin, yet bearing upon them marks of God's handiwork and God's presence for ever. Nor is he one of your modern præ-Raphaelite poets who, looking at a rose, see it leaf by leaf; looking at the heavens, see it star by star; who peep and dot, without a tremor in their hands or a sob in their souls: he stands with his whole heart open; his eyes wide and eager, seeing, not so much the waves as the sea; hearing, not so much the notes as the song; and shaken all the while with the knowledge that both vision and melody have brought him into the actual presence of the Eternally Beautiful and the Eternally True. Take, for instance, the following passage from Saint Patrick on Mount Curachan (p. 36).

> Again from all sides burst
> Tenfold the storm; and, as it wax'd, the Saint
> Wax'd strong in heart; and, kneeling with stretch'd hands,
> Made for himself a panoply of prayer,
> And bound it round his bosom twice and thrice,
> And made a sword of communicating psalm,
> And smote at them that mock'd him. Day by day,
> Till now the second Sunday's vesper bell
> Gladden'd the little churches round the isle,
> That conflict ranged: then, maddening in their ire,
> Sudden the Princedoms of the dark, that rode
> This way and that through the tempest, brake
> Their sceptres, *and with one great cry it fell:*
> At once o'er all was silence: sunset lit
> *The world, that shone as though with face upturn'd*
> *It gazed on heavens by angel faces throng'd,*
> *And answer'd light with light. A single bird*
> *Carol'd; and from the forest skirt down fell,*
> *Gemlike, the last drops of the exhausted storm.*

Or take this other passage (pp. 38, 39):—

> Nor prayer unnoticed by that race abhorr'd.
> No sooner had his knees the mountain touch'd
> Than through their realm vibration went; and straight
> His prayer detecting, back they troop'd in clouds
> And o'er him closed, blotting with bat-like wing
> And inky pall, the moon. Then thunder peal'd
> *Once* more, nor ceased from pealing. Over all
> *Night* ruled except when blue and forked flash

Reveal'd the on-circling waterspout or plunge
Of rain beneath the brown cloud's ravell'd hem,
Or, huge on high, that lion-coloured steep
Which, like a lion, roar'd into the night,
Answering the roaring from sea-caves far down.
Dire was the strife. That hour the Mountain old,
An anarch throned 'mid ruins, flung himself
In madness forth on all his wins and woods
An omnipresent wrath! For God reserved,
Too long the prey of demons he had been;
Possession foul and fell. Now nigh expell'd
Those demons rent their victims freed. Aloft,
They burst the rocky barrier of the tarn
That downward dash'd its countless cataracts
Drowning far vales. On either side the Saint
A torrent rush'd—mightiest of all these twain—
Peeling the softer substance from the hills,
Their flesh, till glared, deep-trench'd, the mountain's bones;
And as those torrents widen'd, rocks down roll'd,
Showering upon that unsubverted head
Their spray ice-cold. Before him closed the flood,
And closed behind, till all was raging flood,
All but that tomb-like stone whereon he knelt.

These two passages are to be found, we might almost say, in the same page. They are not exceptional passages in display of poetic power, though they are exceptional in grandeur of situation. In display of poetic power they are rivalled in almost every other page of Mr. De Vere's volume. We venture to say that they are hardly rivalled in modern literature. Even in Byron it will be hard to find anything which so unites might of feeling, minuteness of description, and music of speech as the lines which we have put in italics. Those at the end of our first quotation are a true triumph of poetic art.

Nor do the high conceptions and lofty emotions of our author suffer from the machinery which he employs for their expression. Mr. De Vere, we hope, agrees with Mr. Matthew Arnold in thinking that the machinery of an idea is only of secondary importance when compared with the idea itself; but we are sure he does not agree with Mr. Browning that because it is secondary it is therefore contemptible. His language is always carefully selected, is generally selected with exquisite taste, and is often highly felicitous. His music, too, approaches the best that our poets have given us. Here, for instance, is a passage that at once sets us thinking of that "Mighty-mouthed Inventor of Harmonies," the author of "*Paradise Lost.*"

More thick than vultures wing'd
To fields with carnage strewn, the Accursèd throng'd,
Making thick night, which neither earth nor sky
Could pierce, from sense expunged. In phalanx now
Anon in breaking legion, or in globe,
With clang of iron pinion, on they rush'd,
And spectral dart high held. Nor quailed the Saint,
Contending for his people on that mount,
Nor spared God's foes ; for as old minster towers,
Besieged by midnight storm, send forth reply
In storm outroll'd of bells, so sent he forth
Defiance from fierce lip, vindictive chaunt,
And blight and ban, and maledictive rite,
Potent on face of spirits impure to raise
These plague-spots three,—Madness, Defeat, Despair. (pp. 41, 42.)

An echo of later and more melancholy music is heard in these other lines—

Lost, lost, all lost ! Oh tell us what is lost !
Behold, this too is hidden ! Let him speak
If any knows. The wounded deer can turn
And see the shaft that quivers in its flank ;
The bird looks back upon its broken wing :
But we, the forest children, only know
Our grief is infinite and hath no name.

And who is not reminded of the perfect melody of "Lalla Rookh" by the exquisite verses (pp. 56, 57)—

Then the breasts of the maidens began to heave
Like harbour waves, when beyond the bar
The great waves gather, and wet winds grieve,
And the roll of the tempest is heard afar.
We will kiss, we will kiss those bleeding feet ;
On those bleeding hands our tears shall fall ;
And whatever on earth is dear or sweet
For that wounded heart we renounce them all.

Those examples show, perhaps, that Mr. De Vere's muse is now and again mimetic. But they show also that she is a true singer, with an ear that is always correct, and a voice that is not only always melodious, but sometimes equal to the highest efforts of song.

Hitherto what we have been saying has been said in Mr. De Vere's praise. But a critic, if he wishes to preserve his character, must find fault. We have some difficulty in doing *ourselves that* justice at present. Still, we think, we have *seen a few faults* in Mr. De Vere's work, and we think it

proper to make them known to the reader. We mention them all the more readily, because they arise out of one of his most amiable excellences, and because, in the judgment of many persons, they may not be regarded as faulty at all.

We first point out Mr. De Vere's occasional diffusiveness. It is a truism that language should be used as sparingly as possible; that the thinner the medium of communication between the soul of a poet and the soul of his reader, the better; and that the fewer the appendages about a leading idea the greater its chances of being effective. Strength, directness, incisiveness, terseness, are essential qualities of a perfect style. These qualities are sometimes wanting in the style of Mr. De Vere, yet often present in most complete combination. It is, moreover, a bad thing and a suspicious thing to make much or handle fondly any single idea, and the best part of a poet's work must be done rather by suggestion than by formal expression. But sometimes Mr. De Vere, when he introduces us to an idea, not only makes our visit to it somewhat protracted, but generally ends by introducing us to its friends and relations. This, as we said, is a result of one of his most amiable excellences—the love with which he lingers about the children of his brain, and the difficulty he finds in leaving their company. But though it is an amiable characteristic, we think it a fault. And we think it a fault into which the very highest poets never fall, and into which Mr. De Vere never falls in his moments of highest inspiration. In the greatest poets always, in Mr. De Vere very often, there is a fiery impatient rush to wreak their thought upon expression, which precludes all side-glances and passing salutations. That is a fact well worth remembering. For it is only what is written with true ardour that is really and truly immortal. Whilst the elaborated epics, wrought out so scientifically, tempered and traced so beautifully, lie rusted and useless, the rough red-hot spear-points that were, like Joe Gargery's verses, struck out—"as if, Pip, you had struck out a horse-shoe at a single blow"—it is these "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" that live in the memories of men for ever.

Arising out of the faults which we have just mentioned, is another in Mr. De Vere, which we regard as of vastly greater importance. It is his tendency to be incongruous in his use of metaphorical language. The instances of this fault in a person of his ability cannot be very glaring. He never could speak as did that poetic impostor who bridled in his struggling muse in vain, and so made himself an everlasting place in the *grammatical pillory*. But up and down Mr. De Vere's book

we have found a considerable number of images which will not stand too close a scrutiny. For instance, in page 8, it is written—

> Dewy pastures sunset-*dazed*,
> *Smiled* him a *welcome*;

and in the same page,

> a golden *marge*
> *Girdled* the *water-tongues* with flag and reed;

and in page 11,

> Faith is no gift that gold begets, or feeds:
> More oft by gold extinguish'd.

We humbly suggest that when any one is dazed he can hardly be said to smile a smile of welcome, or to do anything which is not idiotic; and an idiotic smile could not be regarded as a particular compliment to the Apostle of Ireland. Nor is it very intelligible how the margin of a headland can be said to girdle it; and, though we have often heard of bridling the tongue, we never heard of girdling it before. We have no objection to hear Faith spoken of as begotten and fed—there is no incongruity there—but when we hear it spoken of in the same breath as begotten and fed and *extinguished*, we do object, and say that if Faith begins by being an animate creature (and that too a mammal) it cannot properly end by being a candle. These things are extremely small in themselves, and therefore we treat them lightly. Nor would we notice them at all but for one reason; and that is, that these little mistakes hint the existence of a very serious, but very curable disease, in Mr. De Vere. They hint at his not taking proper pains to secure clear and complete poetic vision. The man who, as he writes, sees the object of which he is writing, could never be guilty of the schoolboy blunder of "mixing his metaphors." And Mr. De Vere does, from pure inattention we know, mix his metaphors from time to time. We must, moreover, be pardoned for saying that he carries his carelessness into matters of higher importance. He is occasionally inconsistent in his narrative. We have an instance in "The Disbelief of Milcho." Throughout that poem—which the reader already knows to be extremely beautiful—S. Patrick is represented as hoping for the conversion of Milcho. He knows that his old master will be a difficult subject to manage, but he does not despair of his ability, with God's help, to bring him to Faith. When he sends messengers

forward to announce his coming, here is part of the message which they are to deliver to Milcho :—

> "and I come
> In few days' space with .
> . tidings of that God
> Who made all worlds . . . . .
> . . . . . But thou, rejoice in hope!"

But, later on, it turns out that Patrick must have known for a fact that Milcho would not be converted. For Milcho himself (who, we suppose, had not a better memory than the Saint) tells of a prophecy which in years before S. Patrick himself had delivered. Milcho had had a strange dream, and had mentioned the dream to his young Christian slave. "And thus," says Milcho, remembering the event, "and thus that knave my vision glossed" :—

> they that walk with me shall burn like me
> By Faith. *But thou that radiance wilt repel,*
> *Housed through ill-will in Error's endless night.*

We have tried very hard to make the Saint's hope of Milcho's conversion harmonize with his certainty that Milcho would not be converted. Perhaps, if only regarded as a theological puzzle, the case may be said to be explicable, as is the case of Jonah and the City of Nineveh. We are certain it cannot be explained in that way. But even if it could, that would not relieve Mr. De Vere from the imputation of having made a serious mistake. Theological puzzles are out of place in a poem. If they be admissible in poetry at all, they are so much in Mr. Browning's line, that we would advise Mr. De Vere to let the author of "Caliban upon Setebos" enjoy a monopoly.

Here, for the present, we take leave of Mr. De Vere. We have tried to do him simple justice; to speak of his excellences without flattery, and of his defects without asperity. Our one object was to make his true merits known; and that we wished to do, not so much for his sake, as for the sake of our generation. We have not praised him because he is an Irish Catholic and we happen to write in the DUBLIN REVIEW. We have praised him because he deserves to be praised. He has given us poetry which, in execution, is equal to any of our times, and which in conception is immeasurably superior to any that our times have produced. He is not, indeed, in the first class with Dante and Milton, but he is, at least, in the *second class with* Wordsworth and Tennyson. He is not

the great Catholic Poet for whom we have so long been waiting, but he is that poet's forerunner, and he has made straight that poet's paths. One thing, however, he is emphatically and for ever. He is the Poet of Catholic Ireland.

Art. V.—A WORD ON CLASSICAL STUDIES.

The Month, Sept. and Oct. 1, 1872, *Art. VII.* "*Among the Prophets.*" London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

THERE is so much to be said, at least on the surface, against the position now occupied by the heathen classics in Catholic education—and so many able and thoughtful Catholics are deeply dissatisfied with that position—that there is sure to be constant controversy on the subject, until some concordat be concluded; until some view be arrived at, which shall be substantially accepted by a vast majority of Catholic thinkers. It is of very great importance, therefore, to do whatever may be possible towards the conclusion of such a concordat, because of the evils which ensue from mutual dissension among loyal and devoted Catholics on a matter immediately and urgently practical. For this reason we should feel ourselves to be violating even a kind of duty, if we allowed a quarter to pass without drawing all the attention in our power to some remarks in the current number of the "Month." We have neither time nor space to enter on the subject ourselves at present; all which we can attempt is, to indicate the significance of what is found in the pages of our admirable contemporary.

The special importance of this towards the conclusion of what we have called a concordat, arises from the fact, that the "Month" has always been peculiarly sensitive as to the evil of unduly depreciating classical studies; and that we may be certain therefore that whatever concession it may make in favour of their less exclusive use, will be ratified by a very large number of their warmest upholders. We may be allowed further to add, that its remarks on the present occasion impress us as singularly well-balanced and temperate; and moreover that those views from which it most widely dissents, are treated *with undeviating* charity and forbearance.

Without further preamble then, we will give our readers

some account of what the "Month" has laid down. The paper is written in the form of a dialogue, and different views are of course expressed by different interlocutors: but it is never left uncertain which is the particular doctrine recommended for Catholic acceptance. Various other important Catholic questions indeed are interestingly and ably touched; but we confine our extracts to this particular theme of classical studies. The foundation on which rests the treatment of this theme, is "the paganism of modern society"; and its immediate occasion appears to be a recent work of Mgr. Gaume's, which we have not happened as yet to see. The upholder of *extreme* views throughout is a Dr. Bullcox, a priest; who (we must say) is very good-naturedly drawn, and treated throughout with every respect. It is explained, however (p. 292), that the opinions ascribed to this interlocutor are greatly in excess of those maintained by Mgr. Gaume, and are by no means intended therefore to *represent* those of that distinguished writer. Dr. Bullcox thus throws off on modern society.

"Let us first consider ancient paganism, as it is described to us in history and literature, and indeed by St. Paul himself. Its essence was the divorce between man and God. It was founded in Paradise, when Satan persuaded our first parents to rebel against the law given to them. . . . . .

"Man who would not obey God became the slave of Satan. Man was born to serve and adore some one, and he served and adored Satan instead of God. Satan put himself in the place of God, and usurped His rights. This was, however, the external part of paganism, the essence of it lay in the divorce between God and man. Five things may be considered as the manifestations of this divorce. In the intellectual order, human reason emancipated itself from all divine authority in matters of religious doctrine. Hence there came to be no certainty, no faith, a confused medley of opinion, and a multifarious gathering of divinities. In the moral order, the human will emancipated itself from all divine authority as to right and wrong. This led directly to every kind of sensual indulgence. In the social order, there came the denial of all divine authority in matters of government. The doctrine which our Lord enunciated, that all power was given from above, and which St. Paul repeated when he said 'The powers that are are ordained by God,' could not survive the banishment, so to speak, of God Himself. Hence came the most terrible human despotism: Cæsar instead of God: we have no King but Cæsar, and Cæsar may do as he likes. In the material order, there was the same unlimited licence in pushing material progress to its utmost limits, without any restraint from the moral law; the arts, poetry, architecture, industry, and invention of every kind, all directed simply to the increase of physical enjoyment and the gratification of the lower appetites. From all these came what I call the fifth manifestation of the innate paganism of man, the furious hatred with which men turned upon Christianity when it appeared, *crucified its Founder*, put to death its preachers, and attempted to drown it

in blood—and when the weapons of insolence were no longer at hand for use, to scoff at, sneer at, calumniate and, so to say, lie it, out of existence. Do you follow me thus far?" (p. 279.)

This is justly represented as a somewhat extreme view, and it is accordingly at once modified by another interlocutor.

"I do not in the least doubt that the tendencies which you describe were at work in the world, and that they were so dominant in it as that it is quite fair, speaking in a general and historical way, to say that they gave it its character and dictated its course. But I have always been accustomed to consider the heathen world of old, what I suppose the heathen world of the present day must be, wherever it exists,—the scene of a conflict between good and evil elements, although Christianity is morally necessary to give the good elements that force and that external aid which is required for their triumph. You seem to me to make the old heathen world a scene of unmixed evil, of the absolute undisputed slavery of man to the powers of evil. Is not that going rather too far?"* (p. 280.)

Dr. Bullcox says "transeat," and proceeds:

"Well, I have mentioned these five manifestations as results of the divorce between God and man—man's independence in matters of belief, in moral matters, in the social order, and in the material order, and his consequent hatred of Christianity. Now, I say, look at the present state of Europe, and do you not see the same five elements rampant and predominant? Do not men repudiate all authority in matters of divine truth? Look at our own country, the legislation of which proceeds on the principle that all religious opinions have an equal right and claim. Consider the resistance to the very idea of Infallibility. It is not the Infallibility of the Pope, or of the Church, that men turn against, but anything that in any way brings them across an authority which speaks with divine right and authority on matters of belief. Look at the way in which they revolt against the whole idea of the supernatural, as of something that threatens their liberty with bondage! In the social order it is the same. The State is supreme, the State has the right of educating and teaching, and the greater part of the Governments of Europe are becoming more and more Cæsarean and despotic day after day. And as to the material order, the progress of luxury, the devotion of arts and industries to sensual purposes, the perpetual preaching of naturalism, the dogma, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,' and the like—I very much doubt whether the world was ever very much more pagan than it is now. And it follows from this, that the world hates religion, and especially Christianity. Even among ourselves, everything else is treated fairly, religion never. The old calumnies, lies refuted a hundred times, are repeatod with

* We are here reminded of a very powerful sermon by F. Coleridge, among those "on the latter days," comparing (and in one particular contrasting) *the godlessness* of modern society with the paganism of apostolic times. Our *readers will find a* general account of F. Coleridge's doctrine (with which we *heartily coincide*) in our number for July, 1869, pp. 209, 210.

full deliberation over and over again. The Church has no rights. She may be pillaged and oppressed, men may despoil her with the most barefaced lies in their mouths, and with every aggravation of insult which they can invent, and Europe only applauds them all the more. From one end of Europe to the other, Christianity is officially disavowed, and religion trampled on with impunity. What more could the pagans do?" (pp. 280–1.)

To this view again exception is taken as somewhat extreme:

"Things are bad enough, certainly," said Mr. Wychwood. "But what you say does not amount, after all, to much more than this, that there are great, and for the moment, dominant forces in Europe arrayed against the Church. We have had to deal with this sort of thing before, and may deal with it again. I do not count my own forecastings as worth much; but I talked a good deal at Rome last winter with some of the good people there, who were kind enough to take me in hand, as it were, being so young in the Faith. People all say that the Holy Father himself is full of hopefulness, not only that the present evils of Italy will pass away after a time, and after a short time, too, but also that there will be a real triumph of the Church after all this period of depression. There is an air of calm hope and serenity about the Vatican, and the best people in Rome seem unable to imagine that it is more than a very black passing storm." (p. 281.)

The conversation then takes a slightly different turn, until accidentally the classics are mentioned. "The classics are to" Dr. Bullcox "what a red flag is to a bull;" and he thus pours himself forth:

"Catholic editions of the classics!" he said. "The Catholic way to treat the classics is to burn them, sir. They are the source of all the evils under which we are suffering. It is classical education that has paganized the world. Men who are burning in hell, men whose works breathe nothing but impurity, pride, human and worldly virtues, so to call them, revenge, ambition, self-satisfaction, covetousness, love of honour and success—these are the men who have been allowed by their works to train up generation after generation of so-called Christians, while the Gospel law, and the maxims of our Lord and His own special virtues, meekness, humility, poverty, purity, forgiveness of injuries, and the like, are kept in the background, and the minds of youth are not formed upon them. The classics are the Scriptures of paganism, and as we have been educated upon them, we have been brought up pagans. Nothing will save the world but a radical change in our system of education. We must make it thoroughly Christian—Christian in the books we use, the authors we read, in the manner in which we read them, and in the men who instruct us in them. Your friends in France, Mr. Wychwood, have not gone to the bottom of the matter; they are only covering the wounds of society, not healing them, as long as they have anything at all to do with classical education. It is the legacy to us of that detestable renaissance; the humanists of the sixteenth and later centuries have ruined us altogether. The French Revolution was prepared by them, not by Voltaire or by the Jansenists, as some

foolish people would have us think. You can't read any account of it without seeing how pagan examples and precedents filled men's heads at that time. And still the world is full of them. Your loyalty, and patriotism, and law of honour, and worship of veracity, and philanthropy, and looking to posterity for reward, and devotion to the person of the sovereign, and Westminster Abbey turned into a Pantheon of great men"—here Dr. Bullcox began to be rather incoherent, and I almost expected to see him foam at the mouth. He made a great effort and checked himself, however. "I must leave off," he said, "as I have to be in London by a little after noon, and if I once began on the subject I should never stop. But in fact, Mr. Wychwood, depend upon it, there is the source of all our miseries. That is why I fear we shall have the end of the world down upon us so soon. It's all classical education." (pp. 286–7.)

To this intensely exaggerated picture, the more moderate interlocutor of course objects.

"I should like you to tell me, in a word, whether you really think that those manifestations of the pagan spirit of which you spoke just now—I mean the revolt of the human intellect against authority, and of the human will against the restraints of the moral law, and the denial of the divine origin of law and authority in the social order, and the prostitution of the arts of civilization to sensual interests and purposes, and the hatred of Christianity—do you really think that these came from the literature, the poetry, the philosophy of paganism, in old times; and do you think that, in so far as the same tendencies are prevalent now, they are really to be attributed to the cultivation of classical literature, the admiration for classical art, the use of classical books as instruments of education, and the like? You know that some of the old Fathers looked upon the poets and philosophers as having been in some sort the prophets and teachers of the pagan world, as having had a part in preparing those nations among whom they lived for the reception of Christianity. Surely that implies that among the many various influences which told upon pagan life, the classics, as we call them, were among the best." (p. 287.)

Dr. Bullcox, however, adheres to his point.

"I think them rotten from beginning to end, utterly bad," said Bullcox. "But whatever their influence on the old Pagan world may have been, their influence is detrimental and destructive to Christians. And I do not mean to say that if we sweep them out of our schools to-morrow, we shall save the world from the effects of the long reign and the far-penetrating influence of paganism, but I am quite sure we shall never save the world without doing this. I give up the present generation. Its men are formed already, and cannot be changed. Our only chance is with the generation that is coming on. They are only to be saved by the radically Christian reform of education, and education especially of the higher classes, who give their own character to the rest. When I say radically Christian, I mean Christian as to books *and as to men; Christian* as to books which are dead teachers, and as to men *who are live teachers*, and Christian from its beginning to its end. The present

system of education has brought us to the direct contradiction, the very Antipodes, of Christianity; and if we go on teaching as our fathers taught, then, even if to-morrow we could raise ourselves out of the abyss into which our education has hurled us, it would only be to fall back into it again the day after." (pp. 287-8.)

He then leaves; and the writer of the paper at once expresses one very obvious objection to such notions, which may have probably been anticipated by our readers.

He had been struck, as I was, with an uncomfortable feeling, as to how far what Dr. Bullcox said might reflect upon the Church herself. The Church is the great queen and mother of all knowledge, and she it is who is responsible for the education of her children. She would certainly never think of permitting heretical or infidel books to be used in her schools, even in those in which secular education was combined with religious training—if, indeed, we are at liberty to divide education into parts, as if the same spirit and tone must not dominate throughout in the whole and in every smallest department of education. But the Church, if all this were true, had looked on for centuries and seen this poison working in her schools, and had not interfered. Moreover, we could not but remember that many distinguished religious bodies had been foremost in the work of education, and that most, if not all of them, had used the classics freely as text-books, though with certain omissions and revisions as to what was openly immoral. Here, then, would be a grievous charge laid against these great religious bodies, a charge which would fall on the saintly men who have worked in them, and indirectly, again, on the Church and the Holy See, under whose eyes they taught. Yet at this very moment the same sort of education is being given in all the Catholic schools of our day, with probably very few exceptions. (pp. 288-9.)

A similar objection is stated at the end by a new interlocutor, Father Miles, who evidently is intended specially to represent the "Month's" own doctrine.

"The time most analogous to the age in which we live, the time which we ought to look to as our model, and which we ought to hope to emulate and rival in the way of Catholic reaction, is the epoch of the Council of Trent. Then God breathed a new spirit of force and life into the Church, to enable her to recover from her great losses, and He gave her a large number of conspicuous saints to be the leaders of her reinvigorated armies. Then, too, there was a great move made in the way of Christian education. The *renaissance*, moreover, had done real harm then, under which the Church was suffering, for the first outburst in favour of it was little less than an intoxication and a delirium. Yet we do not find either the Church herself, or the Popes, or the great saints of that time, calling for the proscription of classical literature in Christian schools. On the contrary, the Church followed in the path which she has adopted from the very beginning, and it is the system of education under which all the thousands of good Christians, who have been conspicuous *in her annals* from that time to this, have been trained, that is now attacked

not as incomplete or requiring supplement or modification, but as radically bad. I have not the slightest thought that the good men who maintain the thesis which is insinuated rather than set forth in this pamphlet, would venture to say that the Church had all along been mistaken in the matter; but for my own part, if I thought as they do, I should not know how to avoid the conclusion." (pp. 295-6.)

Here however we must interpose a comment of our own. In one particular—and that precisely the most relevant of all—the present times are radically different from those of the Tridentine Council. This indeed is the very circumstance on which stress is laid by the Bishop of Aquila, who is prominent among those who deprecate the present amount of classical study. We will here quote the analysis which we gave of his argument on a former occasion, and our own remarks incidentally mixed up with that analysis.

The essential foundation of the bishop's argument must be admitted as true, by all Catholic thinkers not totally destitute of candour; whatever difference of opinion there may be on his conclusion. Society, he says, is now alienated in a far greater degree from Catholic Christianity, than it has been at any previous period since Constantine submitted to the Church. "Faith, assailed by so many attacks, loses daily its influence over the Christian multitudes" (p. 13). "Literature and art are separated more and more from Christian ideas; history drops all allusion to the intervention of Providence; natural morality and probity are exalted to the disparagement of the evangelical prescriptions; politics and social science make abstraction of the facts [and principles] declared by revelation. . . . This principle of separation insinuates itself little by little even in Christian families, and into all the domestic and civil relations of Catholic countries. Thence it results that *religion gradually withdraws itself from the practices, habits, language, both public and private, of baptized nations.*" (p. 14.)

Under these miserable circumstances, since there is no longer (p. 56) "a Christian atmosphere" diffused throughout society, imbuing the mind unconsciously with Catholic doctrine and principle—but emphatically the very reverse—it is far more necessary than at any earlier period, to introduce prominently a Catholic element into the education of every class. "It is no longer sufficient to make young people learn a little catechism by heart, and give them, as it were, a tincture of religion which is too speedily effaced. There is need of *a religious instruction, solid, extended, substantial*; capable of making a profound impression on the mind and heart of youth, of protecting them against the numerous and inevitable assaults of unbelief, and of developing vigorously within them the Christian sentiment." (p. 57.)

So far, we really cannot understand the existence of a second opinion, among sincere and thoughtful Catholics. But the Bishop is confident that this end cannot be achieved, without giving a far lower place to heathen classics than that now commonly assigned them. On this we hold our *opinion in suspense*. What we earnestly entreat of those who are for

keeping heathen literature in its present pre-eminence is, that they will steadily contemplate the great object before us—the object of saturating the youthful mind with Christian doctrine and principle; and that they will express in detail their own programme for accomplishing this object. We are not aware that any of them have yet attempted this. (DUBLIN REVIEW, July, 1865, pp. 259, 260.)

For ourselves, after the best consideration we can give the matter, we are confident that a very thorough classical education may be given, without at all interfering with "a religious instruction," which shall be "solid, extended, substantial, capable of vigorously developing within youth the Christian sentiment." Nay we do not see how there can be anything worthy to be called by the name of "higher education," which shall not include very careful classical culture. Still we do not think that the Bishop of Aquila's doctrine can truly be called disrespectful to the Church. An enormous preponderance of classical study may have been quite safe, at a time when the youth's mind was "saturated with Christian doctrine and principle" by the "Christian atmosphere" which he breathed throughout the day; and it may nevertheless be true that, even much *less* predominance thereof may be full of deadly peril, at a time when such "Christian atmosphere" has ceased to exist. A certain food may be even largely taken without evil consequence. in a thoroughly healthy climate; while a much smaller portion of the same food may produce deadly results, where the air is noxious. It cannot therefore be at all inferred that such study is harmless *now*, merely because the Church implied that it was harmless *then*. This however by the way. Our direct purpose is to show our readers, how much the "Month" is prepared to *admit*. Father Miles speaks as follows; and we italicise one or two sentences, to which we would draw especial attention:—

"*I am not at all sure that it may not be very much to our advantage, that attention should be directed to anything like 'ultra classicism.'* You see here," he said, turning to a place near the end of the volume, "the writer quotes a man whom we all have in a certain amount of veneration, the Père Grou, who complained of the education of his own day as being 'toute païenne.' If this was true, *it was a great and pernicious mistake, and contrary to the spirit of the Church.* He quotes another writer, also a Jesuit, who says, 'Dans les collèges, pépinières de l'Etat, on leur fait *lire et étudier tout, excepté les auteurs chrétiens*'—and the writer subjoins in a note, 'Comme on le fait encore aujourd'hui dans les petits séminaires et dans les collèges catholiques.' As to this, I can only say that *I hope it is not true.* I think there must be great exaggeration. . . . But if there are any places of Christian education, *where, as this* writer asserts—going beyond the Jesuit whom he is quoting—

the pupils are made to read and study everything, except Christian authors, *and where, as this assertion seems to imply, there is no counterbalancing teaching of Christian morality or Christian truth as such*, then it must be confessed that *those places of education need reformation.* But this is a very different thing from what is recommended in the pamphlet I hold in my hand. Again, I will say that it may be worth while for us to consider, whether *some Christian writers should not be put into the hands of the young; for there are many beautiful works of St. Chrysostom, St. Augustine, and others still later than these Fathers, which might very well enter into any course of higher education.* This might be done, and, above all, we might aim at interpreting and commenting on the classics in the way in which we are told Father Pierre Lefevre's teacher commented on them, of whom 'he *used to say that he had a way of making the profane authors whom he taught speak the language of the Gospel.*' What we do at present may not be wrong—indeed, it cannot be declared to be *absolutely* wrong, without condemning the Church of at least supine negligence in the vital point of education—and *yet there may be something even which we ought to do, or which it may be very useful for us to attempt to do.*" (pp. 293-4.)

We think there is here offered large ground for a concordat; and we hope in an early number to make some little essay towards its attainment. This however seems to us peculiarly a question, on which it is desirable that every shade of Catholic opinion shall be duly considered and taken into account. We will not therefore content ourselves with setting forth those views which to us may appear the more probable; but we shall have great pleasure in giving publicity to opinions more or less different from our own, if able and thoughtful Catholics will give us the opportunity.

Art. VI.—THE NOVELS OF MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

The MacDermots of Ballycloran. Chapman & Hall.
The Kellys and the O'Kellys. Chapman & Hall.
Castle Richmond. Chapman & Hall.
The Warden. Longmans & Co.
Barchester Towers. Longmans & Co.
Framley Parsonage. Smith, Elder, & Co.
The Last Chronicle of Barset. Smith, Elder, & Co.
The Vicar of Bullhampton. Bradbury, Evans, & Co.
The Small House at Allington. Smith, Elder, & Co.
He knew he was right. Strahan & Co.
Can you forgive her? Bradbury, Evans, & Co.

THOSE who hold that the novelist's business is to delineate the manners of his own day, and to draw portraits of the people among whom he lives or whom he has opportunities of observing, those who, in fact, regard the novel as a product essentially distinct from the romance, will probably be disposed to agree with us in our estimate of Mr. Anthony Trollope as the first master of his craft now in existence. The name of George Eliot will rise to the lips of some in denial or remonstrance, but there is no contradiction in the opinion which awards to the wearer of that name a higher intellectual status than that of Mr. Trollope, but refuses to her precedence of him, in the class which they both elevate and adorn. The author of that series of close and philosophical studies of human nature, of which "Scenes of Clerical Life" was the first, is much more than a novelist, as tested by the theory just indicated; and in so far as she is more, she is disqualified for competition with a writer who is not more, nor other. Some of the salient qualities of the works of Mr. Trollope are, like their aims, entirely out of the track of George Eliot; but those are precisely the qualities which are beside and above the needs of the novelist. A serious social revolution in England might render Mr. Trollope's books dull and difficult, if not unintelligible, to another generation of English people, as many novels which were excellent in their day have become dull and difficult to us; but "Silas Marner" and "The Mill on the Floss," "Adam Bede," "*Romola*," and "Middlemarch," will be as much and as little

to the taste and the comprehension of the coming as of the present race. In so far as Mr. Trollope's level is that of all decently educated and commonly thoughtful people, every one of whom can perceive and estimate the degree of perfection with which he does his work, while George Eliot's level is a much higher one, Mr. Trollope is a more complete type of the thoroughly successful and popular novelist. We do not think any other competitor for the very first rank in the crowded craft which, in our time, counts its ephemeral members by scores, could be proposed in a spirit of serious criticism, and the distance by which he surpasses those among his fellows who have achieved distinction tends to increase. No writer of note has written a novel of late which will bear comparison with those which won for him early distinction, as "The Eustace Diamonds" will bear comparison with the first works of its author. The chronicler of Barsetshire is a veteran writer; but how hale, how hearty, how untired and vigorous, in comparison with others who have not done anything like the quantity of work he has accomplished! If, to take two of the prominent novelists whose books critics at all events are bound to remember, we compare him with Mr. Wilkie Collins or Major Whyte Melville, how striking is the difference! What a falling off is "Poor Miss Finch" from "The Woman in White," or even its greatly inferior successor, "No Name"! In the ignoble pages of "N or M" where shall we find any trace of the chivalry or the tenderness of "The White Rose" and "The Queen's Maries"; in the stiff and tawdry dulness, the stalking pomposity of "Sarchedon," how shall we be reminded of the scholarly grace, the fire, the feeling, and the depth of "The Gladiators"! A considerable share in this remarkable difference is to be assigned to the fact that Mr. Trollope is a thoroughly consistent workman. He sticks to his last. He never strayed from the novel to the romance, as his brethren have strayed from the romance to the novel, thereby laying themselves open to having their attempts in the one direction judged by their achievements in the other. He has none of the versatility, none of the vagaries so commonly imputed to artists; he is a first-rate plodder; he has never mistaken the order or range of his powers, or been led by the suggestion of vanity to believe that because he can do certain things immeasurably better than any one else can do them, he must necessarily do other and opposite things well. He is in one sense the most serious of writers; though in another, that of solemnity or tragicalness, he is not serious at *all beyond that* seriousness necessary to the life-likeness of his *fictions.* His seriousness consists in his air and tone of

absolute belief in the personages and the circumstances of his own creation. This it is which lends such form and persuasion to his realism: in this he is absolutely and pleasantly opposed to Mr. Thackeray. He never talks about having played out a play and shutting up the puppets, not only because he constantly requires to bring out the puppets again, that they may play other plays with a little more or less of difference in the situations, but also because he would not on any account acknowledge them to be puppets, but wishes them to be believed in with faith and recognized with knowledge like his own. He would not account for the adventures of any of the numerous families whose annals he gives with such simple, specious, convincing detail, by saying that he sauntered into a wood and dreamed them, as Mr. Thackeray accounted for his "Newcomes," and so did his best to destroy the effect of the reality that he had produced with so much skill and intensified with so much labour. There are no characters in fiction so real, as persons, to the world, as the creations of Mr. Trollope. We talk as familiarly, and perhaps more frequently, of some of Mr. Dickens's bright, fantastic fancies, but in a different way, and because of the exquisite, incomparable humour of them. But we talk of only a few, and of them for some special characteristic, and because they turn up in illustration of some particular quality or whimsical circumstance. We quote them when exceptions, oddities, vagaries are in question, and those we quote are not the people who play the serious parts in the stories in which they appear. But Mr. Trollope has given life, and speech, and motion to scores of portraits, has sent them to walk abroad and continue, and to have their names on men's lips when the actual every-day affairs and incidents of life are talked of, to rise up in one's memory in one's silent cogitations, to suggest themselves as matters of fact, the readiest, handiest, most suitable of comparisons, and illustrations. They come from all sides of his many-sided pictures of life; they are not his caricatures, for he rarely employs caricature; they are not his avowedly comic personages, for there is in all his stories no unmixed jester, no one who goes through life merely on the broad grin, or producing it; they are not his set, distinct types, for he has none. We do not find in all his long series of works, of the kind which would be called in the French language *actualités*, any special illustrations of ruling passions,—vices, virtues, or qualities. There is no one man who is avarice personified like Ralph Nickleby, or selfishness personified like Martin Chuzzlewit, or gambling personified like little Nell's grandfather. He avoids all exaggeration, *in either* good or evil, with such care and success, that

sometimes one is almost provoked with him, especially in his later works, for his perfect, undeviating reasonableness; but his people, life-size and life-like, are all thoroughly real to his readers, as he forces his readers to feel they are to himself. We cannot conceive the possibility of Mr. Trollope's writing long interjectional letters to any one in the world, when he approaches the profoundly pathetic termination of the story of Emily Hotspur, proclaiming his misery at her inevitable death, and his doubts of his own fortitude, as Mr. Dickens wrote to Mr. Forster when little Nell's time had come. And yet the one is as real, as entirely true, as the other is theatrical, impossible; and that the girl lived and died, seriously and actually, a truth to the writer, is made evident by the perfection of the style of the narrative—plain, reticent, simple, almost to audacity. There is the sound, detailed, substantial completeness of sculpture in Mr. Trollope's workmanship; of modern sculpture, in modern dress, with no allegorical draperies or insignia, and with as careful an avoidance of the grotesque as of the colossal. So his men and women are real creatures to us, when he turns them out of the studio of his brain, as they are to him. He is more than the painter, more than the sculptor of his people; he is the biographer of them all. He does not merely imagine Archdeacon Grantly and Johnny Eames, and put them into certain stories to play their parts in certain incidents, as is mostly the whole utility and destiny of fictitious persons in novels; he looks at them and into them, he turns them about; observes them, lives with them; knows them so thoroughly well and intimately, that he makes us know them almost as fully, and in quite a separate way, from the actual set of circumstances in which he exhibits them. The Arabins and the Thornes, the Greshams, the Crawleys, and the De Courcys are still in Barsetshire, the Last Chronicle notwithstanding, and Crosbie and Johnny Eames are also no doubt to be found at their respective offices, not quite a quarter of a mile from Charing Cross.

The leading novelist of the day is in this instance its accurate representative, its faithful mouthpiece — not as regards the vulgar aspects, the tumultuous attributes of society, which are, indeed, represented by him, who is neither a subversive nor a sensational writer; but as regards its real, permeating motives, its spirit, its aims, and its manners. It is not a little indication of the character of the time that this should be so. The present is an age which takes a keen, pressing, sleepless interest in itself. If a *romance-writer* of the power of Sir Walter Scott were to *write historical* novels for it, it would not read them. It is

impatiently inattentive to anything,—unless it be within the sphere of scientific research,—which goes further back than yesterday; it shrinks from the trouble of bringing itself into *rapport* with any lives whose mechanical resources did not include railways and the electric telegraph, and which were destitute of dailies and weeklies. It has broken with the past more thoroughly than we can conceive any previous age to have broken with its past, and it is not to be won to interest in any of the dead and gone old ways and old doings. There is an occasional chance for the antique, if it be very well furbished up indeed, but there is none for the merely old-fashioned. There is such a difference between past and *passé*. Mr. Trollope meets, suits, gratifies this taste. He is the most entirely modern of novelists, for, though he must perforce use the materials of which human lives have been made from the beginning, he handles and combines them exactly according to the latest fashions, and tells "the old, old story" with the newest notes, and, for all their shrewd ingenuity, with the most conventional comments. He may prove to be the founder of a school, but at present he stands alone. He may have would-be imitators among the number of men and women who write fiction, and of whom no one knows more than the titles of their books in the interminable lists of new novels which are among the most puzzling of the social eruptions and the commercial problems of the day; but no imitator, no disciple, has ever emerged from the nameless foolish crowd. His keen and extensive knowledge of the world, of society in its widest and also in its narrowest meaning, puts him out of the reach of ignorant imitators, and his style saves him from dubious flattery by the uneducated and unscrupulous women who copy male writers of the "Guy Livingstone" school,—themselves copyists of bad French originals,—with an increase of their vulgarity and corruption. Even Mr. Thackeray was easier of imitation than Mr. Trollope is, because he occasionally fell into exaggeration, and anything which is overdone lends itself to the coarse attempts of the copyist. He was too cynical, too incredulous; he endowed his "puppets" with cunning as much too profusely as Sheridan endowed his dupes and foils with wit; and he moralized too much. There is nothing so easy as moralizing, and the "you and I, my dear madam, know, &c.," style of composition had quite a run, while Mr. Thackeray was telling his stories with grins and sneers within every one's imitation, but with certain other adjuncts that were beyond it. Nothing is so difficult to imitate as moderation, as *the exquisite* justness of vision which sees everything as

it is, and the correctness of touch which presents it in its exact proportions; the accurate insight which knows what will be the line on which a given mind will travel under given circumstances, and the good taste which will never purchase effect at the price of distortion. Mr. Trollope's style is in harmony with the purport and nature of his novels: it is as modern, as equable, as uniform as they are. It is exceedingly easy, but never careless; it is not remarkably refined, though it is never coarse, rough, or abrupt; it is not grand, sonorous, or elevated, though it always is, when he means it to be so, downright, striking, and impressive; and the permanent effect which it produces is that it is at once unmistakable, and, not unpleasantly, monotonous. It is said that nobody who has read a work of Mr. Ruskin's, can hear a sentence written by him without recognizing it as his. We do not think any reader familiar with one or two of Mr. Trollope's novels, except perhaps "The Bertrams" and "The Three Clerks," could mistake, let us say a page of his, for one written by any other hand. Perhaps the chief cause of this unmistakability is the not unpleasant monotony just alluded to. He is a mannerist, if the term may be used without reproach, and we think it may be, though it has also a reproachful significance, because it has come to be used in the sense of an affected writer. But a novelist's manner is his style, and no more to be so named reproachfully, than one means reproach in speaking of a painter's touch, or a musician's effects. He has turns of phrase which we expect, just as surely as we expect certain complications to arise in his stories, because it is reasonable according to the characters and ways of thinking of the people that they should arise, and we never think of resenting them, as we resent the mannerisms of Mr. Dickens and Mr. Wilkie Collins, which are devices to substitute forms for things. He is the least disappointing, because the most even of all great novelists. "Unhasting, unresting" seems to be his motto, as it was that of the great German who was so unlike him in all but industry. His fertility does not surprise us any longer: we are accustomed to a perpetual publication of books by him, and it does not alarm us, because he never does slovenly or ill-considered work; never displays over-confidence in his vast popularity, or disdain of public criticism. His steadiness is equal to his speed; his work is never scamped, and it is always highly-finished. Many of his novels are not exciting; perhaps his *present one,* "The Eustace Diamonds," is the most exciting *of them all*—it has certainly produced the most discussion—

but they are interesting, and in each there is some one particular person who stamps himself or herself upon the memory, though in the greater number of instances this effect is produced by no adventitious means, but simply by the convincing truth and humorous lifelikeness of the portrait. With all this, he is not a deep writer; he would not be at once the product and the representative of the times if he were. He is singularly acute, ready, and fair-minded. He is not profound, or philosophical, or speculative in any universal, or indeed wide sense. He is not cynical: there is no more than good-humoured satire in his delineation of human littleness, meanness, spite, folly, time-serving, self-seeking, and servility; but there is an entire absence of spirituality about him, of even a discernment of things supernatural. In many respects he is narrow, with a representative narrowness. He knows foreign countries well—foreign peoples, or individuals, hardly at all. He draws a Count Pateroff and a Sophie Gordeloup very well, but Florac and his mother, or the people whom Mrs. Sartoris brings together in her "Week in a French Country House" would be entirely beyond him. He is evidently very fond of politics, and has mastered every detail of the mechanism of government. But he leaves the impression that his taste is for the near horizons in politics; that he knows the wire-pulling and the *personnel*, the machinery, the dodges, the smaller aims, and the ways of their encompassment better than the large interests and the lofty considerations whereon depend the welfare and the progress of mankind. He does not condescend to the vulgarity of representing all politics as humbug, and all politicians as lying jobbers, in the style of Mr. Dickens's "Little Dorrit" and "Hard Times." On the contrary, he is very grave, earnest, precise, and particular in his descriptions of Parliament, committees, elections, and political men, and he assigns to the latter some of the most distinguished places in his works; but there is no grandeur, and no width, amid all the cleverness, point, shrewdness, vividness, satire, and sense of these scenes and portraits. We do not mean to imply that Mr. Trollope's own mind may not be capable of much greater things, which the parliamentary career to which he is known to aspire may develop and realize; but only to point out that the politics in his works are small, and the politicians either cold, viewy, and *doctrinaire*, like Plantagenet Palliser, or cunning, fussy, and shallow, like Phineas Finn. In every department of which he makes mention Mr. Trollope exhibits extensive and *minute* knowledge, so curious and complete as to *render subjects* which would otherwise be dry and unat-

tractive to the general reader, interesting by his perfect mastery of them. On the hustings, in the committee-room, among officials of all ranks and in every kind of office, in the money-lender's sanctum, in the consulting-room of the eminent solicitor charged with great family secrets and vast responsibilities of money and management; in the counting-house, in the betting-ring, in the back shop of the small tradesman, in all the countless places where the material interests of life are discussed and managed, in all those where the contrarieties of human nature come into play in the warping and modifying of men's designs, he is entirely at home and in his element. There is no such master in the art of using small events, or incidents, or accidents, as he is, still leaving them small, and keeping them in their proper place. No writer has ever drawn such homogeneous and consistent pictures, and yet represented the heterogeneousness of the individual man or woman so truly as he. His modernness of spirit is perhaps his leading characteristic, though there is not a trace of deference to that latest, and now subsiding, development of it, sensationalism, to be found in his works. His accord with his age goes much deeper, is much more perfect. To him the aberration of taste which welcomed the coarse attractions of sensationalism could never have seemed otherwise than a passing error; he could always afford to compete with it, sure of beating it in the end. So it has not ever so slightly infected his style. The public, who eagerly swallowed the sensation poison for a time, simultaneously tasted his dainty dishes with uninjured powers of appreciation; and now that the purveyors of golden-haired bigamists and gilded-saloon rascality have fallen into oblivion, hardly passing through the preliminary stages of disgust, Mr. Trollope's popularity is just what it was before a style arose which aimed at causing his to be decried as "slow" and "flat." The world knows where to turn for the faithful portraiture of the present which alone it loves to study, under many aspects, and with the further advantage that the omitted aspects are those which it does not greatly care to have forced upon its attention. Want, misery, the sufferings of the poor, have no place in his later works. With a single exception, to be found in one of his Irish stories, the tragic element is as deficient in his novels as in Miss Austen's, which they resemble in homely fidelity and careful attention to details, carried through a range of subjects as much wider than hers as the sphere of his observation and the scope of his tastes. The awful calamities, *the smashing* catastrophes, the agonizing griefs of human life, *he does not* deal with, or deals with in a way that surrounds

them so skilfully and so naturally with the commonplace which we have always with us, that they are not tragic to our minds. Miss Austen did not touch them at all. When Sir Thomas Bertram's daughter "went off" from her husband with Henry Crawford, Miss Austen got away as soon as she possibly could, consistently with her due sense of the enormity of Mrs. Rushworth's sin, from the shame and misery it produced at Mansfield Park, and promptly huddled Maria out of sight with Mrs. Norris. She would not have handled a subject so shockingly ungenteel and necessarily agitating as murder for the world. Mr. Trollope is of a somewhat similar way of thinking; he does not, indeed, mind the gentility of the thing, but he is never agitating, and he rarely suffers his people to be agitated.

There is no lack of healthy emotions, or of unhealthy emotions, in Mr. Trollope's novels; he apportions them as they are apportioned, in fact, to human beings; but there is an absence of demonstrativeness, a quietude, perfectly in keeping with the standard of good breeding. He departs more frequently from verisimilitude in his practical disregard of the power of impulse than in any other respect. He gives to caution and forethought too large a share in character, too much sway in events; he is apt to make persons to whom such calculating sagacity could hardly come naturally, balance the "to be or not to be" of everything too calmly and too long. Numerous instances of this imputation of almost impossible cautiousness and self-restraint, this mental seesaw, present themselves on examination of his later novels; and it is remarkable that he most frequently represents their exercise precisely in that class of human affairs in which impulse is supposed most generally and legitimately to act, that is to say, in love affairs. "Shilly-shally," the vulgar but expressive title which Mr. Charles Reade has given to his dramatic version of one of Mr. Trollope's latest novels, "Ralph the Heir," might be applied impartially to several of their number, the doings of whose young people would have been accounted impossible by the novelists of forty years ago, whose impassioned heroes were—

> As warm in love, as fierce in ire,
> As he whose life-blood's current runs
> Full of the Day-god's living fire;

and to whose beauteous and sentimental heroines "Love was still the Lord of all." It is true that he sometimes permits his young people to make imprudent marriages, never, of course, *descending* to the three hundred-a-year level of proverbial and *unpardonable* recklessness; but then, they discuss the matter

so thoroughly, they take so much time about it, and there are so many contingencies of promise in the future, that the imprudence is filtered down until it ceases to be risky as a fact, or reprehensible as a precedent.

For a keen, minute, and accurate observer, Mr. Trollope is singularly free from morbidness. There is not in him any of the affected *bonhomie*, the last, the extreme form of weary contempt for one's kind, which Mr. Thackeray so often displayed when he had depicted some one as entirely vile or intolerably foolish, and then called on all men and brethren to look upon him kindly, inasmuch as they were as vile or as foolish as he. He is never carried by animal spirits into extravagance; but, on the other hand, 'inexorable ennui' is as yet far from him. A steady, kindly, good-humoured companionship with his photographic reproductions of his fellow-creatures is his usual attitude of mind. They do not hugely delight him, but they do not bore him. He does not worship them like Mr. Dickens, or pinch them like Mr. Thackeray, or cut them up alive like Balzac. He allots them average good luck, and Christian burial. He has his favourites, but he does not invariably make his readers share his predilections; he has also his hearty dislikes, his just anger and scorn, but they are not passionate, and he more frequently drops his villains out of sight, than brings them to a bad end before the eyes of the public. There is no very high morality in his writings, because he entirely lacks spirituality, but he is one of the least immoral of modern novelists, a fact which gives his steady and unshaken popularity a welcome significance. His standard is moderate and comfortable, he has a clear and high sense of honour, and makes it evident that he holds firmly to the belief that honesty is the best policy. In his earlier works, especially in the Irish series, which is the least known, there are traces of religious feeling not to be found in his later serial novels, though there is a decorous recognition of the existence of religion in them all, and no doubt he means to imply that all his prosperous young men and maidens who are brought to the haven of matrimony after some not very serious tossings in not very stormy seas, where a lifeboat is always at hand, are prepared to make the best of both worlds. One of his recent masterpieces, Sir Thomas Underwood, the impenetrable lawyer in *Ralph the Heir*, is an unbeliever, and Mr. Trollope implies, though not very distinctly, that some of his gloom and isolation is imputable to that state of mind; but he also makes him the intellectual superior of all around him, thus lending his share to the perpetuation and strengthening of that subtly dangerous *modern delusion* that the absence of faith is an evidence of

talent. No writer, except Mr. Thackeray, has ever employed crime of the open and violent kind so sparingly, but the surviving novelist has written so much more voluminously that the parallel is only of kind, not of degree; the diabolic is as far from him as the heroic type, but there is a perpetual strife of active motives, ambitions, and devices, a constant press and rustle of self-interest, among the respectable persons who fill his crowded pages, which deprive them of the faintest touch of romantic interest, while they keep up the impression of realism to the utmost. Worldliness is of the essence of these novels, sometimes in its baser, but oftener in its more elevated forms, and the author, quite unaffectedly pleading in many of them, that after all it is possible to set too high a value on wealth, station, and success, that love, and humility in aims and objects are not altogether despicable, never discards this worldliness, never rises above the standard of visible and sensible things. He does not grovel, but neither does he soar, and *bien-être*, physical and moral, is as truly and exclusively the object of his belief and admiration as it was that of the most practical philosopher among Pagans, or as it is of the middle-class society of this day. Religion should not be either preached or paraded in novels, but we do not believe that a religious man, at any rate a religious Catholic, could keep his religion altogether out of his novels. It would inform the spirit which would inform the works, and though there might not be a passage in any of them directly referring to dogma or belief, it would make itself felt. There would be some more distant horizons, some supernatural motives, some souls unsatisfied with the 'good things' of Dives, moderately, decorously, blamelessly allotted as they are by this writer of well-balanced judgment, and nicely-just observation; there would be some sense of the grace of God as a great factor in human character, and His Divine Will as a mighty reconciler and consoler. In short, there would be, insensibly, unintentionally perhaps, more about the souls which dwell in the ill or well-favoured bodies, and all the action would not be left to the bodies and the minds. Saints would not indeed play any part in such novels, but there would be, somehow, some recognition of saintliness, and all the tangles would not be made to disentangle themselves exclusively by caution and precaution. In Mr. Trollope's novels we find many sinners, according to the Catholic estimate of sin, among those whom he does not intend to present to us as sinful, and we find no saints at all. Saints are few, in truth, and their saintliness is mostly hidden, and wherein it consists is very hard to convey—even to conceive; but that which makes saints, *the abiding* sense of the supernatural, the life of the soul

"hid with Christ, in God," is not, God be praised, quite out of the reach of an observer's investigation or divination; except indeed he does not know that it *is*—except that great and melancholy privation, spiritual blindness, be upon him, and he be dark to all that needs to be spiritually discerned. If in a series of novels written by a Catholic there were no trace of such discernment, then, in that well-nigh impossible case, it would be fair to say that spiritual blindness must positively exist. But, in the case of a Protestant novelist, such a judgment would be rash, and we have only to acknowledge the exceeding difficulty experienced by Catholics in apprehending the point of view of such a novelist when he deals, as Mr. Trollope deals, with numerous and large sections of human society. He systematically excludes an element, a motive, a growing cause, an ever-active influence, which we systematically include, and therefore, to our minds, there is in his work a radical intellectual incompleteness which is most plain and pervading in the instances where his insight is most true, his observation most keen and just, and his artistic finish most perfect. His views of human nature are on the whole healthy and sound, but they lack the one thing which could give them completeness, the teaching of the Catholic Church upon the facts and the condition of human nature. The same holds good for the particular as for the general. His famous stories of the contending Churchmen are incomplete, not because the disputants do not understand that what they want is a Church, but because he does not see it, because he puts forward the rivalries, differences, and disputes as serious, and of import in themselves, whereas we know they are all equally foolish and without foundation. So we have to read them as it were doubly interpreted; by their own statement, and again by his kindly satire and delicate delineation, all unconscious that he himself is in the Dædalian maze. The mental struggles, the difficulties, the fluctuations which all his very good people undergo,—not the sinners, but the virtuous and estimable,—arise for the most part from the fact that they do not live under a law, that they have not sacraments, that their consciences are tender and undirected, that their feelings are sensitive and undisciplined. The struggles, the difficulties, and the fluctuations are very interesting to read about, but the study is an incomplete one, because the writer knows no better than they know what it is they lack, and his provisions for their all being comfortable and happy seem to us fugitive and futile. Concerning ordinary novels these considerations would not present *themselves* to us at all, but Mr. Trollope's novels suggest *them, because* they deal so much with the mental condition

of the people in them; because they treat of motives as largely as of actions; and because he possesses the art of making his people so real that they are not characters in books to us, but men and women, whose fortunes we follow, in many instances from youth to middle age, through the strife of motives, and the development of aims.

Mr. Trollope's novels may be divided into three classes, the clerical, the domestic, and the Irish. Of these three classes, the clerical is the most famous, and the Irish is the least appreciated. In our opinion, the Irish novels furnish the most striking evidence of Mr. Trollope's rare ability, and the comparative absence of appreciation of these novels by the public supports us in that position. Novels which deal with Irish life have been out of fashion since Miss Edgeworth's time; Maxwell and Lever notwithstanding. The one presented the romantic side of Irish affairs, the other wrote brilliant stories, with certain superficial points of likeness to Irish life, chiefly of a pleasant social kind, but which, when they treated of deeper and wider questions, did so in a purely conventional and English tone. Banim and Carleton were not widely read in England, and it is with the fashion of literature we are now concerned. Mr. Trollope is an Englishman who should be, judging by the tone and tendencies of his other works, wholly unsympathetic with Ireland and the Irish in every sense, and on every subject. That the chronicler of Barsetshire, the faithful delineator of society in all its towny aspects,—of parliamentary life, of official life, of commercial life, of club life, of that hallowed institution known as "the domestic hearth of England," and so talked about, before the last phase of modernism developed itself, that it might have been supposed no other nation or country in the world had any domesticity at all; that the student of the English young lady, her matchmaking mamma, and her coaxing, flattering sisters,—that this writer should understand Ireland so thoroughly, and delineate it so faithfully, is truly astonishing. He lived in the country a long time, but so have many other clever Englishmen, who can and do write, lived there too, and learned nothing about it. That Mr. Trollope should have liked the place, as a good hunting country, and should have inquired into the statistics of its foxes and its packs of hounds, would have been but natural. But who would have supposed that any Englishman could have written such works as "The MacDermots of Ballycloran," "The Kellys and the O'Kellys," "Castle Richmond," and lastly, "Phineas Finn," though the scene of the latter story is the English capital and Parliament, and the perfect

evenness of the effect of the other two is wanting in the more brilliant and happier narrative. If an Irishman had written the first of these books, the achievement would have been less surprising, but we cannot imagine any Irishman bringing to the task such unsoftened candour, such entire impartiality. Either love of his countrymen on the one hand, if he were of the class of Irishmen who do love their countrymen, or prejudice of social position and creed, if he were of the class who do not, must have interposed, in the one case to brighten and soften, in the other to darken and harden the picture. But this Englishman, keenly observant, painstaking, absolutely sincere and unprejudiced, with a lynx-like clearness of vision, and a power of literal reproduction of which his clerical and domestic novels, remarkably as they exhibit it, do not furnish such striking examples, writes a story as true to the saddest and heaviest truths of Irish life, as racy of the soil, as rich with the peculiar humour, the moral features, the social oddities, the subtle individuality of the far west of Ireland, as George Eliot's novels are true to the truths of English life, and rich with the characteristics of Loamshire. The English public, who so fully appreciate his clerical and domestic studies, have no means of learning how great is the merit of the Irish series, and probably consider them, for books by Mr. Trollope, rather heavy reading. If the author had made them lighter, he must have sacrificed some of their reality. They deal with heavy themes, and though they contain samples of Irish humour which prove that Mr. Trollope has thoroughly imbibed its spirit, and mastered its forms more completely than any other writer who ever studied them, the turmoil, the perplexity, the failure, the passion, the disjointedness which marked the period of which he wrote, in Ireland, are too faithfully delineated to permit the general effect to be anything but harsh and sombre. "The MacDermots of Ballycloran" is one of the most melancholy books that ever was written. Its tone is subdued, quiet, matter-of-fact. The author has materials out of which almost any other writer would have constructed something more emotional and striking; but he uses them with a sober seriousness which is deeply impressive. There are only two persons introduced into this one tragedy of his upon whom the reader dwells with pleasure; one is Mrs. McKeon, the kindly woman who befriends to her unavailing utmost the wretched brother and sister whose fate is so awfully sad; the other is Father *John Maguire*, the exemplary priest, who is an easily recognized type by all who know what the priest is to his people in the remote Irish parishes. The MacDermots, in the deca-

dence of their fortunes, are drawn with a master's hand; the semi-idiotic old father; the harassed, ignorant, well-meaning, heavy-hearted son, little more than a peasant, but flattered by the peasants for the "old blood," and schemed for by the disaffected,—proud, sensitive, and honourable in his lumpish, uncivilized way, a born victim with his destiny in his face; the handsome, slatternly, novel-reading sister, motherless, without a defined rank in even the society of such a place, half a lady, but the companion of shopkeepers and servants, vain, passionate, but modest even in her fall, ashamed of her uncouth brother though uncouth herself, devoted to infatuation to the underbred, manly, flirting, strong, brave, unfeeling, unprincipled man, who tempts her, to her swift destruction and his own. The plot of this story is very much superior to any other of Mr. Trollope's plots. Plots are not a strong point with him; he is indifferent about them, heeding sameness—even repetition—not at all, and relying, with reasonable confidence, upon his power of fixing attention upon the people in his books so firmly that it shall not stray to the incidents. But in this one instance he has bestowed equal care upon plot and personages. The book is as fine as a story, as it is perfect as a delineation of character; a book which must have produced supreme satisfaction to its author, though he was probably aware that it would not find anything like universal appreciation. There is one phase of Irish peasant character portrayed in the story with startling and painful accuracy, in the person of Pat Brady, an appendage to MacDermot's household, in whom the reader at once surmises an evil influence. Here is the passage, in itself a sample of the author's accurate knowledge of his subject, in which Brady is introduced. The scene is poor Thady MacDermot's rent-office, where he is going over the rent-book:—

> Pat's business was not only to assist in collecting the rents, by taking possession of the little crops, and driving the cows or the pigs, but, moreover, he was expected to know who could, and who could not, make out the money; to have obtained and always have ready that secret knowledge of the affairs of the estate which is thought to be, and is so, necessary to the managing of the Irish peasantry in the way they are managed. Pat Brady was all this; moreover, he had as little compunction in driving the cow or the only pig from his neighbour or cousin, and in selling off the oats or potatoes of his uncle or brother-in-law, as if he was doing that which would be most agreeable to them. But still he was liked on the estate; he had a manner with him which had its charms to them; he was a kind of leader of them in their agrarian feelings and troubles; and, though the tenants of Ballycloran half feared, they all liked and courted Pat Brady. . . . . "Well, Pat," began his master, seating himself on the solitary

old chair, which, with a still older-looking desk on four shaking legs, comprised the furniture of MacDermot's rent office, "What news from Mohill to-day? was there much in the fair at all?"

"Well, yer honour, then, for them as had money to buy, the fair was good enough; but for them as had money to get, it was as bad as them that was afore it, and as them as is likely to come after it."

"Were the boys in it, Pat?"

"They wos, yer honour, the most iv them."

"Well, Pat?"

"Oh, they wos just there, that's all."

"Jim Brady should have got the top price for that oats of his, Pat."

"Maybe, he might, Masther Brady."

"What did he get? There should be twelve barrels there."

"Eleven, or thereabouts, yer honour."

"Did he sell it all yesterday?"

"Divil a grain, then, at all at all, he took to the fair yesterday."

"Bad manners to him, and why did'nt he? Why, he owes (and Thady turned over the old book) five half-years' this gale, and there's no use gammoning; father must get the money off the land, or Flannelly will help himself."

"I know, Master Brady, I know all about it. Jim has between five and six acres, and he owes twenty-two pound ten; his oats is worth, maybe, five pound fifteen, from that to six pound, and his cow about six pound more; that's all Jim has, barrin' the brats and the mother of them. An' he knows right well, yer honour, if he brings you the price of the oats, you would'nt let him off that way, for the cow should folly the oats, as is nathural; the cabin would be saized next; so Jim ses, if you choose to take the cow yourself, you can do so, well an' good, an' save him the throuble of bringin' it to Mohill."

"Did the Widow Reynolds sell her pig?"

"She did, yer honour, for two pound ten. And she owes seven pound. And Dan Houlahan——."

"Dan didn't cut the oats, good or bad."

"I'll cut it for him, then. Was ould Tierney there?"

"He wos, yer honour, and I was tellin' him yer honour 'd be wantin' the money this week, and I axed him to step up o' Friday mornin'; an', sis I, Misthur Tierney,—for since he made out the mare and the ould car, it's Misthur Tierney he goes by—it's a fine saisin, anyway, for the corn, sis I, the Lord be praised; an' the hay all saved on them illigant bottoms of yours, Misthur Tierney. The masther was glad to hear the cocks was all up before the heavy rain was come! 'Well, Pat,' sis he, 'I'll be at Ballycloran o' Friday, plase God, but it's little I'll have wid me but meself; an' if the masther likes the corn an' the hay, he may just take them as it's plazin' to him, for the divil a cock or a grain will I sell, an' the prices so bad.'

"Obstinate old fool! Why, Pat, he must have the money."

"Money! to be shure he has the money, Misthur Brady; but maybe he'd be the bigger fool if he giv' it to yer father."

"*Do the boys mane* to say they won't pay the rent at all?"

"They mane to say they can't, an' it's nearly thrue for them."

"Was Joe Reynolds at the fair, Pat?'

"He wos not, that's to say he wos not at the fair, but I seen him in the evenin' wid the other boys from Drumleesh, at Mrs. Mulready's.

"Them boys has always the money when they want a drop of whiskey. Bedad, if they go to Mulready's with the money in their pockets on a Tuesday, where's the wonder they come here with them empty on a Friday. Fetch me a coal for the pipe, Pat."

The grim truth of all this is a thing to be felt, not described. As the colloquy proceeds, Thady MacDermot drops more and more into a tone of equality with Pat Brady: vulgarisms crop up in his speech, and with consummate art the reader is made to feel the man's baleful influence. Captain Ussher, the Sub-Inspector, turns up in the course of the conversation, and Brady insinuates that the tenants would be more amenable if the foe of the whole country side were not so kindly welcomed at Ballycloran. The skill of all this is incomparable; the way in which the man works on the sullen pride, the dull despondency of Thady, and leads up to an insinuation that Ussher means ill to MacDermot's sister, is only exceeded in cleverness by the scene of his cross-examination when the story is nearing its terrible end, which, indeed, is matchless as a specimen of prevarication, suggestion, and low cunning. One more extract we must make from this conversation, as a sample of the author's knowledge of his subject.

"Because Captain Ussher visits at Ballycloran," said Brady, "is that any reason why he should interfere between my father and his tenants?"

"Sorra a one av me knows them, Misthur Thady; only that the tinints is no good friends to the Captain; nor why should they, an' he going through the counthry with a lot of idle blaggards, with arms an' guns, sazin the poor divils for nothin' at all, only for thryin' to make out the rint for yer honour, wid a thrifle of potheen? That's quare friendship; ay, an' it's the thruth I'm tellin' you, Misthur Brady, for he's no friend to you or yours. Shure isn't Pat Reynolds in Ballinamore Bridewell on his account, an' two other boys from the mountains behind Drumleesh, becaze they found a thrifle of half-malted barley up there among them? an', be the same token, Joe was sayin', if the friend of the family wos parsecutin' them that way, an' puttin' his brother in gaol, whilst the masthur would'nt rise a finger, barrin' for the rint, the sooner he and his wos off the estate, the betther he'd like it; for Joe said he'd not be fightin' agin his own masthur, but whin you was not his masthur any more—thin, let every one look to hisself . . . Joe mostly leads them boys up at Drumleesh, an' hard to lead they are; I'm thinkin' Captain Ussher, wid all his retinue of peelers an' his guns, may meet his match there yet. They'll hole him, so he goes on much farther, as shure as my name's Pat."

"*They'll* get the worst of that, Brady—not that I care a thrawneen for him.

and his company. It's true for you, he is persecuting them too far; what with revenue police, constabulary police, and magistrates' warrants, they won't let them walk to mass quietly next. I didn't care what they did to Master Myles, but they'd have the worst of it in the end."

The working out of the conspiracy just indicated here, the wrong-headed and subtle ingenuity of Brady, the weakness of Thady, and the naturalness with which the complications lead to the dreadful result, are extremely skilful, while the few scenes which occasionally brighten up with passing gleams a dark and dreary picture, are full of the peculiar incommunicable humour of the people. The wedding party at Denis McGovery's is admirably described. The bridegroom, with his bashfulness, his anxiety about the "thrifle iv change," and his cunning, skilful aiding of the priest's desire that the merrymaking shall not be turned into a secret society meeting, is as perfect in his way as Pat Brady. The bride is inimitably amusing,—the fun of the whole affair, the strange mixture of classes, the odd little social features discerned by the author whom nothing escapes, render this portion of the work additionally remarkable. Here, too, the character of Father John begins to grow upon the reader in its homely truthfulness; here, in his exercise of his sacerdotal functions, and in his close and anxious social relation with his people. How full the good man's heart is of trouble for his wayward flock, whose wrongs and cares he knows so well,—he who is raised above them only by his sacred office, but by that is raised so high that they are all equally his inferiors,—how earnestly he strives with them, never losing pity or patience, how perfect is his geniality, his sympathy with their pleasures, how completely he is one with them, and yet how dignified and authoritative on occasion. It is strange and interesting to a Catholic to observe how the author is, quite unconsciously, influenced in his delineation of the Catholic priest by that which has no place in his own life, or defined existence in his belief, the sacredness of vocation. He has drawn portraits in his clerical series of estimable and conscientious English clergymen. Mr. Harding and Mr. Crawley, for instance, have something more than the mere professional air about them; but there is an utter difference between the excellence and the dignity of those gentlemen and the excellence and dignity of Father John, who is not a gentleman at all, but around whom the author, true always to the truth, though he may not comprehend it fully, throws the grandeur of his awful privileges, his sublime authority. When Father John goes from the *court-house*, where Thady is being tried for the murder of *Myles Ussher, to* Feemy's deathbed, and thence to the prison

cell, where is the roughness of manner, where is the homeliness of speech, where is the "peasant in broadcloth and buckles"? The mingling of familiarity, fear, and reverence with which the people treat the priest, the important part he plays in their history, directly and indirectly, are comprehended and conveyed by Mr. Trollope as no other writer of fiction has ever comprehended or conveyed them. We may congratulate ourselves on his impartiality and fair-mindedness; to compliment him upon them would be to insult him. The less important persons in this sad story are equally well drawn and sustained. Perhaps Keegan's scoundrelism is a little too utter and unredeemed; but on this point the author is likely to be a better judge than his readers, for there is an intense individuality in the country attorney and beggar on horseback which powerfully suggests a portrait from life.

"The Kellys and the O'Kellys" is a different kind of story. It is more cheerful; it deals not so entirely with the lower classes; it introduces more numerous social grades and various pictures of manners, and, with only one hopelessly bad person in it, it presents some very peculiar and characteristic Irish ways of feeling and acting, and one type of character which we do not remember to have seen attempted elsewhere. This is Martin Kelly, a young farmer, whose mother keeps a little "hotel" in the town of Dunmore. The widow Kelly is drawn with admirable humour, with all her excellences, her oddities, and her family pride, for are not the Kellys far-away cousins of "the lord," young Frank O'Kelly, Viscount Ballandine, and as good as any one in county Galway, let alone the Lynches, who just rose, through roguery, from nothing at all? Martin is a fine, handsome, honest fellow,—a Repealer, of course; it is Repeal time, and the story opens with a picture of the Four Courts during O'Connell's trial, full of innumerable little cunning strokes of humour,—but a shrewd person, not likely to get into trouble for his politics. The mixture of honesty and cunning, of lawlessness, and an upright intention to do everything that is proper in the matter which brings him to Dublin, and which is simply the abduction of an heiress, is marvellously clever. He goes to his far-away relative, his actual landlord and friend, Lord Ballandine, to explain his intentions and "get his lordship's sanction;" and nothing can exceed the cleverness and the humour of the roundabout way in which he explains the matter, making it evident that he must save poor Anty Lynch from her brother's wickedness and her own weakness; *that he must* run away with her; and yet wants to have her *money* properly settled upon herself, with power over it during

his own lifetime; that he wants the young lord to have such a document drawn up ready for the signatures of the runaway couple, because any lawyer would do it for "the lord," but he might be regarded with suspicion. The simplicity and shrewdness, the candour of his acknowledgement that of course he would not marry Anty without the money, but equally of course that he would not marry her with it if he did not like her, are wonderfully delineated.

The family history of the Lynches; the strange wavering character of Anty, with her high sense of duty, her extreme sensitiveness, her forgiving spirit, her plain face, and her shy manner; the slow growth of her love for Martin; the sudden introduction of the tragic element in the horrid scene between her and her villainous brother; the strengthening and refining of her mind in the days of her expectation of death; and the gradual learning of her true worth and sweetness, which turns the honest but cool and interested suitor into the ardent, devoted lover; all these form a study of human nature which, we venture to think, surpasses any of the author's English stories whose scenes are laid among the upper classes. There is nothing in the latter to compare with the sketches of Irish peasants, their ways, and their talk, except it be the Brattle household in "The Vicar of Bullhampton;" and that wonderful little bit in "The Last Chronicle of Barsetshire," in which Giles Hoggett addresses Mr. Crawley, and repeats that "It's dogged as does it." The O'Kellys are as cleverly handled as the Kellys; and Ballandine, with his duns, his debts, his racers, his confiding nature, his hot temper, his soft heart, his gusty pride, his chivalrous honour, is a far more charming person than any of Mr. Trollope's cautious, hesitating, worldly-wise young Englishmen, such as Mr. Clavering, Arthur Wilkinson, Lucius Mason, or Felix Graham. He is selfish, as all men are selfish who spend money on their pleasures irrespective of their duties; but he is more natural, more genial, more gentle, less deeply dyed with worldliness than any of the long list of young gentlemen who come after him. There is freshness in this book: there is impulse in it, and genuine charming humour—in the hunting scenes, in the conversations at Grey Abbey, in the gentle quizzing of the Protestant parsons and prejudices, and in the discomfiture of the Earl of Cashel in his little plan for taking Ballandine's lady-love—such a delightful Irish girl, and such a thorough lady—from poor foolish Frank, and wedding her to his son Lord Kilcullen. The respective stories of the double conspiracy are carried on with great skill, and though the plot is not to be compared for weight and ability to that of "The

MacDermots," the happy ending recommends it to the general taste, and the individuals and classes with which it deals can be more readily comprehended by the general reader.

"Castle Richmond" is a remarkable work, in a different sense from that in which its predecessors of the Irish series are remarkable. The chief portion of the plot is not good, and not original, and it is saved only by great skill in the treatment, by a straying out of the beaten track in particulars, from being a commonplace story. "Castle Richmond" was published subsequently to Mr. Thackeray's "Pendennis," but that circumstance is no proof that it was written later than that work. In both there is a baronet who has married the supposed widow of a scoundrel, who is not really dead, and who persecutes the unhappy victims of this serious mistake. In both stories the trouble is gotten over by the discovery that the scoundrel is the real bigamist, and by the production of his first and lawful wife. But, whether Mr. Trollope wrote his version of this old story before or after Mr. Thackeray wrote his, does not matter very much: the only advantage either could have had would consist in his having one less plagiarism to his account, for the story was told many times before either took it up, and will probably be told many more times by far less skilful adopters of other writers' ideas. There is not the smallest resemblance between the people who play the familiar parts in "Castle Richmond," and Sir Francis and Lady Clavering, Captain Altamont, and Madame Fribsby. The Fitzgeralds are perfectly Irish, and the love-story which is interwoven with the fortunes of the unhappy old Baronet and his son, is a striking one. Owen Fitzgerald of Hap House, is a far finer fellow than Lord Ballandine or Herbert Fitzgerald; and the author creates a genuine and warm liking for him, such as he rarely succeeds in awakening. One admires Mr. Trollope more than one likes his people; in general one is rather impressed by his realism, than attracted by the realities; but in the case of Owen Fitzgerald, the fire, the faith, the nobleness of the man command somewhat of the enthusiasm which the author in no other case feels or inspires. We do not care for the secure, happy, wealthy, commonplace future of Herbert and his bride, but we follow Owen out into his wanderings, and we linger beside the forlorn woman who so vainly loved him, and who, when he has long been forgotten in his county and his old home, "still thinks of him, hoping that she may yet see him before he dies." It is not, however, in this fine delineation of character, or in the humour, capital as it is, of "Castle Richmond," that the distinguishing merit of the third novel of

the Irish series consists. It is in the description of the condition of Ireland in the years of famine, fever, and flight. Calm, unprejudiced, cool, but not unfeeling, looking at the unhappy land with the clear eyes of a stranger, and the unembarassed judgment of a critical spectator who had no "side" in the social, political, and religious questions which distracted Ireland,—for Mr. Trollope's Protestantism is not of the persecuting and partisan order,—he draws such a picture of those dreadful times as, in days to come, it will be justly difficult for the world to accept as free from exaggeration. Can such things have been, it will be asked, in incredulous good faith, as the things set forth here by the pen of an Englishman, a Government official, therefore trained to accuracy, not by any means a fanciful, romantic, or enthusiastic person, one whose other works, so true to a rather subdued view of facts, may be accepted as evidence of his entire credibility as the narrator of events which he witnessed? "I was in the country, travelling, through the whole period," says Mr. Trollope, in a chapter which it is hardly possible to praise sufficiently for its simple graphic force, its plain speaking, its genuine, kindly, awed compassion. There is one scene which, though the author puts it into the experience of Herbert Fitzgerald, we do not at all doubt he himself witnessed.

Herbert Fitzgerald, with his horse, has taken shelter in a cabin by the roadside, on a wet hunting-day; on such occasions, the author says, "it is no uncommon thing to see a cabin packed with horses, and the children moving about amongst them, almost as unconcernedly as though the animals were pigs. But then, the Irish horses are so well-mannered and good-natured." Crouching in a corner, on the wet earthen floor, he sees a woman with a child in her arms; of whom the author says, as she sat there, taking no notice of him, "on no more wretched object did the eye of man ever fall." And he proceeds thus:—

"In those days there was a form of face which came upon the sufferers when their state of misery was far advanced, and which was a sure sign that their last stage of misery was near at hand. The mouth would fall and seem to hang, the lips at the two ends of the mouth would be dragged down, and the lower parts of the cheeks would fall as though they had been dragged and pulled. There were no signs of acute agony when this phase of countenance was to be seen, none of the horrid symptoms of gnawing hunger by which one generally supposes that famine is accompanied. The look is one of apathy, desolation, and death. When custom had make these signs easily legible, the poor doomed wretch was known with certainty. 'It's no use in life meddling *with him, he's gone,*' said a lady to me in the far west of the south of Ireland, *while the poor boy*, whose doom was thus spoken, stood by listening. Her

delicacy did not equal her energy in doing good,—for she did much good, but in truth it was difficult to be delicate when the hands were so full . . . This mark of death was upon the woman, but the agony of want was past. She sat there listless, indifferent, hardly capable of suffering even for her child, waiting her doom. 'I have come in out of the rain for shelter,' said Herbert, looking down on her. 'Out o' the rain, is it?' said she, fixing on him her glassy bright eyes. 'Yer honour's welcome, thin.' But she did not attempt to move, or show any of those symptoms of reverence which are habitual to the Irish when those of a higher rank enter their cabins. 'You seem to be very poorly off here,' said Herbert, looking round the bare walls. 'Have you no chair, and no bed to lie on?' 'Deed no,' said she. 'And no fire?' said he, for the damp and chill of the place struck through his bones. 'Deed no,' she said again, but she made no wail, uttered no complaint. 'And do you live here by yourself, without furniture or utensils of any kind?' 'It's jist as yer honour sees it,' answered she. He stood for a moment looking round him until he could see through the gloom that there was a bundle of straw lying in the dark corner beyond the hearth, and that the straw was huddled up. Seeing this, he left the bridle of his horse, and stepping across the cabin moved the straw with the handle of his whip. As he did so, a gleam of light fell upon the bundle at his feet, and he saw that the body of a child was lying there, stripped of every vestige of clothing. He knelt down, put his hand upon the body, and found that it was not yet stone cold. The child apparently had been about four years old, while that still living in the woman's arms might perhaps be half that age. 'Was she your own?' asked Herbert, speaking hardly above his breath. 'Deed, yes!' said the woman. 'She was my own, own little Kitty.' But there was no tear in her eye, or gurgling sob audible from her throat. 'And when did she die?' 'Deed, then, an' I don't jist know—not exactly;' and sinking lower down upon her haunches, she put up to her forehead the hand with which she had supported herself on the floor, and pushing back with it the loose hairs from her face, tried to think. 'She was alive in the night, wasn't she?' he said. 'I b'lieve, thin, she was, yer honour. 'Twas broad day, I'm thinking, when she guv over moaning. She wasn't that way whin he wint away.' 'And who's he?' 'Jist Mike, thin.' Mike was her husband . . . . He had gone to his work, leaving his home without one morsel of food within it, and the wife of his bosom, the children of his love, without the hope of getting any. And then, looking closely round him, Herbert could see that a small bowl lay on the floor near her, capable of holding perhaps a pint, and on lifting it he saw that there still clung to it a few grains of some wheat, Indian corn flour—the yellow meal, as it is called. Her husband, she said at last, had brought home in his cap a handful of this flour, stolen from the place where he was working—perhaps a quarter of a pound, then worth over a farthing,—and she had mixed this with water in a basin; and this was the food which had, or rather had not, sustained her since yesterday morning—her and her two children, the one that was living, and the one that was dead . . . 'And the child that you have in your arms,' he said, 'is it not cold?' And he stood close over her, and touched the baby's body. As he did so, she made some motion as though to arrange the clothing closer round the child's limbs, but Herbert could see that she was making an effort

to hide her own nakedness. 'Is she not cold?' he said again, when he had turned his face away to relieve her from her embarrassment. 'Cowld!' she muttered, with a vacant face and wondering tone of voice, as though she did not quite understand him. 'I suppose she is cowld. Why wouldn't she be cowld? We're cowld enough, if that's all.' But still she did not stir from the spot on which she sat, and the child, though it gave from time to time a low moan that was almost inaudible, lay still in her arms, with its big eyes staring into vacancy."

In the same book, we find some of the drollest and most appreciative bits of Mr. Trollope's trenchant humour, sly, quiet, and good-natured. "Castle Richmond" deals with the first days of the Anglican movement; and describes, with much pleasant quizzing, its *contrecoup* in Ireland, and the fillip given by that new, alarming, and perfidious device of the enemy, called Puseyism, to the contempt and dislike with which Irish Catholics are regarded by Irish Protestants.

The mixture of theoretical bigotry and practical benevolence exhibited by Miss Letty Fitzgerald, is one of the pleasantest of his sketches; and he admirably exemplifies the bigotry, without the benevolence, in the coarse, vulgar wife of the rector of Drumbarrow. The excellence of this portion of the book is also, we think, hardly to be discerned by purely English readers of the higher classes, because there is nothing in their own social experience which resembles it; but it is fully appreciated by those who know that in Ireland the ordinary laws of charity, the commonest rules of politeness, are habitually disregarded by persons of birth and breeding, where the bigotry of Irish Protestantism is aroused. If a convert to the Catholic faith be so well known not to be a fool, that he or she cannot be treated as a fool with general approval, then people who would resent any other imputation on the moral character of their relative or friend, will cheerfully make up their minds that he or she, being "much too clever to believe in Popery," is a pretender to that faith for some personal reason or interest. That he or she should be sufficiently wicked to lead a life of habitual sacrilege and hypocrisy, if the thing be true, and that, if it be not, there is any hardship in having it said of him or her by people who would really consider their lives and their spoons safe in the society of a convert, is odd and unreasonable; but it is one of the innumerable testimonies borne by our every-day life to the supernaturalness of the Church, and the Faith which is the gift of the Holy Spirit, not to be discerned in its simplest bearings by the heretical intellect. Mr. Trollope has portrayed these specialities of Irish character, life, and opinion in the upper classes with the same subtlety and

humour which distinguish his studies of the peasantry and farmers.

The clerical series of Mr. Trollope's novels, beginning with "The Warden," and including "Barchester Towers," "Framley Parsonage," "The Last Chronicle of Barsetshire," and "The Vicar of Bullhampton," have an interest for Catholic readers, outside that general interest which they have excited. They give us something to wonder about and think of, apart from their admirably-drawn characters, the vitality of their details, and their enjoyable humour. A large component of that something is the general approbation with which these books have been received by English society, of which we may fairly suppose that the majority is composed of members of the Church of England. They contain a whole gallery of portraits of clergymen of that church, clergymen of every rank, and of every shade of difference of character, opinion, and demeanour. If the series of novels had been cunningly prepared by an enemy, as a device to illustrate the hopeless division, the untenable pretensions, the utter departure of Protestantism from the principle of unity, the abandonment of the supernatural in authority, and the spiritual in object, instead of having been written, in perfect good faith, by a respectable member of the Church of England, to amuse his readers by a pleasant representation of men and things as they are, it could not have been better adapted to its purpose. We have always regarded with astonishment the fact that Protestants adopt, with satisfaction, the definition of the Church of England as "a compromise," because we cannot understand the mental attitude which contemplates the mystery of the Incarnation as having been conceived and executed, in order to establish that sort of expedient which is generally held to be an evidence of incompleteness and limited power. In its place and degree, it is as surprising to us to find that the Protestant public accept with alacrity and the fullest sanction, such readings of the commission and the mission of the clergy of their church as those supplied by their favourite authors, especially by Mr. Trollope. For, laying aside the question of vocation for a moment, and looking at the matter from their own point of view, where is the sacredness of the ministry to which he is called made evident in the life of any of these men, even in that of the best of them, Mr. Harding? He is a good man, highly honourable, disinterested, charitable, with a fine taste for music, which he employs in conducting the church services beautifully; he is kind to the "bedesmen," whose spiritual pastor he is; he is, in fact, a gentle, *mild old man*, with a hobby, on which he has expended too

much money, and he meets trouble with patience. The trouble is not of a kind to call for much exhibition of the spirit of sanctity or martyrdom, it is true, but it is no less true that the Protestant public accept Mr. Harding as something like a saint and martyr, and that when Mr. Trollope (in "Barchester Towers") makes him resign a valuable piece of preferment in favour of his daughter's husband, he goes up a step or two in the ranks of aspirant saints and martyrs. There is, of course, a point of view from which we expose ourselves to ridicule by criticising, in such a sense as this, imaginary persons in works of fiction; but in another, that of the peculiar claim of Mr. Trollope to be regarded as the painter of real life, the representative novelist of the day, such criticism is reasonable, and must, we think, suggest itself to all Catholics. Only that there is more littleness, more scheming, and that women play a larger part in the schemes, there is no difference between his treatment of the clerical and any other profession. Bishop Proudie amuses us very much, by his timidity, his time-serving, his pompous feebleness, his submission to his odious wife; the struggle between Mrs. Proudie and Mr. Slope, decided in the lady's favour by the Bishop's love of ease and eating, the intrigues of which the wretched little man is the centre, afford us high gratification by their acute humour; but if we believed in Bishop Proudie's episcopal functions, we should be angry with the artist, and ashamed of the picture. We can enjoy it all, because we know the sacerdotal office does not really exist in the Church of England, and therefore cannot be outraged or offended by any amount of satire or quizzing directed against the playing at bishops; but we cannot understand the applause of Protestants. To the decorous church-going middle and upper classes, in which Mr. Trollope's admirers abound, we should have supposed such pictures as those of the Palace at Barchester, Plumstead Episcopi, Framley Parsonage, with its sporting, bill-backing parson, who is plainly meant to be a very fine fellow, would be intensely distasteful—even painful—if they failed to suggest that the system, whose outcome they are, would hardly bear the application of the Apostolic tests.

Archdeacon Grantly is the most celebrated of Mr. Trollope's clerical portraits, and we do not think there is to be found, in all the literature of fiction, a character more admirably drawn, more consistently sustained, more completely real to the reader, than that of this man: not in any sense a hypocrite, not a bad man, not unprincipled; but essentially a man of the *world, governed* by interest, utterly self-reliant and full of *intolerant self*-esteem, steadily bent on the loaves and fishes

and no more associating a spiritual, a supernatural idea with his business than if that business were brewing or banking. Mr. Trollope does not like him, nor does he put him forward as a person to be liked; but he makes him a thoroughly respectable representative clergyman; the discord is in the man's temper and character, not in the authoritative mission of such a man to souls. He is described by Mr. Trollope, when he concludes the story of "The Warden," as "a gentleman, a man of conscience, one who spends his money liberally, and improves the tone of society of those among whom he lives; who is sincere in matters of religion, and yet no Pharisee; on the whole a man doing more good than harm." And numbers of people who believe that the Church of England is a real Church, see nothing absurd or improper, apart from the Archdeacon's disagreeable temper—in such a character for one of its dignitaries. If we should take, one by one, the long list of clerical portraits which the author has painted, we might find, in every one of them, something to illustrate the surprise with which we regard their popularity from the Protestant point of view; but we cannot do so, and must pass on to consider, from our own point of view, Mr. Trollope's most remarkable achievement of this kind—that which he avows has cost him the greatest pains—the sketch, which we find in "Barchester Towers," of the Reverend Francis Arabin, subsequently Dean of Barchester. It is all admirably written, so true and forcible, that the man lives and moves before us; but we can only take it up at one particular point — the history of Mr. Arabin's religious vacillations, which affords a proof of the absence, on Mr. Trollope's part, of even a conception of the meaning of spirituality and the supernatural, and a very striking example of the perfect good faith and semblance of reasonableness with which clever persons in the state of invincible ignorance discuss the deep things of God, just as they discuss the shallow things of the world. We can hardly conceive anything more suggestive, in its way, to Catholic readers than the following passages:—

> Francis Arabin had been a religious lad before he left school; that is, he had addicted himself to a party in religion, and having done so, had received that benefit which most men do who become partisans in such a cause. We are much too apt to look at schism in our church as an unmitigated evil. Moderate schism, if there may be such a thing, at any rate calls attention to the subject, draws in supporters who would otherwise have been inattentive to the matter, and teaches men to think upon religion. How great an amount of good of this description has followed that movement in the Church of England which commenced with the publication of "Froude's Remains"!

As a boy young Arabin took up the cudgels on the side of the Tractarians, and at Oxford he sat for a while at the feet of the great Newman. . . . . And now came the moment of his great danger. After many mental struggles, and an agony of doubt which may be well surmised, the great prophet of the Tractarians professed himself a Roman Catholic. Mr. Newman left the Church of England, and with him carried many a waverer. He did not carry off Mr. Arabin, but the escape which that gentleman had was a very narrow one. He left Oxford for a while, that he might meditate on the step which appeared to him to be all but unavoidable, and shut himself up in a little village on the seashore of one of our remotest counties, that he might learn, by communing with his own soul, whether or no he could with a safe conscience remain within the pale of his mother Church. Things would have gone badly with him had he been left to himself. Everything was against him: all his worldly interests required him to remain a Protestant; and he looked on his worldly interests as a legion of foes, to get the better of whom was a point of extremest honour. In his then state of ecstatic agony such a conquest would have cost him little; he could easily have thrown away all his livelihood; but it cost him much to get over the idea that by choosing the Church of England he should be open in his own mind to the charge that he had been led to such a choice by unworthy motives. Then his heart was against him. He loved with a strong and eager love the man who had hitherto been his guide, and yearned to follow his footsteps. His tastes were against him. The ceremonies and pomps of the Church of Rome, their august feasts and solemn fasts, invited his imagination and pleased his eye. His flesh was against him. How great an aid it would be to a poor, weak, wavering man to be constrained to high moral duties, self-denial, obedience, and chastity, by laws which were certain in their enactments, and not to be broken without loud, palpable, unmistakable sin! Then his faith was against him; he required to believe so much; panted so eagerly to give signs of his belief; deemed it so insufficient to wash himself simply in the waters of Jordan, that some great deed, such as that of forsaking everything for a true Church, had for him allurements almost past withstanding. . . . . It was from the poor curate of a small Cornish parish that he first learned to know that the highest laws for the governance of a Christian's duty must act from within, and not from without; that no man can become a serviceable servant solely by obedience to written edicts: and that the safety which he was about to seek within the gates of Rome was no other than the selfish freedom from personal danger which the bad soldier attempts to gain who counterfeits illness on the eve of battle.

We shall come presently to the results of Mr. Arabin's "narrow escape." Let us now briefly examine the process of it, premising that in our opinion it would be difficult for any one to present to a Protestant who believes that in his Bible he has a practical guide which he is bound to obey, stronger reasons for ceasing to be a Protestant than those which "saved" the future Dean of Barchester from becoming a *member of the* Catholic Church. "He looked on his worldly *interests as a legion* of foes, to get the better of whom was a

point of extremest honour." The Disciples were of a like way of thinking. "The august feasts, and solemn fasts, invited his imagination, and pleased his eye." In the Gospel narratives, there is a remarkable reiteration of Our Lord's teaching concerning fasting, many special declarations of its necessity, to say nothing of His wondrous example; and He carefully kept the Jewish before He instituted the Christian feasts. Mr. Arabin's "flesh was against him: how great an aid would it be to a poor, weak, wavering man to be constrained to high moral duties, self-denial, obedience, and chastity, by laws which were certain in their enactments, and not to be broken without loud, palpable, unmistakable sin!" This is one of the most deplorable sentences, we think, which has ever been written—deplorable in its terrible perversion of the meaning of a man's flesh being "against" him, for it implies that the man who is conscious of temptation and desirous to overcome it, is *in danger* of resorting to the Fountain for all uncleanness; deplorable in its testimony to Protestant ignorance of the nature, malignancy, and damnableness of sin. But this sentence is as absurd as an argument, as it is deplorable as a sentiment. Is it because a man is poor, weak, and wavering, that he does *not* require aid? Are laws of *un*certain enactments desirable means of government? Is there anything but the severest and most absolute certainty in the laws, of Our Lord's enactment, by which the Church enjoins "high moral duties, self-denial, obedience," and that purity without which no man shall see God? Are any of Our Lord's laws to be broken without sin, and can any sin be otherwise than palpable and unmistakable, according to the Gospel's definition, and that of the Catholic Church? The whole of this miserable passage implies that the Protestant system, which Mr. Arabin was "saved" from abandoning, has no moral *law*, properly so called, and that it does not recognize the significance of sin at all. Mr. Arabin's "faith was against him;" so, according to this, was the faith of every one of the disciples, who left their ordinary line of life and followed Jesus, and yet it is precisely such faith that Jesus enjoins, and declares to be that which shall save the soul in which it reigns. The "waters of Jordan" metaphor is sorry, when one thinks of the great law of simple unquestioning obedience which governs the Catholic Church, and the practice of complex disobedience which characterises Protestant sectarianism; which, at present, in that subdivision of it that professes to abide in authority, presents the spectacle of a clergy, who claim the Apostolic commission as their raison d'être, in general revolt *against their* own bishops. The last sentence in the passage

we have quoted is nonsense, positive and relative, because "*laws* for the governance of a Christian's *duty*" means simply the instruction of a Christian's conscience, which must be an interior operation under any system, and is one of the special offices of the Sacrament of Penance, and because it is precisely by obedience to written edicts that every man does become a serviceable servant; such obedience being the only proof of the submission of the heart to the Divine Master's will expressed in His law. We freely admit that the "safety to be found within the gates of Rome" is a "selfish freedom from personal danger," but the "personal danger" is the loss of one's immortal soul, and the "safety" is called, in the Gospel, "salvation." "And yet," says Mr. Trollope, in another of his works,* "I love their religion. There is something beautiful and almost divine in the faith and obedience of a true son of the Holy Mother. I sometimes fancy that I would fain be a Roman Catholic,—if I could; as also I would often wish to be still a child, if that were possible." Precisely so. Our Divine Lord has said: "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

Let us now look at the result of Mr. Arabin's "escape," and the ideal presentment of a Protestant clergyman, according to Mr. Trollope. The rescued one has returned to Oxford, and fallen under the influence of the head of his college, Dr. Gwynne, a person whom we hardly think Saint John or Saint Paul would regard as quite up to the mark; for "Dr. Gwynne, though a religious man, was also a thoroughly practical man of the world, and he regarded with unfavourable eye the tenets of any one who looked on the two things as incompatible."

> For some time after Mr. Arabin's return to Oxford he was saturnine, silent, and unwilling to take any prominent part in University broils; but gradually his mind recovered, or rather made, its tone, and he became known as a man always ready at a moment's notice to take up the cudgels in opposition to anything that savoured of an evangelical bearing. He was great in sermons, great on platforms, great at after-dinner conversations, and always pleasant as well as great. He took delight in elections, served on committees, opposed tooth and nail all projects of University reform, and talked jovially over his glass of port of the ruin to be anticipated by the Church, and the sacrilege daily committed by the Whigs. The ordeal through which he had gone in resisting the blandishments of the lady of Rome, had certainly done much towards the strengthening of his character.

And this is all perfectly in earnest! Mr. Trollope is not quizzing Protestantism; he is not poking his fun at the

* "North America," vol. i. p. 75.

Church of England clergy. Mr. Arabin is a special favourite with him. He provides him with a rich and pretty wife,—he makes a dean of him; he thoroughly approves of him. And all his Protestant readers approve! It is not an enemy who has done this.

Whether Mr. Trollope's clergymen are respectable, like Mr. Harding; admirable, like Mr. Crawley; imposing, like Mr. Arabin; disreputable, like Mr. Stanhope; utterly worldly, like Dr. Grantly and Mark Robarts; silly, like Arthur Wilkinson; sensible and muscular, like Dr. Fenwick; contemptible, like Bishop Proudie; odious, like Mr. Slope; or pitiable, like Mr. Quiverful, they are all equally unlike bearers of a divine commission, "stewards of the mysteries of God;" and when we have made ourselves familiar with them all, we are equally amused by them, and surprised at the strange condition of Protestant opinion and feeling which makes their popularity possible among the Protestant community. For us, the contemplation has a serious source of satisfaction; for we, too, Bible in hand, may turn from the portrait of Dean Arabin to the portrait of Father John Maguire. As domestic stories, the clerical series is delightful. The Proudie, Grantly, Stanhope, Robarts, Crawley, and Fenwick households are incomparable; the right men marry the right women, after just a sufficient amount of doubt and difficulty; all the secondary people are very vivid and amusing, and the comfortable worldly wisdom of everybody is so unfailing, that the reader feels cleverer and wiser for absorbing it. Mr. Trollope's power of depicting stupid people, without suffering their stupidity to incommode his readers, is unequalled. Griselda Grantly is, perhaps, the best example of this; but she is also one of his most humorous achievements. Who has not followed the handsome, heartless, brainless creature, who is such an ornament to society by sheer dint of utter worldliness and cold selfishness, from her first appearance, when she passes judgment on Mr. Arabin, through the negotiations for her grand marriage, her solemn assumption of leadership in society, her delightful quiet snubbing of Mr. Palliser, and her final attainment of bliss as a marchioness? The Archdeacon and Mrs. Grantly have nothing to regret in their daughter's education, and her marriage crowns their wishes. When Lady Dumbello is leaving the parental roof with her bridegroom, "as she was about to step forward to her travelling carriage, leaning on her father's arm, the child put up her face to her mother for a last whisper. 'Mamma,' she said, 'I suppose Jane can put her hand at once *on the moire-antique* when we reach Dover?' Mrs. Grantly *smiled and* nodded, and again blessed her child." Lady

Dumbello's letter to her mother about the Palliser affair, her candid communication to her husband, who is so delighted with her that he buys her a ponderous necklace of emeralds on the spot; her visit to the Duke of Omnium, are all exquisite feats of wit and wisdom, illustrative of the perfection to which the education of a clergyman's daughter in the ways of this world may be brought.

Mr. Thackeray might have painted the picture, but he would then have done showman to it, and moralised over it. Mr. Trollope lets it pass in the crowd on his walls; he leaves it to point its own moral; a mode of satire most perfidious and effectual. Cynicism, raillery, and gibing, are not among the tool she works with, which are, nevertheless, sharp-edged. If there were anything unkindly or spiteful in the tone of his clerical stories, we should be less impressed by his portraiture of the exemplary clergymen who believe that it is not only possible but quite easy to serve two masters, of whom one is God, and the other is Mammon, provided you act in a gentlemanly way, and keep clear of dissenters. He rarely goes deep into any character, and the seesaw condition of mind which he is so fond of depicting, usually has reference to external circumstances. It is not the balancing of moral, intellectual, or spiritual problems, such as George Eliot gives us. The most complicated struggle, the most ably depicted situation of below-the-surface doubt and difficulty, are to be found in the history of Mr. Crawley, begun in "Framley Parsonage," and concluded in the "Last Chronicle of Barsetshire." The pride and poverty of the man, his reticent but strong love and pity for his toiling weary wife, the touch of elevation in his nature which parts him from the rest,—these make Mr. Crawley interesting, before we come to the faithful and powerful description of his bewildered struggle, when suspicion of a ruinous and galling nature gathers over him; when even his friends doubt, and his family are sick at heart. The rarity of pathos in Mr. Trollope's writings makes it the more welcome when it comes, and it always rings true, being perfectly simple. The meeting of Mr. Crawley and his wife, when the mystery of the cheque is cleared up, and the death of Mr. Harding, in "The Last Chronicle," the confession of Lady Mason to Sir Peregrine Orme, in "Orley Farm," the old man's love for her, and the description of her conduct after the trial; a delineation of a woman, who has been suddenly tempted into one sin, but whose character has not suffered deterioration, brought out of mere remorse into repentance, offer instances of this fine quality of true pathos. In one case where we might have looked for it, it is wanting. "He knew he was Right," one of Mr. Trollope's later novels, of the social class, is a

essay in a new direction, and, as concerns the main interest of the story it is, in our opinion, a failure. The hero, Louis Trevelyan, goes mad, in a subtle, tangled, sullen way, which demands, for its just handling, strength of a kind different from Mr. Trollope's, and delicacy other than his adroit *finesse* and circumspection. The bareness of truth is a mistake in this case. Mr. Trollope does not adorn the man with qualities to inspire interest before his calamity overtakes him, and so he fails to evoke compassion after it has done so. Nobody can care whether Louis Trevelyan is mad or sane, for he is an ill-tempered snob from the beginning, and his wife is detestable. It is not more possible to pity her than to pity her husband, and this is the more provoking because Mr. Trollope expects us to pity her, and his grateful readers would like to do what he expects. The book abounds in humour; it contains one of the cleverest episodes among the author's innumerable stories of cross-purpose; the American girls are as real as the Dales, and much more charming, though Mr. Trollope has no notion that such is the case. Hugh Stanbury is one of his best characters; Bozzle is, we feel certain, the only true detective who has ever been drawn in a novel. Miss Stanbury is a match for Miss Betsy Trotwood. All the accessories to the story are perfect, but the madman and his wife spoil it all. There is not one touch of the pathetic in this narrative, though it might have been raised to the height of tragedy, and though it is difficult to conceive how the author has contrived to keep it throughout below pathos.

When we contemplate the long line of Mr. Trollope's social novels, we find that he has more than one specialty in portrait-painting. His lawyers, not so numerous as his clergymen, are as distinct and as memorable. Mr. Furnival, Mr. Round, Mr. Mortimer Gazebee, Mr. Theodore Burton, and Sir Thomas Underwood, are quite as admirable in their way as the Barchester people, and as the casual curates whom we find in the not actually clerical novels. The sporting men, the money-lenders, the election-agents, too, every one of them will bear inspection; though in many instances the author proceeds on the development principle. The "Old Man of the Sea," who persecutes poor Charley Tudor, one of the "Three Clerks," is the lowest form of the devourer who gets hold of Phineas Finn, and who hopes Mr. Burgo Fitzgerald "will be punctual." We find him in different stages of his evolution in several of these novels, always the same plausible, relentless rogue, but with little touches of differentiation exquisitely humorous—as, for instance, when he eats *Phineas Finn's* breakfast. Mr. Trollope develops in many *other cases* also. Charley Tudor's entanglement with the

barmaid, who gets a written promise of marriage out of him, is the crude form of that delightfully humorous episode in the history of Johnny Eames, in which he eludes the pursuit of Amelia Roper, which is, in its turn, a rough sketch for the finely-finished skirmishing that ends in the defeat of Madeline Demolines, who is perhaps the most perfect specimen in the author's collection of flirts. Lady Eustace is a more unprincipled and less refined Lady Ongar, and the cousin-lover affair in "The Eustace Diamonds," is the same as the cousin-lover affair in "The Claverings," Lucy Morris playing to a nicety the part of Florence. With just confidence in his own powers of varying the sauce and the seasoning Mr. Trollope places similar dishes before us in rapid, unfailing succession, like the pilau and rice of an Eastern feast, or the legs of lamb and spinach of Charles Lamb's famous dinner. We eat them constantly with a tranquil pleasure, not demanding more variety in the flavouring than he gives us, never elated, and never disappointed; without eager appetite, but equally without satiety. We feel, on opening a new book by Mr. Trollope, as soon as we get a glimpse of the story, that we are well acquainted with it; but knowledge no more interferes with our enjoyment than familiarity with the music of an opera injures the pleasure with which we listen to its execution. The series of love stories which began with Adela Gauntlet and Arthur Wilkinson as the model couple, fond but prudent, faithful but calculating, and Caroline Waddington and George Bertram as the terrible example, because they were too prudent, and overdid the calculation, has presented very little alteration in outline ever since. Lucy Morris is suffering at this moment the selfsame agonies as those through which Florence Burton passed safely in 1866; and Clara Belton might have compared notes with Miss Mackenzie, and called Rachel Ray into a three-cornered confidence about "the young man from the brewery," a year or two earlier. We do not doubt that Mr. Trollope has a plentiful supply of cousins in reserve, developments of George Vavasour and George Hotspur, of "Lizzie's" Frank, and of "Julia's" Harry; and that we shall take much delight in their difficulties, their debts, their doubts, and their flirtations; shall listen to their small talk, and read their tepid love-letters, until they or we cease to be. The young men in official situations, of aspiring minds and modern manners, with vices just hinted at, but guiltless of enthusiasm, cool, self-possessed, and selfish, will always be in readiness to "like" the sweet girls, and make up and unmake their minds as to marrying them; and *every sweet girl* will always have two lovers apiece, one of *whom she* wants to marry, and one who wants to marry

her. The latter delightfully difficult situation will be infinitely varied, and so we shall go on, no more resenting the sameness than we resent the monotony of hot rolls at breakfast.

While Mr. Trollope is free from the faults of many novelists who undertake to depict "high life,"—while he does not descend to the ludicrous vulgarities of "Lothair," or stuff his books with coroneted millinery and upholstery, like the lady novelists,—but makes his lords and ladies real persons, exactly like life, and, when needs be, quite as contemptible, we do think he does injustice to the world in general, àpropos of these lords and ladies. There is such a thing as the cant of satire; and it is enticing, because facile. Mr. Thackeray was a great proficient in it. He scattered it about with the lavishness of a tract distributor; and its favourite formulas were those which declared toadyism and tuft-hunting to be universal. His typical snob is the man who, with a week-kneed abjectness, dearly loves a lord. Of course, such a man is a snob; but we think he is likewise a rare specimen of the order of mean creatures, and that snobbism may exist at the other extreme, in the man, to wit, who hates a lord because he is a lord,—the man who troubles himself in any way about the rank of people with whom he is not personally concerned. Mr. Trollope is infected by this easy kind of cant, and injures some of his very best effects by its admission. When Mary Thorne, on intimate terms with the Misses Gresham, meets their cousins, the Ladies De Courcy, for the first time, she expects to be snubbed by them; and the Ladies De Courcy snub the young lady whom they meet as a visitor in their aunt's house, as a matter of course. Alice Vavasor, whose own near relatives are people of title, keeps aloof from them because they are so, and Mr. Trollope praises her for it; whereas, it seems to us that the deprecatory, peevish, uneasy suspicion which is perpetually conscious of social inferiority, and perpetually imputing vulgar arrogance to persons of rank, is a very unworthy sentiment, and much more humiliating than any exterior offence could be. If people with titles were to be constantly thinking of them, constantly enjoying the idea that they can humble and spite, insult, domineer over, or buy their untitled fellow creatures in virtue of them, titles would cease to be harmless distinctions, and become a moral plague. If people without titles were to be always envious, suspicious, embarrassed, false, flattering, or self-depreciatory in the presence of people who do possess them; or if, on the other hand, they were persistently to refuse respect to respectable persons because they are ranged in a different order of nomenclature from their own, untitled people would establish the cynical theory that snobbism is the prevailing

feature of middle-class English society. We do not greatly overstate our case against Mr. Trollope when we say that he does establish some such division on the general scale in his books. His special, avowed favourite, Lily Dale, who is not ours, for she is pert, and in this particular respect, vulgar, is not only touched with this cant of satire upon rank, but she is, like her mother and sister, wrong upon the point of the fitting estimate of money also. When Lily Dale "chaffs" Adolphus Crosbie about the grandeur of De Courcy Castle, and talks about their own comparative insignificance, as she knows nothing about the De Courcys, as she has not the reader's opportunities of learning that they are a despicable family, she does an ill-bred thing; and when she resists her uncle's kindness because he is rich and she is poor, she does, not a noble, but an ignoble thing. "The Small House at Allington" is considered by many of his readers to be Mr. Trollope's very best book. We do not hold it in such high esteem, though it contains some of his very best writing, and its humour is unsurpassed. Lord de Guest's adventure with Lambkin is enough to make the book memorable, especially that supreme touch, where the earl directs the butler to send "two or three men" to bring in Johnny Eames's hat; and, in reply to the man's wondering "two or three men, my lord"? says testily, "somebody's been teasing the bull." The whole story of Adolphus Crosbie is admirable. The episode of the wedding-day, and the brief, well-merited, blank failure of the married life of the pair; the scenes at Mrs. Roper's boarding-house; the mental struggles of Cradell between his fear of Lupex and his ambition to be regarded as a gallant, gay Lothario, dangerous to domestic peace—struggles which resemble those of Mr. Winkle when he ran away from Mr. Dowling just as Mr. Dowling was running away from him;—the office life, in which Johnny Eames distinguishes himself, are all full of the wise, pleasant, knowing humour peculiar to the author. We are disposed to rank "Doctor Thorne" higher than "The Small House." The story of the Scatcherds, father and son, is an abler achievement than anything in the history of the Dales, and Miss Dunstable's rejection of Frank Gresham is Mr. Trollope's masterpiece in one of his principal lines. It is worth remarking how effective this great novelist can be without the aid of picturesqueness. From external nature he very rarely asks assistance. He looks at it with the eye of a sportsman, or a farmer, and he uses it in that sense to illustrate character, taking his sporting men across country, and his farming men, Lord de Guest, or Lucius Mason, round the fields and farmyards; but he sets no pictures of sentiment or passion in a framework of beautiful Nature. The no

rustic sentimental incident in all his novels is the not impressive one of Johnny Eames loitering on the little bridge near the small house and cutting Lily Dale's initials on the hand-rail. Mr. Trollope uses few accessories of any kind, and has no tricks of style. He deals with human beings, human lives, human events, absolutely; and though he sometimes over-crowds, he never over-colours his canvas. The women whom he draws for us are not, taken *en masse*, equal to the men. His girl-portraits have too much sameness, for, though the ordinary training of English girls does not admit of much individuality, they have more than he allows them. We can appreciate the difficulties and the temptations of a male novelist in narrating innumerable love-stories, describing proposals, and relating the vagaries of eccentric and vacillating courtships—we can understand that he must suffer from the embarrassment to which his heroes are subjected; but he abuses the position when he allots so disproportionate a share of the love-making to the ladies. They are nice girls generally—not stupid, not silly—lady-like and proper when he means them to be so; but they all say the same thing to their lovers, and about them, and they all write letters exactly on the same pattern, just as all Mr. Wilkie Collins's people keep journals, and keep them after an identical method. His young ladies are more interesting and more various in their relations with each other and the outer world than in their relations with their lovers. Alice Vavasor is contemptible, except as Lady Glencora Palliser's friend, and Nora Rowley is the best of sisters. The avowed flirts are more amusing than the good young ladies, and the matrons are more interesting than either class. Lady Mason, Mrs. Orme, Mrs. Furnival, Lady De Courcy, Mrs. Grantly, Mrs. Crawley, Mrs. Proudie, Lady Clavering, and others, too many to enumerate, are, each for a different reason, more important and pleasant to the reader than the girls. Who would not give all the women in the book, except perhaps poor Lady Glencora, for Aunt Greenow, the delightful widow in "Can You Forgive Her"? In this case Mr. Trollope has not developed one of his own former characters, he has taken his mother's best creation, the Widow Barnaby, modernized her, trimmed away some of the redundancies of her exuberant vulgarity, retained all her charming characteristics, and fitted her into a sequence of circumstances which exhibits her to perfection. Mrs. Greenow has the florid good looks, the taste for good living, the passion for display, the shrewd, hard, vulgar sense of the consideration and the servility which are to *be had for* money, the coarse-mindedness and the bouncing

animal spirits of Mrs. Barnaby. Like her, she has married after her first youth is past, and is determined to make the most of her prosperous, moneyed widowhood. Like her, she takes a niece to a watering-place, deals largely in fiction about her dead husband, places the date of his death at a conveniently far back distance, enters into all the available gaiety on the pretence that she is sacrificing her feelings to her niece's welfare, exults in the splendour of her weeds, changes her maid's name from Jane to Jeannette (who does not remember Mrs. Barnaby's Sally Hicks, who was turned into Jerningham?), and attaches to herself a brace of rival lovers, one being a modified copy of Major Allen, with his stories of Waterloo, duels, and the beautiful Isabella. The imitation is daringly close, but Mrs. Greenow is a highly-finished painting, while Mrs. Barnaby was only a clever daub. Captain Bellfield is a close study of life, while Major Allen, in all his metamorphoses, was a coarse caricature. The rivalry between Bellfield and Cheesacre is one of Mr. Trollope's masterpieces of humour, and Kate Vavasor's letter, descriptive of the day which she and her aunt passed at Mr. Cheeseacre's farm, when he showed the manure heaps to the widow, as an irresistible appeal to her ambition, is enough to make Kate captivating—only that we know so well it is not hers, that Mr. Trollope has written it for her. In a few instances Mr. Trollope has permitted himself to be vulgar. "Miss Mackenzie," "Rachel Ray," and "The Belton Estate," are vulgar books, and the Neefit episode in "Ralph the Heir" must, in justice, be called vulgar too. They are, to his more highly-finished productions, what an exceedingly clever farce is to a fine comedy, lower in kind, but equally susceptible of perfection in degree. The insinuating, unctuous schemer, Mr. Prong, who tries to secure the fortune of the grim young widow, Rachel Ray's sister, and the ranting, blustering, flattering, squinting bully, Mr. Maguire, who makes Miss Mackenzie miserable and ridiculous, are the broad farce to the high-comedy stories of "Barchester."

Great in small talk, unequalled in the dialogue of flirtation, skilful beyond praise in minutiæ, so just that he never makes any man or woman a monster of perfection, and has only once been tempted to produce, in George Vavasor, a monster of wickedness, and in that case has fallen short of his customary success; with the keenest powers of surface observation of any living novelist, and the finest humour, Mr. Trollope falls *short in two* of the attributes of a great writer. They are *breadth* and height. His landscapes of life are deficient in *perspective;* and his men and women are deficient in soul.

Art. VII.—LORD ARUNDELL ON TRADITION.

Tradition, principally with reference to Mythology and the Law of Nations. By Lord Arundell of Wardour. London: Burns, Oates, & Co. 1872.

IN the opening paragraph of his preface Lord Arundell states very candidly that there is no way of finding out the purport of his book except its perusal. We can, with equal candour, testify to the truth of the statement. And the perusal, as the author further remarks, must be an honest one, journeying dutifully over every chapter and every page, pausing patiently to examine notes, and occasionally after a day's travel taking a sharp walk through outlying appendices. Not only are the chapters interdependent, but their various themes are so suggestive of one another that until the book is finished there is no saying of any one of them when it has made its final appearance. Nor is the requisite perusal quite an easy matter. The book is full of learning and full of genuine, if somewhat perplexed, thought, and constitutes on the whole as tough a bit of reading—for one who reads it properly—as any that has made an appearance even in this age of scientific literature and literary science. Lord Arundell's style, too, is scarcely formed on the highest models, and occasionally is such a very poor interpreter of his thought as to leave his meaning involved in mystery. But the difficulties to be met in perusing his book are not principally due to his somewhat straggling style; they are in the main naturally inherent in the subjects of which he treats. These are, in in a high degree, rugged and roadless. And that is not all. They have of late got so crowded with what are called views, so hemmed in and overshadowed by jungles of what is called evidence, as to be hardly recognizable by their oldest admirers. Lord Arundell does as much to restore their natural appearance as could be fairly expected.

Though the purport of the work cannot be fully appreciated until the book has been properly read, it is still possible, even in the small space at our disposal, to make the reader possessed of its main dominating idea. Lord Arundell finds the present age, both in political and in social life, strongly disposed to get rid of the order established. But he believes "that no democratic organization, however extended among the masses, will overthrow the established order of things so long as the possessors of property, the *upper classes*, are true to the objects for which property was instituted." And he has a reason for the faith that is in him. He

undertakes to find, even outside the Church, an authority that forbids that political and social levelling which proceeds at present. That authority is the Divine Voice speaking through human traditions. These traditions, he contends, carry down to our times a revelation made to the heads of the race, and in that revelation are contained laws—among others the Law of Nations—binding men and states for all time. And the traditions do more. They not only preserve divine communications made to the first members of the human family, but they carry on to us the history of these first members and of their leading successors. But where are these traditions to be found? The author is ready with an answer.

> Tradition, he says (page 107), in the sense in which we have just seen it used by Lacordaire, [and this is the sense in which ths author himself understands it,] is not limited to oral traditions, but may be termed the connection of evidence which establishes the unity of the human race; and, with this evidence, establishes the identity and continuity of its belief, laws, institutes, customs, and manners. The more closely the tradition is investigated the more thoroughly will it be found to attest a common origin, and the more fully will its conformity with the scriptural narrative be made apparent.

By traditions so found the author solves or approximates to a solution of many vexed questions. But it is to two especially, Mythology and the Law of Nations, that he makes application of his theory. And the application leads him to very important conclusions. Gentile mythology, he says, is mainly made up of truths that were really known and events that really occurred to the first peoples, with the truths corrupted and the events distorted in the course of transmission. A Law of Nations exists, not merely as a code of convenience sanctioned by politic diplomatists, nor merely as the precepts of the individual conscience applied to peoples, but as a positive divine law given in the first age and preserved even to this day (in forms more or less corrupted) among all the nations of the earth. Take instances. In Mythology Saturn is a leading and perplexing and repellent personage, the least loved of the characters of Lempriere. But Saturn is no other than Noah; his very name comes to him because "Noah, a husbandman, began to till the ground"; and the ugly point in his history, namely, that with a depravity of taste scarcely credible in a Divinity, he was accustomed to banquet upon his own progeny, and, in fact, disposed of them cannibalistically, all but three, is only a confused remembrance of the truth that Noah and his three sons were safe from the waters of the Deluge, and that all except these were, by reason of their being excluded from the ark, utterly destroyed. Then, in the Law of Nations it is, or is said to be, certain that if one state *resolve to* attack another, it is bound to make known its intention *by a previous* declaration of war. But where do you discover a *ground for such* obligation? Not in what is called International

Law, which permitted the invasion of Papal territory in 1860, though that invasion was not only in direct violation of every received principle of political justice, but commenced and continued and completed without even the formality of notifying to the Pope that he must submit to the bandit: nor yet in an application of the precepts of the individual human conscience, for these are at present not only extremely shaky as to whether they are precepts at all, but, even though they are precepts, binding only in so far as they are found to be useful. But our author shows a ground for the obligation which is not dependent either on diplomatic convenience or on philosophical teachings. He finds it, where he finds the Law of Nations itself,—in the traditions of humanity. Not only have all nations had a common custom of observing the rule with regard to the declaration of war, but, what is more striking, they have had substantially a common mode of making the declaration. These two facts can be accounted for only in one way. Before the races of men were dispersed, one of the laws imposed upon them was the law which regards the declaration of war.

The line of inquiry which Lord Arundell follows in respect of the two subjects already named he also follows in respect of several other subjects equally important and equally troublesome. The mysteries of Egyptian and Chinese chronology, which at one time looked as if they intended to dispose of the Bible, have the light of Tradition turned full upon them, and are at once seen to be very innocent and very harmless mysteries indeed. Like results are obtained in regard of the Primitive Life of Man, the Origin of Society, and (indirectly) in regard of that most humorous of all modern productions, Mr. Darwin's "Origin of Species." By introducing and discussing subjects such as these, which, in comparison with the two mentioned in the title-page, must be considered as of only secondary importance, the author attains a double end. He not only illumines these secondary subjects themselves, but, while so doing, he illustrates for us by special instances the power of Tradition, and thus disposes us to listen to it very attentively when it speaks to us on what is really his main subject, the Law of Nations. Each question is treated with a fulness of evidence and fairness to opponents which reflect high credit both on the author's learning and his courtesy. And even unscientific readers, if there be any such in existence, will find Lord Arundell's book curiously interesting by reason of the many quaint facts and corruptions of facts which it reveals.

This is not the first time, as our author reminds us, that Tradition has been employed as he employs it. It has been often similarly called on both by Catholic and Protestant, and, indeed, by infidel writers. But during the present century it has been unusually *suggestive*, and Lord Arundell has been the first to make its later

pronouncements collectively known to the public. It is that fact which renders his book so valuable an addition to the literature of the time. Besides, there is, in so far as we know, no writer, ancient or modern, who has so fully as our author vindicated for human traditions—and of human traditions only we speak throughout—their proper place in what may be called the *loci scientifici*. On this matter the following passages (pages 118, 119) will be found very suggestive:—

> The special intervention (says Lord Arundell) which appears to me destined to bring the various sciences into harmony, will be the elevation of the particular department of history or archæology which has to do with the traditions of the human race as to its origin into a separate and recognized branch of inquiry; and I am satisfied that if any portion of that intellect which is cunning in the reconstruction of the mastodon from its vertebral bone, had been directed to the great lines of human tradition, that enough of the reliquiæ and vestiges of the past remain to establish their conformity with that which alone has solved the problem—the Book of Genesis; and which, apart from the consideration of its inspiration, will ever remain the most venerable and best attested of human records. This inquiry [the inquiry into human traditions] might no doubt form a department either of scriptural exegesis, universal history, or of ethnological research; but, in point of fact, its scope is too large practically to fall within such limits, whereas, if it were recognized as a separate branch of study, it would, I venture to think, in the progress of its investigation bring all these different branches of inquiry into harmony and completeness. And I further contend that the conclusions thus attained are as well deserving of consideration as the conclusions of science from the implements of the drift. . . . . So that when on one side it is said that science (meaning the science of geology or philology, &c.) has proved this or that fact apparently contrary to the Scripture narrative, it can on the other hand be asserted that the facts, or the inferences from them, are incompatible with the testimony of the science of tradition.

And Lord Arundell declares his conviction that even the tradition of usages found in the various families of the human race would enable us to establish the main points of human history:—

> The Fall, the Deluge, the Dispersion, the early knowledge and civilization of mankind, the primitive monotheism, the confusion of tongues, the family system, marriages, the institution of property, the tradition of a common morality, and of the law of nations.

One of the most curious chapters in Lord Arundell's book is that on "Primitive Life," especially when read in connection with another chapter,—"Sir John Lubbock on Tradition." The first *two chapters* are, as we shall see, not quite in their proper place, *unless they* be regarded as purely introductory, and the chapter on

"Primitive Life" is that which logically holds first place in the volume. It is a most interesting and most instructive chapter. Our author maintains, as most Christians would be likely to maintain, that mankind commenced well; that both in the days of Adam and in the days of Noah, men had a high degree both of natural and of supernatural knowledge; and that savagery, wherever found, is ultimately the result of ancestral degeneration. On the other hand, modern men of science, even those who believe that Mr. Darwin means nothing but rivalry of Artemus Ward, entertain very generally an opinion precisely the opposite. According to them, the race commenced with savagery, or worse: "Mankind was for a long period living in a state of promiscuity, little, if at all, elevated above the brute"; and "men appeared originally upon the scene as a mass of units coming into the world, no one knows how, like locusts rising about the horizon or covering the earth, perhaps, like toads after a shower." In discussing this theory of primitive savagery, Lord Arundell is obliged to notice the exposition of it by a Mr. M'Lennan, and it is the charming originality of that gentleman, quite worthy of primeval times, that makes the discussion especially piquant. We recommend Mr. M'Lennan, for his soul's comfort, to read our author's third chapter. We think it will enable him to renounce his famous distinction between "exogamy,"—marriage outside your tribe,—and "endogamy,"—marriage with one of your own people. That will, we are aware, be so much valuable Greek gone for nothing, and accordingly we so far commiserate Mr. M'Lennan. But the loss to the scholar will be a gain to the man. The wholesale female infanticide and wife-capture committed by his ancestors will have no power to harrow his scientific feelings any more.

In the same chapter on "Primitive Life," our author touches on another question which he treats at large in a subsequent chapter ("Chronology from the Point of View of Science," page 72). It is not at all as novel as the theme immortalized by Mr. M'Lennan; in fact it has been so long before the public as to have become somewhat stale. Nevertheless, as we have never seen it handled quite to our satisfaction, and as our author appears to have no doubt that his book has settled it for ever, we beg to call our readers' attention to it here. It arises from a fundamental assumption on the part of modern scientific inquirers that man must have progressed and developed to the point at which we see him (page 72). According to the Bible narrative, man has not been upon the earth for more than six thousand years. But Baron Bunsen says that to account for man's position, even as he is found at the birth of our Lord, at least twenty thousand years must be supposed to have intervened between that event and the Deluge. Sir Charles Lyell speaks of "*the vastness* of the time" required for man's development into

his present condition, and affirms that "six thousand years are but a small portion of the time required to bring about such wide divergence from a common stock as between the Negroes and Greeks and Jews, Mongols and Hindoos, represented on the Egyptian monuments." The difficulty then, put simply, is, that according to the Bible all men are descendants of a single pair, and that it is not quite six thousand years since that pair were created; that all the differences by which the races of men differ from one another must have arisen therefore within six thousand years; and that six thousand years is very much too short a period for the occurrence of such extraordinary changes as must be admitted. If the Negro type was the original, it took myriads of years to introduce the Caucasian: if the Caucasian was the first, it took myriads of years to introduce the Negro. As a matter of fact we can prove that changes of type are, if any, so slow as to afford no basis on which a calculation could be founded. From the Egyptian monuments we learn that the Negro "of the true Nigritian stamp" was in existence 2,400 years before Christ. In the four thousand years that have elapsed since then the type has remained altogether unaltered.

The author starts with a special reply addressed to Sir Charles Lyell. We confess that even as an *argumentum ad hominem* it does not seem to us satisfactory. Here it is.

> I have, then, only to assume one point that Sir Charles Lyell will concede,—the order of progress or development to have been from black to white,—and that he will pay us the compliment of being the more favoured race. But of all the races that are akin to the Mongol or the Turanian, the Chinese are the whitest, and most nearly approach the European in colour. How many years, then, may we suppose that it took the Chinese to progress from the black state of the Egyptian? As many, let us conjecture, as it took the Egyptian to progress linguistically from the state of the Chinese or Mongol!

That reasoning is not of a surety crystal clear. Sir Charles Lyell would probably reply to it that Egyptian and Chinese, as it were, started equally black and equally rude in language; the Egyptian progressed in language but did not (because he stopped at home) progress in colour; the Chinese did not progress, at least very notably, in language, but (because he changed his climate, &c.) he progressed a good deal in colour. If there be any "entanglement" here, it is, we think, one of Lord Arundell's own making.

Omitting this reference to Sir Charles Lyell, the author commences his answer to the proposed difficulty by stating his opinion that neither the theory of progress nor the theory of degeneration *can account* for the case of the Negro. He bases that position on *the proven fact*

That at the present time we find the Negro in the same relative position and with the same stamp of inferiority that we find indelibly impressed on him four thousand years ago. . . . . The difficulty is, that whereas climate, food, change of circumstances, have in many ways modified other races, the Negro has resisted these influences, and has remained the same Negro we find him two thousand four hundred years before the coming of our Lord.

We have hardly a doubt that both Lord Arundell's facts and Lord Arundell's reasoning are in the last degree questionable. It is certain that there were Negroes in existence four thousand years ago, and that there are Negroes exactly like them in existence to-day. But the Negroes of the present are either in the same external conditions as the Negroes of the past, or have not changed these conditions for a period sufficiently long to make the change tell. The remark about "the stamp of inferiority" being found "indelibly impressed" on the Negro of the Egyptian monuments is only rhetorical, and the use of the word "indelibly" savours too much of that class of rhetoric which Mr. Disraeli calls "heedless." The dark gentlemen on the Egyptian monuments prove nothing, for instance, against those who hold the theory of degeneration. No one, except Milton and the poets, knows to what precise type our first parents belonged; they may have been so dusky in colour that by the time the Egyptian monuments were constructed many of their descendants could have got black at their leisure. Nor, on the other hand, does Lord Arundell's reference prove anything against those who hold the progressive theory. To prove against them, a case should be shown where a tribe of Negroes settled, say in England, four thousand years ago, adopted new habits of life, and yet kept to their colour and their other characteristics through all these years. No such case, no case that has given the Negro the shadow of a chance, has ever been shown. When Lord Arundell speaks of the Negro "resisting the influences of climate, food, change of circumstances," he speaks what is either not true enough or not true at all. It is not true enough if the resistance has endured for only a comparatively short period of years; to say that the resistance has been prolonged over a period sufficiently large to justify Lord Arundell's conclusion, is not true at all.

We make these remarks principally because we notice in our author a tendency that we do not admire. There are men, we apprehend, who, on this matter, will, though fighting for the same cause as he, be unable to accept either Lord Arundell's science or Lord Arundell's theology. These will be obliged, at least for the present, to solve the proposed difficulty in the old-fashioned way, that is, by maintaining that the colour, &c. of a people are *susceptible of* indefinite modification from climate and other ex-

ternal conditions. But Lord Arundell has a tendency to cut that ground from under our feet. He (page 77) quotes with apparent satisfaction the testimony that "the American Indians are of a uniform copper-colour from north to south, in Canada and on the line," and argues, against Sir John Lubbock, that this case has both the qualities required by that writer, namely, lapse of time and difference of external conditions. Lord Arundell must therefore allow the inference that, according to him, the old-fashioned explanation will not suffice even for the case of the American Indians. But does he not see that this creates a new difficulty and that we shall be as much puzzled, by-and-by, by the American's redness as we have always been by the blackness of the Negro? It is true that we are acquainted with the red man for only four hundred years. But during that time he has remained, what of him has remained at all, unchanged in hue Whenever and wherever he first got his redness he has it for four hundred years, and in so far as we can judge would, if left to enjoy his hunting-grounds, keep it for ever. We are not asking Lord Arundell to put a stopper on truth. If the colour of a race be in its destiny and not in its external conditions, directly caused by miracle and not by natural agencies, by all means let that fact be proclaimed. But, "entia non sunt multiplicanda præter necessitatem." First of all let that fact be proved.

The author's own solution of the difficulty is that proposed by De Maistre, or rather, we should say, popularized by De Maistre, for it was entertained by Schoolmen centuries before De Maistre was born. As stated by the author, it extends over more than a dozen pages of close and elaborate and very able reasoning. In brief it is this. Chanaan, the son of Cham (for present purposes Cham himself need not be disturbed), was cursed by his grandfather Noah. What were the effects of the curse has ever been a vexed question with Scriptural students. That it had one effect, the making the posterity of Chanaan in some way subject to the children of Japheth is sufficiently evident from the Scriptural text, though how far in the posterity of Chanaan that effect was to extend,—for four generations or for forty, cannot be determined. That it had any other effect whatever is extremely uncertain. But Lord Arundell, following De Maistre, contends that it had a second effect, and that too a much more striking effect than the first. He maintains that, by the curse of Noah, Chanaan and Chanaan's posterity were stamped with "the stamp of inferiority," indelible blackness; that as the hands of the Patriarch were raised in malediction, the colour of Chanaan underwent an awful change, and he stood suddenly before his brethren cursed with the characteristics *which* made him the fit progenitor of a new, unnatural, and hideous *race*. *This* theory, Lord Arundell says, "is adequate to the

explanation of the phenomena, does not clash with history" (by which we presume he means Scripture history), "and is sustained by tradition." Nevertheless he apprehends that "this view will be combated as much from the point of view of Scriptural exegesis as of scientific speculation."

The theological objections which our author presumes he will have to meet he meets by anticipation. The sudden blackening of Chanaan is not "more revolting" than the sudden damnation of Lucifer, or the sudden reduction of Adam to shame and want and decay and the doom of death. Besides, he argues, they who admit the veracity of the Bible must admit that, if not directly, at least indirectly blackness was a result of the curse. For, as Latham shows in his "Ethnology," "certain conditions not merely of colour but moral and intellectual, are the inseparable accompaniments of geographical location." But it is laid down in Deuteronomy (xxxii. 8) that God himself arranged the distribution of the human race. The same fact is mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles (xvii. 26). Since, therefore, God apportioned the sons of Chanaan to a particular district, He is accountable for the blackness that followed their location there. "If then," concludes the author (page 90), "the different races of mankind according to their merits or demerits were apportioned to or miraculously directed or impelled to respective portions of the earth which necessarily superinduced certain effects, is not the curse as apparent in its indirect operation as it would have been in its suddenness and directness?"

Not quite so apparent in its indirect operation, we should at once answer, unless it be properly proved that there is either a divine command or a divinely-ordained necessity obliging the children of the curse to keep to those regions where alone from "geographical location" their blackness would be properly ensured. Such a command or such a necessity the author is at liberty to assume, if he pleases. But he has not proved the existence of either. He has not proved the existence of the command. Neither has he proved the existence of the necessity. He could not prove it. For, as a matter of fact, sons of Chanaan did retire from those portions of the earth to which they "were apportioned or miraculously directed or impelled." But if the sons of Chanaan were at liberty to leave the "black country" whenever they chose, blackness was not even on the "indirect" theory a part of their malediction.

It is evident, however, that the theory on which it is only indirectly that blackness becomes a part of the Chanaanitish curse, does not satisfy Lord Arundell. It is equally evident that logically he cannot maintain it except as an argumentum ad hominem. For, *in it*, the blackness is really ascribed to climate and special

external conditions. But Lord Arundell is of opinion, as we have seen further back, that no union of external conditions is competent to account for the blackness. Evidently he must and evidently he does maintain, that the blackness of Chanaan and of Chanaan's posterity was the direct effect of the curse of Noah. Immediately that Noah pronounced the malediction Chanaan's externals completely changed. He was smitten with blackness as suddenly as Lucifer was smitten into hell.

We are bound to confess that our author supports his position well. He surrounds it with a very formidable array of facts found in tradition. We have great hesitation in pronouncing against his view. We can hardly say that we pronounce against it. Still we cannot share the confidence with which Lord Arundell regards it. It appears to us that he has forgotten to estimate a few important things that apparently weigh against him. If we suggest these it may enable him to make his argument more complete in a second edition.

In the first place, then, blackness is not the only quality which distinguishes the negro branch from the other branches of the human family. Negroes have many other physical peculiarities, not perhaps quite so striking, but quite as distinctive as their colour. Now, these peculiarities may require a curse to account for them just as much as the blackness requires one. From a note of the author (page 78), it would appear that they do. Yet, throughout his argument, it is to the blackness alone that our author attends, and it is the blackness alone that is touched by his facts of tradition.

In the second place, if the blackness be the result of a curse, the curse must have fallen not only on Chanaan, but on Chanaan's wife, and on any wife other than a black one, which he or his sons might select. For, following the natural order of things, no matter how black was Chanaan himself, a child of his by (for instance) a white woman would not be black. But it should be black by the curse. Therefore, the male Chanaanites should marry none but black women; or, if they did marry white women, the offspring of the marriage should be blackened by miracle. We should not like to be responsible for either conclusion.

In the third place, though we do not think that such a curse, with such a consequence as Lord Arundell supposes, could be proved to be inconsistent with the supreme perfection of God, still, we cannot admit to Lord Arundell that he has shown its "perfect conformity to Scripture, and to what we know of the secrets of the Divine judgments." The awful suddenness of the retribution, to which alone Lord Arundell refers, would not make us uneasy. The "*picture* of Chanaan stricken with blackness," is not, to our *mind, as terrible* as the picture of Oza stricken with death. We

would not much mind the colouring (for we have no very pressing pale-face prejudice), if it were only the guilty that suffered. But that the retribution should follow, not only Chanaan, but Chanaan's posterity, branding them for no fault of theirs with the indelible brand of inferiority, shaming them before sons of Shem not more guiltless than they, is what we find, not incredible, but credible only in the last extremity. Lord Arundell instances as parallel the cases of Adam and Lucifer. But once more he is only, what he was never created to be, rhetorical. Lucifer and his followers are not to the point. They suffered for their own sin. Nor does the case of Adam avail. We do not insist upon the clear fact that God's conduct in respect of the race is no standard for His conduct in respect of one of its little families, just as His judgments in regard of a nation are no standard of His judgments in regard of a city. But we insist upon this. The consequences of originals in fall upon all men alike, with, of course, that glorious exception, which, following the example of S. Augustin, we do not mention here. If one man was shamed and degraded, so were all his neighbours. But the peculiar hardship of the case of Chanaan is, that his posterity were degraded and shamed, while the posterity of Shem and the posterity of Japhet were kept in honour, though the posterity of Chanaan were not a whit more guilty than the posterity of Japhet or the posterity of Shem. In so far as the sin of Chanaan is concerned, a son of Chanaan is quite as blameless as if he had been begotten by Shem. And yet because his father happens to be Chanaan, he must not only be inferior to Shem, but must carry on his person, before all the world, the hideous mark of his father's guilt and of his own inferiority!

But, in the fourth place, we are opposed to Lord Arundell's view on still higher and less assailable ground. He objects to himself (page 89) that there is no proof in Scripture that Chanaan was blackened by the curse of Noah. He frankly admits that Scripture supplies no such proof; that, whilst it mentions the curse, it does not mention the blackness. We invite Lord Arundell (and we are surprised that he requires the invitation) to go one step further, and to admit that this very silence of Scripture regarding the supposed change in the appearance of Chanaan, is distinct evidence that that change never occurred. If it had occurred, the Scripture writer could not but have mentioned it. His account of the entire transaction is minute and graphic in the highest degree. But of all its circumstances, immeasurably the most startling would have been the sudden and awful change wrought on the person of Chanaan. The sole reason why that change is not noticed is because it did not occur.

On the question of Mythology, Lord Arundell finds himself *opposed to* a very large number of modern scholars. We think

his handling of the subject will do a great public service. It is fashionable nowadays—especially in our current poetry—to profess a great admiration of the Pagan divinities. With some, these divinities appear to be real objects of worship; with many, they are regarded as, at all events, beautiful and ennobling conceptions. This leads, as it has often led before, to the current critical cant about the wonderful creative energy of the ancient mind. It is well that the folly of this pagan worship should be exposed. And Lord Arundell exposes it. What are called the beautiful creations of the classic mind are shown to be simple corruptions of matter of fact. And this cannot help being productive of good. When the gods of Homer are known to be merely men of the Bible, they are sure to lose caste. It is a great modern discovery that nothing good can come out of Revelation.

But the really important portion of Lord Arundell's book is that portion which treats of the Law of Nations. It is rather a curious fact that out of fifteen chapters which make up the volume, the first two and the last two have been assigned to this subject. In the first two, the author does not do much more than state what he means by a Law of Nations, and what sanction he considers to attach itself to laws in general. But upon these matters he manages to differ with everybody, not excepting himself. Still the chapters are substantially good. But they are extremely straggling and accidental in form. In his assault upon Bentham, the author appears to us especially unfortunate. Lord Arundell's powers do not fit him for pure speculation. He has not attained the requisite precision, whether of thought or of language, to enable him to speak intelligibly on such a delicate question as that of Utilitarianism. He knows that himself. And, with a rare candour, he confesses the knowledge. He claims only to "open out fresh views," and thus "to contribute light to minds of greater precision." We are not blaming Lord Arundell. He has only followed a course that has been followed by many persons of great eminence before. Dr. Whewell had an opinion—generally a very dogmatic one—upon every subject under the sun, and Lord Macaulay spoke with the finished swing of assurance on Milton and Mill, the theology of Sir Thomas More, and the poetry of Mr. Robert Montgomery. But "ne sutor ultra crepidam." And it would have been quite as well for our author if he had let Bentham alone. While there is no doctrine more detestable than the doctrine of Utilitarianism, there is scarcely any doctrine which its opponents treat so unfairly. And that we may suppose to arise from the very fact that the doctrine is so detestable. It requires great power of philosophical self-repression to be altogether just to a doctrine one *hates*. The men who attack Bentham are very much given to *mistake the* will for the deed, and to substitute enthusiastic

language for logical reasoning. The result is unhappily that, despite the flashy and flimsy rhetoric of Macaulay, the doctrine of Bentham gains ground. Lord Arundell has done nothing to impede its progress. He quotes Macaulay and Malthus. But Macaulay did not understand Bentham, and Malthus is clearly unintelligible to Lord Arundell. A man who thinks infanticide the Malthusian method to prevent over-population, is carrying either his learning or his reason very loosely about him.

But it is only in the last two chapters of his volume that Lord Arundell really tries to do himself justice on the Law of Nations. There he speaks on his own chosen ground, the tangible ground of tradition. And there he speaks admirably. No one can rise from the study of these two chapters without a clear conviction that upon the subject of the Law of Nations Lord Arundell's position is, if not quite unassailable, at least secure against any serious assault. As the Geneva Judgments have made the topic peculiarly interesting, we shall, we think, be doing a service to the reader if we give him (but it must be on a small scale) Lord Arundell's views about it. We shall, wherever we think it necessary, take exception to our author's opinions. But we shall do so only for the purpose of pointing out where these opinions require to be defended.

Even students of the older and severer scholastics are familiar with the phrase "jus gentium," and we all have heard of the Law of Nations. But what is the Law of Nations? The idea underlying the phrase will explain. In that idea, nations are so many individuals making up the one great nation of man. That one great nation has laws determining the proper conduct for its individual nations just as a particular nation has its laws determining the proper conduct for its individual men. In the nation of England the individual Peter has laws forbidding him certain conduct in regard of the individual Paul. In the nation of Man the individual England has laws forbidding her certain conduct in regard of the individual France. And so on. As it is with men, so it is with nations of men. Both have their laws.

The view, then, which denies the existence of a Law of Nations may be at once put down as absurd. Since God has permitted the rise of States at all, He must have prescribed for them a law to follow in their relations with one another. We speak out thus because we are really disgusted with the sham theories of the sham thinkers of these sham times. It is simply disgraceful to have to accommodate one's self to their nonsense. Once for all, there is a God: He made the world, and He made men: He rules both the things that do not think and the things that do: and in all His universe things must go according to order and law. These are first *principles* which it is too late in the day to question now. From

them it follows at once that there must be a Law of Nations binding on conscience, just as there is a law of men binding on conscience. Nor can that Law of Nations be merely what is called International Law, "rules accumulated in the precedents of diplomatists, whether they be founded in justice or not." Such rules are just as transitory as the men that made them. They have no binding power whatever. Nor are they thought to have it. They are allowed to subsist just as long as they are found convenient.

The Law of Nations, then, may be taken to be a Divine Law imposed on nations by the Creator of nations. But where is that law to be found? The general opinion is that it resides where what is called the Natural Law for individuals resides, in the consciences of men. The natural law, the law written in the human heart, tells that such or such conduct from one individual to another is wrong. But what is wrong from an individual to an individual is wrong from a state to a state. The common law of right and wrong is therefore the Law of Nations.

There is in this theory one fundamental mistake which renders it as a theory untenable. It is the mistake of thinking that the natural law is complete. The natural law is no such thing. Nothing of course is lawful which it distinctly forbids. But many things may be unlawful, against which it says nothing; and many things may be permissible, about which it is equally silent. As a matter of fact, to the natural law God has added other laws which the law written on our hearts sanctions of course, but oftentimes only by giving no opposition. Now, as God has not left individuals dependent for a rule of conduct upon the natural law alone, it is very likely that He did not leave nations in a similar state of dependence. There is thus created at once a probability in favour of the theory that the Law of Nations in its completeness will be found to be what theological writers call a Divine Positive Law. Lord Arundell does not visibly follow this line of reasoning. But he appears to have had an idea of doing so when he wrote at page 385:—

> If conversely you say that the Law of Nations, as we find it, is purely the work and elaboration of legists and the conclusions of abstract reason, put it to this test: bring all the legists of the world into a congress—such a congress is much needed just now—with instructions to create a new code on abstract principles and upon the basis of the rejection of custom and tradition, and see what they will accomplish!

But besides this *à priori* probability there is yet another intrinsic reason for thinking that as God gave the Decalogue to rule individuals, so also He gave some Divine positive law for the ruling of *nations*. That reason is found in the occasional inapplicability of

the same law to both individuals and states. What are known and universally admitted to be portions of the Law of Nations are not clearly, are perhaps not at all, discernible in the natural law of individual consciences. We shall explain what we mean by a familiar example. It is universally agreed—though, as we have already seen, not universally acted upon—that before one state invades another state it is bound to make a formal declaration of war. That principle is supposed to be binding in every conceivable case of invasion, no matter how just the war may be on the part of the aggressor, and no matter what his cause may suffer from a previous notification of his intention to commence hostilities. But there are cases where the natural law, *per se*, does not clearly demand, or does not demand at all, that an aggressor should preface hostilities by a declaration of war. Suppose a case of robbery and subsequent retaliation. Peter, a powerful highwayman, armed to the teeth, meets Paul, an unarmed and unwarlike trader. Paul is beaten and robbed, and Peter goes on his way rejoicing. But soon after Paul recovers his strength, finds arms, and follows Peter. Before he makes an attack on the highwayman is he bound to give that gentleman notice? If the natural law says so at all, it says so very indistinctly. It says it so very indistinctly that there is no obligation of minding the saying. Apply that to the case of states. A Frenchman may at once argue that when France finds herself equal to the occupation of Alsace and Lotraine, she may attempt the reoccupation without giving any notice to Germany. But such conduct would be surely proclaimed to be in defiance of the Law of Nations. There is, therefore, a case where what the natural law of right and wrong seems to permit, the Law of Nations prohibits. And a similar line of reasoning might be pursued in respect of forced and unjust treaties, where, namely, a beaten state is driven to purchase peace at a price that would never be paid except for the logic of blood and iron. Some of the first reasoners of the time have laughed at the idea that such treaties bind. We are not saying that these reasoners are right. But there is a serious probability that they are right, if the sole Law of Nations is the natural law.

These arguments go merely to show that the Natural Law is in respect of states what it is in respect of individuals, incomplete and indecisive. There is thus a reason for suspecting that the Natural Law is not the true and complete Law of Nations. These arguments go so far and no farther. But Lord Arundell's argument goes very much farther. It goes to prove the existence of a Law of Nations, positive and external to the human conscience; not indeed found, like the Decalogue, in authoritative documents, but tradited, and preserved in the general memory of mankind. If this doctrine of our *author is true, the* position which he assumes with regard to "the

perception and judgment of right and wrong" is simply unassailable. In that position the judgment of right and wrong is not the law of nations, but only a test of the law of nations; and "what is of usage and custom will be the criterion of what is right until the human intellect has shown that what has been held to be permissible was founded in a precedent of iniquity." And hence Grotius, the greatest of all profane writers on the general subject of law, found the Law of Nations in "the sayings of the poets and orators of the world," these two classes of men being the best witnesses to the old traditional feelings of humanity. Grotius understood thoroughly that it is not human reason but Divine legislation which makes the law by which states are to determine their conduct towards one another. And the Divine legislation he sought in its only existing abode, the memories of nations.

But does Lord Arundell prove the existence of the law of which he speaks? Its existence as a complete code, he does not prove, and could not prove directly; but its existence as a complete code he makes very probable. And the existence of one of its most important precepts he establishes beyond all cavil. We cannot, however, do more than advise the reader to study carefully the last two chapters of our author's volume. These two chapters make it very certain that a law of nations was given to men before the Dispersion, and they leave no doubt that all nations have preserved with the greatest minuteness the memory of one of these Divine national precepts,—that, namely, which regards the Declaration of War.

But, even if Lord Arundell be admitted to have proven the existence of a traditional law of nations, the question may fairly be asked, *cui bono?* For, first of all, the law, though known to be existing, has to be discovered; but its discovery will require a whole army of legal Livingstones. "*Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ad omnibus,*" is here, as in higher things, a theoretical truth; but it is not here, as it is in higher things, a good practical rule. The famous expression of Vincent of Lerins would, in respect of Ecclesiastical dogmas, settle very little were it not for the existence of one central authority to which approach is easy and whose pronouncements are clear. But there is no such central authority to help Lord Arundell. Lord Arundell feels the difficulty. He therefore suggests that there ought to be some supreme tribunal to determine what is and what is not a part of the law of nations. He points to the Pope as the one person whose voice in these matters should be decisive. Most readers will think that he does so because he himself is a Catholic; but they will think so unfairly. He has on his side the greatest of English statesmen, a Protestant of the *Protestants*, Pitt.

"On more than one occasion," wrote Pitt in 1794, "I have seen the Continental courts draw back before the divergences of opinion and of religion which separate us. I think that a common bond ought to unite us all. *The Pope alone can be this centre.* . . . . We are too much divided by personal interest or by political views. Rome alone can raise an impartial voice, and one free from all exterior pre-occupations. Rome, then, ought to speak according to the measure of her duties, and not merely of her good wishes, which no one doubts."

We are not quite sure of Pitt's sincerity in asking Rome to speak *according to the measure of her duties.* Nor do we perceive many signs that indicate the near realization of Lord Arundell's idea of a cosmopolitan Amphictyonic Council with the Pope as its president. The Geneva arbitration holds out a hope that some time or other the war-drum will throb no longer and the battle flags be furled, in verification of the prediction in "Locksley Hall." But the hope is a rather small one, and it is accompanied by a circumstance that almost changes it to despair. One of the arbitrators, Mr. Stampfli, holds there is no such thing as a law of nations at all. Another of the arbitrators, Sir Alexander Cockburn, contends that the articles which determined the Geneva Judgment were directly opposed to the Law of Nations. We are not, therefore, very sanguine that Lord Arundell's anticipations will be found to be correct. But we are convinced that if ever nations rise up out of the barbarism which permits war among states as it used to permit duels among men, it will be by the adoption of some plan like that proposed by our author. Not only must nations have a law, but they must have some supreme authority to explain and enforce it. But the time when they will acknowledge either the law or the authority does not seem to be in very pressing proximity.

There are many other portions of Lord Arundell's volume upon which we should like to speak at some length. More especially on that part of it which inquires into the origin of society, should we wish to delay. But we have already exceeded our available limits. We can only, in conclusion, record our opinion that Lord Arundell's book is a genuine addition to our English literature, and that whatever questions Lord Arundell discusses are discussed with more than ordinary power and with admirable erudition.

Art. VIII.—RIO'S MEMOIRS ON CHRISTIAN ART.

Epilogue à l'Art chrétien. Par A. F. Rio. Paris : Hachette & Co. 1872.

THE name of M. Rio is by no means unknown to our readers, who may still remember our review of his learned and eloquent work on Christian Art in Italy. Since its publication, a few years have elapsed. Stupendous events, doleful revolutions have taken place, and the whole face of Europe has undergone a thorough change. And yet, notwithstanding the whirlwind of conquest and revolution, under the fury of which every head was bowed in fear, that work has made its way among an intelligent public, so that at present every real amateur considers it as an indispensable *vade-mecum*, when he turns to study the wonderful productions of the old Italian schools. In fact, it could scarcely have been otherwise, considering that there exists no other so complete, so exhaustive of its subject, as this production, which cost its author thirty-three long years of arduous labour.

M. Rio now comes before us in another shape : at the close of a laborious and chequered, though upon the whole a fortunate career, he wishes to tell the reader how he was drawn by degrees to a pure and deep love for the ideal of Christian Art. It is a true and almost an impersonal picture of the difficulties he had to contend with at the very outset, both on account of his own primitive ignorance of the matter as well as the stolid indifference of his countrymen as to a subject so utterly beyond the usual range of their own thoughts. It is no less a picture of eminent men and manners about thirty years ago—in England, Rogers, Macaulay, Carlyle, Gladstone, among others. Again in Germany, the author lived on terms of intimacy with Schelling, Baader, Joseph Gœrres, Dollinger, &c., then in the very blaze of their celebrity, —whilst on the other hand, we constantly meet with such names as Albert, Olga, Eugénie, and Count de la Ferronnays, all so mournfully familiar to the readers of the "Récit d'une Sœur," for M. Rio was the bosom friend of the head of that truly remarkable family.

Thus we have in the form of personal memoirs or autobiography a panoramic view of this age from its very dawn ; and when once you have opened the book, you cannot leave it before you have come to the very last page. No wonder then that, notwithstanding *the late* events, it should have met in France and elsewhere with *such universal* approbation, nor that an English translation should

be in course of preparation. But, in the name of common sense, why call this work an *Epilogue?* One might quite as well call it a *Prologue* to Christian Art, since its very object is to inform us of the different paths through which our author was led to plan and write the great production of his whole life. Why not at once call these two volumes his *Memoirs*, such as they certainly are; and, for our part, we really see no reason why a sensitive, perhaps a morbid feeling of modesty, should prevent M. Rio from assuming a title, which is the only one every general reader can at once understand. The observation has already been made by his own compatriots, and we heartily join in the stricture.

On the coast of Britanny, just opposite an arm of the sea which brings the tide into the small port of Vannes, rises an island, called Arz. It is peopled by a hardy population, accustomed for ages to brave the dangers and storms of the Atlantic Ocean. Most of the children are brought up to the sea; hardly a house has not to lament the loss of some dear parent, who has fallen a victim to the fury of the waves. The inhabitants seem to have inherited, from their forefathers, an indomitable spirit of resistance to any act of injustice, and many a struggle did they maintain against the arbitrary power of their feudal lords. They hailed therefore with deep enthusiasm the advent of the great French Revolution, until the day came when its excesses forced them to choose between their faith and their republicanism. The latter soon succumbed to the former, but the puny islet was of course no match for the tremendous despotism which then ruled over France. There was deep mourning in every homestead at Arz, when their priests were led forth to the scaffold, and more than one brave sailor risked his own life to carry over to England or to Spain the victims who escaped the vigilance of the spies that tracked them from place to place. Such was M. Rio's birthplace; such were the wailings which first struck his infant ears. Is he right in stating that, on the one hand, the grand scenes around him, on the other the tragic incidents that met him at every turn, made a deep impression on his nascent soul, and forced it, as it were, at an early period, into a habit of ideal contemplation? No one who has reflected on the influence of our juvenile associations over after-life will deny the truth of this assertion. In fact, there does exist within the inmost depths of the human soul a certain panting, might we say, after a supernatural ideal, which our Maker himself has deposited in our nature. It is an earthly heirloom of our heavenly immortality. Of course, there is a certain vagueness in its first lispings, but the lispings of a child may one day become the bold and clear effusions of manly eloquence. Such aspirations, observes our author, "may prove abortive, and wither, like every other germ, when placed in a barren soil." "There

are, however, certain privileged natures in which this element becomes paramount in virtue of its own might, and in a sort of normal state; whilst in others it is stifled, and even utterly destroyed, owing to certain hostile influences, or from want of air and nutriment.

Such was certainly not the case with the future historian of Christian art. At the time of his early childhood, Napoleon had just concluded the Concordat, and was restoring the Church,—a fact which alone would have made his name popular throughout Britanny.

> Now let any one imagine, says M. Rio, an iconoclastic government prohibiting, on the most atrocious penalties, any manifestation of what they were pleased to call the people's credulity; and then all of a sudden, after eight long years of moral tortures and spiritual dearth, this same people recovering their right to pray together in the same building, and explaining to little children what was meant by the *House of God*, wherein they had never entered before that day;—why the altars were ruined, why the crowd venerated certain images. Under such circumstances it is easy to understand how a real craving for a public worship may become a downright passion, and even a passion lording it over every other. It is easy, likewise, to understand the enormous advantage of inaugurating, under such auspices, the intellectual, religious, and æsthetical education of a child.

Such was certainly the first education he received at home, and continued at Vannes, under the guidance of some remarkable priests, belonging to the clergy of the *ancien régime*. The child grew up into a stripling, whilst Napoleon became, in his turn, a persecutor of the Pope and an oppressor of men by his savage conscription, which threatened to drain the country of its best blood. Then came the stirring events of 1814, the Hundred Days, and the final overthrow of the great conqueror. And here M. Rio gives us a most interesting account of a guerilla warfare, undertaken and carried on for three months, by three hundred of those Breton schoolboys, himself acting as their captain. They had their strategic marches, and their battles fought and won, and their reverses manfully supported, until came that tremendous battle of Waterloo, which put an end alike to their Lilliputian enterprise and to the gigantic empire. Many a bright vision of future glory and success filled the hearts of those chivalrous youths, and well might it be so, when royalty itself condescended to commend their valour, and to reward their juvenile commander by bestowing upon him the Legion of Honour. But after all, these marks of royal favour were but bubbles, vanishing into air, and M. Rio soon found himself obliged to cope with the stern realities of life. From Vannes, where he held for a short time the post of professor in the city grammar school, he was called to Paris, with some

hopes of preferment in the *alma mater*. Here again he was baffled for a time, and obliged to fall back upon a provincial *Lycée;* but the youth being endowed with both energy and pluck, he managed to return to the capital under more favourable circumstances. One of his friends at Rennes, an Abbé Le Priol, had advised him to study German literature,—a most useful piece of advice at a time when the latter was universally unknown to Frenchmen. The young Rio turned it to good account, and thus opened a new field of exploration as to his own studies; so that, being likewise patronized by certain persons of mark belonging to the Royalist party, he gained admittance to what was called *La Société des Bonnes Lettres*. This was a sort of debating society, at the head of which shone Chateaubriand as president, and many members of the French Institute ranked among its members. On certain days, they gathered around them a select audience, to which they gave public lectures. The questions mooted in these meetings were often of a semi-literary, semi-political character, and many a hot contest, carried on with indomitable steadfastness in the Parisian press of that day, might be traced back to the polite and learned gatherings of the *Société des Bonnes Lettres*. It was held in high esteem; the very fact of being a member became a title to consideration,—a godsend to a young man, just beginning the battle of life, and so it was indeed for M. Rio.

Now there was at that time a question which rang throughout Europe; the question between the Greeks and their Mussulman rulers. We are not expressing any opinion of our own on this question; but it is necessary for our own purpose to explain that M. Rio warmly advocated the cause of the Greeks. In doing this, he resolved to treat his subject in a manner quite new to his hearers,—to open before them a track hitherto totally untrodden, at least in France.

What are the patent or occult causes which contribute to the rise and fall of the fine arts in any nation? Are they permanent or casual, irresistible like a natural force, or may they be eluded, warded off like so many other contingent evils? Such was the problem which he endeavoured to solve, and which required on his part an unusual amount of historical erudition by way of illustration. The task was full of peril; but, fortunately, he was supported by the ardent sympathy men felt in those times for the Greeks. They were delighted to hear him extol in high terms the services rendered by the latter to civilization in its most exalted meaning, and point out the conquests they had made in the realms of the Beautiful,—conquests glorious above all others, since no other nation had done the same, nor had contributed in such a degree to *fulfil a providential* mission in this world. "Thus," added M. Rio, *on concluding his* first lecture, "the question of the fine arts

supersedes frequently the testimony of peoples, and, according to a very just remark, when man remains silent the very stones are no more dumb. Thus, again, the fine arts serve as auxiliaries to history, or rather they are history itself written in large characters. They preserve the living images of all that is most dear to mankind, and they may contribute to inaugurate within the walls of our temples a new era of public liberty."

We have purposely dwelt at some length on our author's first expression of his own views on this subject, because it is the corner-stone, as it were, of the whole fabric. Any one familiar with his great work on "Christian Art in Italy" will at once see how faithfully he adheres throughout to this primitive idea,—how constantly he elucidates the progress and decline of the Italian schools by the chronicles of the times, and what intense interest his narrative often derives from the deep influence exerted by religious or political events over the most eminent artists who lived among them. Surely, such a novel system of illustration, and bearing so immediately on the subject-matter, deserved something more than a casual notice.

After all, the youthful professor had established himself on solid ground, and succeeded in securing the sympathy of his somewhat dainty audience, notwithstanding the dangerous neighbourhood of stars of more dazzling radiance. For two or three years he continued to develop a series of positions, bearing at once upon history and æsthetics. His name became popular in the press, and every paper of any note deemed it proper to notice his lectures. At this juncture the Government, incensed at the increasing violence of the Opposition, endeavoured to curb it by the establishment of a censorship over journalism, and bestowed the office of censor on M. Rio. He refused on the score of principle,—a fact which, of course, enhanced his popularity. As the celebrated Cuvier had been likewise appointed to the same functions, and followed the example of his juvenile colleague, their names were coupled together, a circumstance by no means unfavourable to the latter. Chateaubriand again mentioned him with due honour in one of his grandiloquent pamphlets; whilst a young stripling, then at school, but destined to world-wide fame, Charles de Montalembert, sent him a letter of congratulation upon his refusal. It is so characteristic of the man, that we cannot refrain from quoting it:—

"Mme. Davidoff has just informed me, my dear M. Rio, how nobly you have acted in the late affair. Allow me, as a friend, to congratulate you; as a Frenchman, to show you my gratitude. Instead of a few paltry advantages you might have acquired in regard to fortune by this degrading office, you have conquered the esteem of all France, who, thank God, stands quite aloof *from those* by whom she is governed. Your acceptance would have been a *downright perversion*."

Whilst treating these matters before a select public, M. Rio prepared a publication on "The Human Mind in Antiquity." The title was somewhat ambitious; but as he was enabled to fall back on the friendly advice and co-operation of Letronne, Abel Remusat, Burnouf, and even Cuvier himself, his work would probably have made its mark, had not the events of 1830 turned the minds of men towards more absorbing subjects. Cuvier, who was a Protestant, and a real believer in Divine revelation, was particularly struck with an opinion barely laid down by the young writer, probably reserving for a future occasion to establish its demonstration. "Inspiration in the fine arts," he said, "ever became weaker and weaker, until it totally disappeared, in the same proportion as the positive sciences went on expanding and acquiring perfection." The keen mind of Cuvier easily perceived the close connection that existed between this barely historical thesis and a question of far higher import, which was constantly at the bottom of his thoughts. He felt deep apprehension at the bitter hostility manifested by many scientific men against all revealed religion. From this very fact he had concluded, but he wished to see it proved historically, that what is now called *positive science* falls short of its aim in regard to completeness, by rejecting every source of certitude which does not rest on scientific demonstration, thus mutilating the noblest faculties of man. Hence the deep interest he took in M. Rio's researches, and the unfailing kindness he never ceased to show him. But, as we said above, the work itself fell upon a now indifferent public, though the author's reputation was greatly increased by the patronage of so many eminent men.

It was just at this period of his life that he was called by M. De la Ferronnays, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, to a confidential post near his person. Throughout M. Rio's Memoirs there breathes from first to last a deep feeling of reverence and attachment to that remarkable man. Those who are familiar with the "Récits d'une Sœur" well know how truly he deserved such a feeling; but we do not scruple to assert that, in order to become thoroughly acquainted with the Count's character, it will be henceforward indispensable to read the pages M. Rio has devoted to his former friend. There was a singular and most pleasing blending of Christian humility and innate dignity in that nobleman's nature. "The very first craving of my soul," said he, one day, "is to stand erect, even before an enemy. I believe I should die, were any living man to deem himself entitled to make me lower my eyes." In these few pithy words we have the whole man. All around him were those children, Albert, Eugénie, and Alexandrine, whose very names are now become unto us like "household words." Is it astonishing that in a short time our young Breton came to *consider his benefactor's* family as his own?

Count de la Ferronnays remained at the head of his department for a period of two years, when he was superseded by the Polignac Cabinet, which proved so fatal to the fortunes of his royal master. But whilst he held the Foreign Office, the Cabinet to which he belonged adopted a measure of a most serious character, the more so, indeed, that it was in itself an act of injustice. Party spirit ran very high in France, and the ministers, with a view of satisfying the liberal Opposition, had resolved to expel the Jesuits from the country. They held, as now, a large number of schools, in which Catholic families relied for the religious and moral education of their children. This was a great eyesore to the infidel University, then endowed by law with the monopoly of exclusively educating the whole youth of the kingdom. How Charles X. came to sign, in 1828, the famous ordinance for the dispersion of the Jesuits, God alone can tell; but, however, so it was. Count de la Ferronnays was an *émigré* of the old stock; but, unlike many of his exiled brethren, he never entertained those relaxed opinions in religious matters which so generally distinguished them. There was not the slightest grain of flippancy in his nature; and though, as yet, not a practising Catholic, he showed deep respect for everything concerning religion. The most distant approach to persecution of it he abhorred, and in the present case he felt that there was something unlawful about the matter. We may well imagine his perplexity on finding himself obliged either to incur the responsibility of the decree, as a member of the Cabinet, or to send in his resignation, which might be considered as an act of opposition to a monarch for whom he would readily have forfeited his life. In his anxiety to ascertain what was really right or wrong in the present case, he adopted a most extraordinary course, as M. Rio's graphic account will show:—

> Before coming to any determination he appealed to a man invested with the sacerdotal character (we believe him to have been a Jesuit), and whose well-known principles placed him beyond even the suspicion of conniving with those who were preparing to overthrow the whole order by striking at a few of its members. In one word, he was a priest, and a most scrupulous priest, who thus became an umpire between the two opinions, one of which M. de la Ferronnays was to adopt, and which divided alike the Chambers and the cabinet.
>
> I should consider it as an act of unpardonable temerity on my part to relate here even in an approximative account what really took place between the two speakers, both of whom, in such a solemn moment, anxiously felt the weight of their mutual responsibility. But what I may affirm is, that on one side there were several repeated appeals to the conscience and superior knowledge of the other, and that at certain moments there were several intervals of a most torturing silence, to which a sort of supernatural inspiration seemed *alone capable of* putting an end. The more M. de la Ferronnays endeavoured

to humble himself before the umpire who had been sent to him, the more the latter felt his perplexity increase—a perplexity amounting to downright terror, when he heard the latter address him in a sort of summons, urgently impelled as he was by his earnest wish to put an end to his doubts and to escape from future remorse.

"Is the measure in question," said he, "or is it not, fatal to religion?"

On hearing this last question, to which he could make no evasive answer, the priest, pushed to the foot of the wall, turned deadly pale, and to clear up at once a situation so truly embarrassing, he hastily replied, *No*,—but in the despairing tone of a man who was pronouncing his own sentence of death. For his own security, he received a solemn promise never to reveal his name, and the man who made that promise kept it to the last.

Such is the thrilling incident which M. Rio had from the lips of his noble friend in 1837, and there is more than one no less interesting in the book now before us. La Ferronnays had studied diplomacy under the Duke de Richelieu, the best and most enlightened minister of the elder Bourbons. His lessons were not lost upon the Count, who, on more than one occasion maintained the dignity of the French crown against the secret enmity, and the corrupt and all but omnipotent influence of Prince Metternich. However, for this as well as for other matters, throwing a new light on the internal intrigues of the French court at that period, we must refer the reader to the work itself: it will well requite his trouble.

Yet if M. de la Ferronnays' services were no longer required as a minister, his successor, Prince de Polignac, would not dispense with them as ambassador at Rome. To the great surprise of young Rio, the Count offered him again a confidential station in the Embassy, and Albert was the messenger selected to make the proposal. Such was the delicate way in which he was introduced into the family circle of the ambassador. Of course an offer of this kind was not to be rejected, for one of the most ardent wishes of our author was naturally to study on the spot the productions of the great Italian schools.

At last, says he, on the 15th of April, 1830, one of the happiest days of my life, I could exclaim, on awaking: "*Italiam, Italiam!*" We travelled at a slow rate, especially on the other side of the Alps, and I easily obtained of my companions that we should stop at Pisa to see the *Campo Santo*, and at Florence, to visit the Uffizi Gallery and the Pitti, where I should feel the most exquisite delight on contemplating the Judith of Cristofano Allori! I candidly confess that I was quite disconcerted by my own ignorance, when thus suddenly placed before so many wonderful masterpieces, without the slightest respect to their chronological or genetical order. Not one of the books I had read gave me a clue to guide me through the labyrinth. Valery's *work on Italy* had not yet been published, I had not even heard of the one by

which the German Rumohr had just struck out a new road in a branch of literature, forming the very basis of æsthetics.

But this transitory disappointment was compensated for by sundry emotions, the keenness of which was not always in due proportion to the importance of the different objects, nor to the sights that produced them. It was a delightful mixture of childish and serious admiration, which was to culminate in Rome, where we entered at night, on the 1st of May, in the midst of a deep, solemn silence, interrupted only by the rumbling noise of our vehicle and the waterworks of the *Piazza del Popolo*. Yet neither the fatigues of a long journey, nor the need of food and sleep, were so imperious as that of prayer. Mine had never been so long and ardent. Methought I was entering the city of God, whose wonders I was about to contemplate.

It was a strange time that for Christian artists, or, simply Christian connoisseurs, as we may now call M. Rio. Both in England and France, it was a matter laid down as a rule, we may say, that certain pictures, and certain pictures alone, were worth seeing at Rome, Florence, and elsewhere. The strangest of all was that those very pictures bore the stamp of decline and mannerism in every part of their composition. For instance, Daniele da Volterra, Andrea Sacchi, and Giulio Romano, were placed on the same level as Raphael; and a visit to the Catacombs, with a view of studying within their dark recesses the first efforts of Christian art, would have been deemed puerile. We may well imagine how all this sort of official admiration jarred upon the young Breton's feelings; however, in company of the pure souls that surrounded him, he gave himself up to his own spontaneous impressions, enjoying this or that wonderful masterpiece without much discrimination perhaps, but then without any hackneyed prepossession. In fact, he had as yet no one to guide him, no higher direction to appeal to, and he began to feel the sad deficiencies of his education in this respect. Upon the whole, he did not reap from his two months' residence in Rome the amount of practical information or ideas which he had been led to expect. One thing, however, made a deep impression on his mind; we mean certain Madonnas, known by the name of St. Luke. "They brought," he says, "as it were, the first ray of light to my æsthetical horizon; and from that day I began to see the possibility of writing a history of Christian art according to a plan, which would make its progress depend far more on the depth of inspiration than on any perfection in its technical parts."

Doubtless he sadly felt at that very moment his ignorance as to those "technical parts"; but in our opinion, he sought for his criterion of an æsthetical ideal in a far better sphere. Whilst admiring the frescoes of Michael Angelo, he became enraptured with *the wonderful* productions of Ghirlandajo, Botticelli, Perugino; close *to the Sixtine* he discovered—the word is not too strong—a small

chapel called *Di Sesto Quinto;* and, next to unknown at that period, a great artist and a great saint, Fra Angelico, who had covered the walls with the marvellous effusions of his art and of his adoration. Well might M. Rio fall down and worship in mute admiration before these Madonnas, saints, and martyrs: when a man of innate taste has approached his lips to such pure waters, he can drink no others. At any rate, he could now exclaim,—*Eureka!*

Eureka might he say likewise in another sense. To have found at once the purest types of æsthetical beauty was a piece of good fortune which rarely falls to the lot of any man in our times, but that man must likewise be himself peculiarly gifted to discern among those around him the conditions of that selfsame beauty as it is revealed instinctively to the human soul. Now this was exactly the case with the daughters of M. de la Ferronnays, who unconsciously taught him more in this respect than all his meditations on the splendid pictures he had before his eyes. He was from the very first struck with their attitude, and in order, as far as possible, to enter into their feelings, his eyes followed their slow evolutions from sanctuary to sanctuary. "I endeavoured," adds he, "to guess at their prayers to join in them, and I almost envied the tears which bathed their cheeks when their prostrate heads rose from the ground." One of them, yielding to the feeling which then overpowered her, without the slightest subserviency to any archæological notion, or any technical admiration, expressed in aftertimes her own impressions in the following admirable words:—

"Fatherland is the place where we live, which we love, where we should wish to be, after which we pant. Heaven alone is our fatherland, and if we must need choose one here below, it is in Thy churches, O my God, in the places where Thou art worshipped, in the cross which recalls Thy sufferings."

Such was the spectacle M. Rio had constantly before him, and we may well imagine that it taught him more than one useful lesson. Indeed we might affirm that one of the great attractions of his book is the perpetual blending of real life and historical personages with his views on the principles of the fine arts. It gives a charm to the whole, which even works of fiction seldom possess. As we go on, his narrative is ever interwoven with a real network of religious emotions, patriotic feelings, dear remembrances, and still more endearing attachments. Following him through all his pilgrimages in search of the beautiful, in every large European centre, where he may meet with it, we ever find his enthusiasm for the delights of friendship, his deep and sincere reverence for the living models he had before him, on a level with that æsthetical enthusiasm, which seems to be the groundwork and very basis of his own character. The reader cannot even dream of satiety; as for dry,

scientific disquisitions, they are utterly out of the question; from Guizot, Cousin, or Montalambert, who stand before us in strong relief and speak their own language in their own way, you are suddenly called back to Dante, Petrarca, and other wonderful poets of olden times; or again, to the different characters of legendary lore, arising out of the different countries in which they spring up. On M. Rio's first visit to Venice he seems to have been immediately struck with the grandeur of its memories, with its doges, its senate, its warriors, above all with the touching mixture of religious inspiration and chivalrous feeling that characterized the primitive effulgence of its school of art, as represented by Carpaccio, the two Bellinis, Luini, and Francia. Perhaps there was a mysterious link between himself and these old masters; the man, who yet a boy, had fought for the faith and liberties of his forefathers, could understand better than others the patriotism and faith of the Venetian mediæval worthies. At any rate, had we to make a choice among the manifold discoveries of the writer in the field of æsthetics, we should certainly give the preference to his chapter on Venice.

But he was torn from the absorbing attractions of Venice itself by an irresistible appeal from another quarter. His two bosom friends, Albert de la Ferronnays and Count de Montalembert, were waiting for him at Leghorn, to proceed from thence to Florence. The three youths at once put forth their energies to serve the Church, according to their different callings; and if we had time or space to quote we might here produce a most touching picture of their common life, wherein devotedness, prayer, study, mutual affection, and refined enjoyments were all blended together. But a few years after, death had laid his cold hand on one of them, and saddened these dear remembrances into a melancholy legend of the past.

We have come to the year 1831. It was just at that time that Count de la Ferronnays commenced with M. Rio a most admirable correspondence, of which we propose to give a few specimens hereafter, but which must be read from one end to the other if we wish to form a correct idea of what is true Christian friendship. We do not believe that in any language nor in any other times has there existed such a model of the kind. At that time again M. de la Mennais was at Rome, whither the three friends joined him, little dreaming of the sombre part he was about to play, and, consequently, full ready, all three, to give themselves up to the influence of that giant mind. After a sojourn of six months alternately at Rome and Naples, the author of "Christian Art" resumed his artistic peregrinations, and dwelt successively in the Romagnas, Umbria, Tuscany, Ferrara, and *Venice*, ever plunging deeper and deeper into the mysteries of the

old schools, ever reaping new results and documents for his future publication.

Yet still it must be remembered he was left to his own individual researches, still he felt the want of a guide, a director of those technical no less than theoretical studies, which were to be met with at Munich alone, in the opinion of Count de Motalembert. So he resolved to visit that town, in company with M. de la Mennais. It was a splendid focus of art and science in those days, that capital of Bavaria. Just imagine the scene. Joseph Gœrres, himself a power, Schelling, Mœhler, Baader, Döllinger (*quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!*) in the field of religion and philosophy;—Cornelius, Veit, Kaulbach, Schwanthaler, all rising in the field of art. At their head and above them King Ludwig, who in those times was ambitious of becoming the patron of letters and art, of making his capital a German Athens. Such was the company into which M. de la Mennais introduced his youthful compatriot; nor could such masters have found a more intelligent pupil. But first of all let us show our readers in what high estimation was then held his introducer.

La Mennais was in the full blaze of his reputation. Whatever might be thought of his speculations in politics, or his violence in controversy, he ranked high as a priest and as a most powerful writer. His influence over the young French clergy was next to unbounded. Yet, strange to say, the man whose writings recalled the best pages penned by the best authors in French literature never lived, we may venture to say, upon a footing of close intimacy with those whom we might otherwise call his bosom friends. The present writer resided under his roof for a whole year, and, as our recollections still turn back with gratitude and fondness towards that blessed period, when, with the grace of God, he succeeded in bringing us back to the Church, we remember, likewise, that chilly feeling, akin both to fear and awe, which all felt in his presence. There was a sternness, a want of geniality in his nature, that froze within its very germ the bud of tenderness. The kindly, loving Abbé Gerbet often winced and shivered under this freezing influence; and Montalembert, as well as Lacordaire, would have confirmed the truth of the above observations. La Mennais—we are speaking of his best times—was framed to man other men's nerves for the onslaught, and he set them a bright example;—himself of steel, like steel he rebounded with double force against a presumptuous adversary. We could quote certain passages of his in which he has outjuvenalled Juvenal, if there were any use whatsoever in these retrospective reminiscences. We should not even have recalled the fact had not M. Rio experienced the same feeling after living for three months together with the celebrated philosopher of La Chesnaie.

Of course nothing of that kind was even dreamt of when La Mennais arrived at Munich, in 1832, on his return from Rome, in anxious expectation of what the Pope would decide in regard to the doctrines of the *Avenir*. His immediate object in coming to Bavaria was to secure the political sympathy of that celebrated school—and it was proffered without delay. His own attitude towards the new government in France was exactly the same as that of the Bavarian Catholics. They only required practical and entire freedom for the exercise of their religion, such as it was guaranteed by the Constitution. There existed, therefore, between them and the French Catholics what the latter would call *une harmonie préétablie;* and we must remember likewise that M. de la Mennais, being still, to all appearance, an orthodox priest, he was considered as their lawful and most illustrious representative. Besides, through the *Avenir* he had conquered the adhesion of Baader, one of the champions of German philosophy, who a year before had become his co-religionist and an active contributor to the paper.

There was a moment, indeed, when Schelling himself seemed yielding to the influence of the great agitator. At least, such was M. Rio's opinion. The celebrated German philosopher was then undergoing one of those mental evolutions which so frequently marked his career. Hitherto he knew La Mennais only by his writings, and had come to the conclusion that he was the most powerful dialectician of his times. In Schelling's language the word had a far deeper meaning than we usually attach to it, as was proved by the fact that he wished for a secret interview with La Mennais. The interview took place, and Rio alone was admitted as an eyewitness, on account of his command of the German language. The incident is so curious and so utterly unknown that we cannot do better than borrow his own narrative:—

> Schelling's ideas had taken a different course from what they were formerly, and I was sufficiently acquainted with that difference not to despair of seeing him take a decisive step in his new direction. His recent lessons on the philosophy of revelation, and the deep impression they had made even beyond the precincts of the University, were considered by many of his colleagues as a sign of the times, or as the symptoms of a reaction, the need of which became daily more apparent, in consequence of the anarchy that prevailed on metaphysical matters in the minds of men. Once upon this track, Schelling had made, or at least appeared to have made, enormous concessions not only to Christianity as it is understood by Protestant theologians, but even to Catholicism, with all its traditional organism; and he had gone so far as to regret that the unity of doctrine to which it owes its whole strength *might not* be transplanted, though with certain restrictions, on the ground of *philosophical* science.

Evidently such was the undercurrent of his thoughts, as was shown by the long and curious conversation at which I had the happiness to attend. But instead of seeking in faith for a remedy to the evil under which our intellect was labouring, he sought for it in science itself, or rather among those whose genius made them worthy, as it were, of being its high priests; and it was easy to perceive, notwithstanding his reticences, that he would readily have awarded the dignity to himself.

As the interview in question took place but a few days after La Mennais' arrival in Munich, there was no time for ascertaining the precise points of the German's novel doctrine; great, therefore, was the surprise of the two Frenchmen when they heard him set forth an ingenious theory of three churches, among which he distributed the whole human race and the work of redemption. To St. Peter the patronage of Catholicity,—somewhat too much entrammelled, said he, in Jewish ceremonies; to St. Paul, the patronage of Protestantism with all its Hellenic affinities; and last, not least, St. John was to govern the great Church, over which the three apostles were to preside, as being a sort of grand Christian Pantheon.

Such was the solution proposed by Schelling, in the name of German science, the only science, in his eyes, bearing a character of universality. Those alone who have known La Mennais can figure to themselves his attitude on hearing this truly amazing exposition. We think we can even now see that thin pallid face, where thought had furrowed many a wrinkle, the eyebrows knit together so deeply that they literally concealed those grey eyes of his, from whence ever and anon flashed fire; whilst, under any strong impulse, his thin, yet expressive lips, were curved by a grim smile.

Such must have been La Mennais' bearing, though M. Rio does not say it in so many words. There was no standing for him on this loose ground, so he chose his own. As a thorough, cogent, iron reasoner, we might say, La Mennais had not his match, though he was a superficial metaphysician. For more than a full hour he kept his two auditors spellbound, and wondering at the ease with which he tore to shreds the whole system. It is but fair to add, that Schelling himself did not belie his own genius, since he extorted the admiration of the younger Breton by the elevation of his views, and his splendid powers as a metaphysician. "When we parted," says M. Rio, "I could almost have regretted the sympathy he had excited within me; but this only made me the prouder of the victory gained by my countryman over the greatest genius of Germany. What a pity that hundreds—nay, thousands—of auditors were not there to transmit elsewhere the impression which such a spectacle must needs have made on them."

But how would he be able to preserve the chain of thought and *expressions* of the above conversation? Rio's first idea was to

prompt M. de la Mennais himself to write down the details under the excitement of the hour, but the latter refused to do so from a feeling of delicacy. At last, yielding to the repeated prayers of his young friend, he drew up the following *précis* of the discussion; on condition, however, that it should never be made known until after the death of both antagonists. The document will appear of still greater interest if we remember that a few months after its writer became an apostate:—

"We were both of opinion that one peculiar feature of the period in which we are now entering would be the spiritual freedom of peoples; or, according to La Mennais, that conscience and intellect would cease to be, in any degree, dependent on any purely human power.

"Schelling, going still further, maintained that, in his opinion, the above independence would extend to the Church itself; so that, though every man would depend on his reason alone for his belief, nevertheless a universal belief would arise, founded upon an irresistible conviction, itself based upon the development of science, and destined to supersede faith. That science will be absolutely adequate to its own ends; it will bring back mankind to unity, because, on the one hand, it will rest on certain primitive facts; and, on the other, on a method hitherto unknown to the world, by the help of which it will be possible to deduce progressively and rigorously from those primitive facts the whole body of Christianity, or, in other words, all the laws of humanity.

"The discussion starting from the above premisses, La Mennais observed:—

"(1.) That those primitive facts upon which science was to operate, and without which science could not even exist, are dogmatical quite as well as historical. So they themselves must be *believed* at the very outset, and believed as absolutely certain; so, again, science is not self-supported, is not adequate to her own ends, and she must needs fall back on a pre-existing faith of a nature totally different from our usual scientific convictions. (2.) The scientific development of this pre-existing faith, even supposing it to be possible in the sense attached to it by Schelling, could never exist but among a small number of men, whilst the great mass of mankind must ever remain totally strangers to it.

"To this Schelling agreed, adding even that the great multitude of human beings would continue to be led by authority, and to *believe* without discussion in the doctrine of those who should found their convictions on the scientific method.

"On this La Mennais remarked that, according to the above opinion, the Catholic principle was allowed to be indispensable for the great body of mankind, and those alone were freed from it who, in the language of the Catholic Church, are called the teaching body, as being entrusted, through teaching, with the care of forming the faith of others. To this Schelling likewise assented.

"*But*, subjoined La Mennais, what degree of certainty shall we have of *the results* obtained through science? If you say that reason in affirming

them cannot err, you make the reason of each man more infallible than the Church itself, which only pretends to a traditional infallibility; you make reason as infallible as God himself. If, on the contrary, reason is fallible, every truth without exception, every law of humanity, becomes doubtful.

"Schelling by no means attributed such an infallibility to reason; and, relatively to the second part of the dilemma, on its liability to error, and, consequently, to contradictory convictions entertained by the holders of scientific beliefs, he maintained that community of opinion and unity would exist in the method alone, not in its various applications.

"This was no solution of the difficulty, it was an admission of it, it was declaring it insoluble. Schelling felt it, and appeared to concede:—

"(1.) That there does exist a certain order of primeval truths, totally independent of science, and forming its very foundation.

"(2.) That those facts, besides the historical events recorded among the annals of Christianity, contain the dogmas and precepts, in one word, every matter *of belief* in the Church, and proposed by her as such.

"(3.) That those primeval facts, thus defined, subsist by their own virtue; science cannot produce them no more than she can weaken them.

"(4.) That every scientific result, contradicting those facts, must needs be acknowledged as false, and as such rejected. To this Schelling formally assented.

"F. De La Mennais."

Such is the synopsis of this debate held in 1832 between two of the most powerful thinkers of our times, such the line of argument which enabled La Mennais to bring his antagonist to bay. The under-current of his mind was yet on the whole Catholic, as is easy to perceive; but shortly after, in the midst of his ovations and the rejoicings of his new Bavarian friends, he was informed that Rome had condemned his views. From that day he was an altered man; wounded pride got the upper hand in his soul, and to what a miserable end came the apostate priest all the world knows. Suffice it to say, that in the course of a few more months Rio and La Mennais parted, never to see each other again. What link could now bring them together? And perhaps, after all, the younger of these two Bretons was the only one who preserved those solemn and doleful remembrances of the past.

During four successive residences at Munich, and three others in Italy, our author had found out that the study of Christian art was something far more extensive than he had at first imagined. "The character of grandeur," says he, "almost overpowering for faculties like mine, at least in such a direction, acted as a discouraging cause, not only on account of so many new ideas it gave rise to, but also on account of the new ground on which I must needs take my stand." Since Schelling, now a member of the Munich Academy of Science, had enthroned, as it were, within its walls the science of *Æsthetics by his* famous speech on the relation of the fine arts to

nature, not only had the Beautiful taken the lead of all other sciences, but it had made tributaries of all the different branches of literature, and the notion of *Ideal* was quite as familiar to moralists as to poets and philosophers. "In order to obtain a full appreciation of this admirable movement," adds a French critic, "it would be necessary to read Goethe's letters on Italy, Tieck's novels, and, above all, Jean Paul Richter, of whom we may say with truth that during his long life he was an apostle and ardent missionary of the Ideal, inaugurated by Schelling in his system of transcendental philosophy. Jean Paul Richter sought for his inspirations in religious traditions, and in his eyes Christianity had acted as a sort of Last Judgment, dooming to death the old world of Heathenism and sense, to make way for the spiritual world.

Thus, all around the master mind of Schelling there was a host of minor, yet ardent, spirits, intent upon *vulgarizing*, as the French put it, the new doctrines. Their names were Haman, Claudius, Jacobi, Shenkendorf, Stolberg, and many others.

Schelling was doubtless the grand discoverer in this region, and yet if we are to judge from M. Rio's personal experience, it was by no means easy to follow in his wake. The Germans seem over-fond of an archaic terminology which they create for themselves, mindless of all the world besides, as if obscurity were depth, or clearness and precision were real faults in a writer. At any rate, our author found it necessary to get his master's lofty adumbrations translated into common mortal language, and probably they lost nothing by the translation. Indeed, it was only at a later period that M. Rio was certain of really understanding the philosopher's transcendental idealism; but we must refer the reader to his pages for a summary of the system.

After all, if we were to give our own opinion on the subject, we should say that there was an innate, and perhaps unconscious, tendency to pantheism in Schelling's idea of æsthetics, as will always be the case, whatever may be their genius, with those who rear their edifice on science alone. We therefore doubt greatly whether the author of "Christian Art" would have profited much by the lessons of his German masters. Fortunately for him and for ourselves, he had other resources of a more practical kind at his command; first, in the Italian researches ("Italianische-Forschungen") of Baron von Rumohr; secondly, in his own researches among the galleries and historical depositories of Italy; and thirdly, in his constant intercourse with the most eminent men of France and England. The German work was the production of a wealthy Danish nobleman, who devoted a considerable part of his life and fortune to the study of Italian art, ever tracing it back to its *true* source of inspiration—pure religion, ever repudiating the

hackneyed opinions of the day. According to our humble view of the matter, Rumohr did more for Rio's æsthetical education than all the high-flown notions of Schelling and his disciples put together. We believe that he himself would hardly controvert our assertion.

We have named France, and in the eyes of many this may appear somewhat paradoxical. Of all European nations, England excepted, France is perhaps the one which entertains the lowest conception of the beautiful in the arts of design. Take her different schools from the close of the sixteenth century down to our own times, and you may trace throughout all their productions something high and dry, a certain stiffness reminding one of the strict etiquette which prevailed at the court of Louis the Fourteenth, rather than of those meek, scientific, angelic forms that grace so many Italian or Spanish pictures of the golden age. The very Italian artists, who were called up from their own country by the Valois, or the first Bourbon monarchs, seem to have undergone a change of mind when transferred to the banks of the Seine. Nicholas Poussin, Philip de Champagne, and others, all bear more or less this stamp of sameness and dryness; Lesueur alone would perhaps form an exception in his inimitable life of S. Bruno, and it must be remembered that he laboured among the Carthusian monks, in whose society he would daily reap an ample stock of legendary lore. Now what a perennial source of inspiration were the mediæval legends to the Transalpine artists. How much a Giotto, or a Fra Angelico, or a Francia, or Raphael himself, or again the Umbrian and Ventian schools have learnt by them! How truly lovely, heavenly, ethereal are those Madonnas, Bambini, and saintly personages that surround them! On looking at them your very soul is moved sometimes to tears; how is it that nothing of the same character ever strikes us in a French painting of the best masters? Correctness of design, an elaborate disposition of the groups in accordance with the technical rules, a sober, yet vivid colouring, all essentials are there; but the feeling, the *je ne sais quoi*, which urges you to fall down and pray, where is it? Altogether French pictures remind one down to very lately of statuary, and it is a remarkable fact that one of their great reformers, David, brings forth this fault in strong relief in every one of his pictures.

There seems, therefore, to have been hitherto a want of real æsthetical feeling, in its highest sense, among our neighbours, and if a reaction has set in of late years, most perceptible in the productions of Orset, Perrin, and Hyppolite Flandrin, it is attributable first of all to the strong religious revulsion of the last five-and-twenty years; and, secondly, to the joint efforts of Rio, Montalembert, and *Victor Hugo*. But what was the real state of opinion in France,

when the young peer published his famous letter on *Vandalism in the Fine Arts*, we may judge from the fact that Rio's first volume fell dead upon the ear of the public, and well nigh discouraged him altogether. But Montalembert was not a man to be baffled by difficulties; with the dash of a crusader he plunged headlong into the thickest of the fight, ever returning to the charge until the day was won, until the tide was turned. Few men have done more than Montalembert for the fine arts in France, though at that very time he was fighting for the liberties of the Church. "Don't stay at Munich," he used to write to his friend on that occasion; "don't stand there hunting after the vagaries of a Baader or of a Schelling; come back here to fight out the good cause with us. You owe it as a duty to yourself and to your country."

Such were the fiery adjurations of the noble Count, and M. Rio was not the man to turn a deaf ear to them. It was as well for his future studies that he was thus recalled from the towering heights of German *ideal* to the practical, prosaic every-day level of human life. It is dangerous to be too long soaring in the skies.

M. Rio had married an Englishwoman, and was now the happy father of two lovely little girls. There is nothing astonishing, therefore, that our language should have become in time as familiar to him as his own, nor that he should have made many prolonged residences in England. He was thus led by degrees to study our literature, with the special view of discovering its connection with the religious vicissitudes which England has undergone for the last three centuries. To many this peculiar point of view may appear strange; to others better acquainted with the annals of those times, they well know what a large share Catholicism has had in forming the mind of many of our old authors. At any rate the subject was attractive, and as M. Rio was then labouring under great discouragement in consequence of the utter failure of his first volume on Christian Art, it gave a new direction to his ideas. He was, besides, stimulated in his undertaking by his English friends—by Protestants even still more than by Catholics—so that when, after prosecuting his new researches for three years in Wales, the birthplace of his wife, he came up to London, every door was open to him, and he had free access to nearly every sort of information. The reader will likewise bear in mind that he still belonged to the diplomatic corps. And with these few words by way of explanation, we shall glance at some of the eminent men whom he soon made his friends, and whose portraits he excels in painting from life. We select a few of them.

The man whom the Whigs agreed to consider as the most competent *judge in history* was Lord Macaulay, or rather Mr. Macaulay, for those two

appellations represent two very different phases of his literary career. The Macaulay of the first phase, the author of so many wonderful masterpieces published under the title of "Essays," had spoken in his narrative of the famous Hastings trial so admirably of Burke [one of M. Rio's great heroes], that I felt almost quite as grateful for it as if he had rendered me a personal service. To this may be added, that whenever any one spoke in his presence of the atrocious measures adopted in England to extirpate Catholicism, he defended the victims with a degree of energy expressing something more than mere compassion. He then became really eloquent, far more indeed than in the House of Commons, where he as yet seldom rose to that height which one was entitled to demand of a man who, by his deep knowledge and splendid talents, seemed to concentrate in his own person every condition required for great parliamentary success.

No, it was not on such ground that Macaulay displayed the prodigious resources of his mind, but above all of his memory, it was in conversation. There he ruled as a master, nay, even as a despot, a fact not always pleasing to those who had already swayed, or aspired to sway, the same sceptre. As for myself, whose part was far more humble, and who found the delight of novelty in these dazzling extemporaneous effusions, I listened with an ecstasy founded partly on the abundance and *àpropos* of the quotations by which he was prone to support his line of argument; and these quotations were not only borrowed from his favourite English poets whose compositions he seemed to know all by heart, but he likewise laid under contribution the works of classical antiquity. Indeed, if I recollect right, he was the first who gave me the spectacle which I met with so frequently afterwards at breakfast or dinners, of guests who, without being professional scholars, quoted Greek authors quite as freely as we do our French writers. It is well known that Lord Brougham, who was keenly sensitive as to the susceptibilities of his audiences, sometimes gave way to a similar license in some of the gravest parliamentary debates.

At any rate, I for one felt no fatigue at these luxuriant and extempore exhibitions of Mr. Macaulay; I was but too happy to find in his appreciations, however diffuse they might be, a help to my own ignorance of a hundred little things concerning contemporary history, which were alluded to in my presence, but which I could not understand. There were, however, certain blanks in his mind, certain problems he could never solve, certain exalted doctrines to which his practical genius could not ascend, as was proved by the latter part of his literary career, when, as Lord Macaulay, he ceased to be a witty and conscientious critic to become an elegant but partial historian, thus satisfying at one and the same time the good taste and narrow prejudices of the majority of his readers.

It was a wonderful thing to see Hallam and Macaulay tilting against each other, on account of the efforts displayed by each of them to show the same qualities and advantages that distinguished his antagonist. This spectacle I enjoyed several times in the spring of 1839; but above all one morning at breakfast with the poet Samuel Rogers, who by no means liked his hospitality to be spoilt by noisy controversies. He was obliged, like myself, for a full *hour to play the* part of a mute, and this made him very fidgety against his

guests. I myself was all eyes and ears; indeed, what I heard and saw left me such a lively impression, that I immediately wrote down as follows in my diary:—

"Monday, May 15th. — Breakfasted this morning at Rogers's with Hallam and Macaulay. The whole time it was nothing else but a cross-fire between the two rivals. They seemed to vie at saying the most in a short time; their volubility was something awful. Both were endowed with a prodigious memory, and a no less prodigious power of elocution; so it was really difficult that the dialogue should *degenerate* into a general conversation. For a full hour the two illustrious speakers seemed ambitious of proving that on any given subject they were inexhaustible, even when most alien to a man of letters, — such as the navy, uniforms, the police, civil law, &c. At last Rogers succeeded in bringing them back from those highways and byways, and by degrees our little meeting became interesting. But in the course of time Macaulay once more regained possession of his sceptre, and I listened to him even with still greater attention than usual.

"This is how I should sum up the impression he left upon my mind:—I should say of Macaulay that his overloaded memory stands very much in the way of his mind, which I allow to be quick and sound, but has no tendency to soar or to dig, all its motions being as it were horizontal. His manners and tone savour a little of the bar; he has got the conceited trick of breaking off his speech if only part of the audience are listening to him, and he will walk to the other end of the room, holding the thread of the conversation in his hands, and perfectly confident that no one will dare snatch it from him.* His eyes sparkle with wit, and the lower part of his forehead displays a very fine projection; there is something more open, more kindly, than in that of Hallam, wherein you can trace keen wit in the eyes, still keener sarcasm in the upper lip; but between the upper and lower part of the face there rises a most harsh muscle, forming a sort of barrier between both, and against that muscle every genial expansiveness, every irradiation, flowing either from the eyes or lips, seems to expire."

Our readers will readily admit, we believe, that if Hallam and Macaulay displayed wonderful powers in conversation, they had found a hearer full worthy of appreciating their talents. But we must hurry on to other figures, delineated with no less firmness and delicacy of pencil.

Here comes Thomas Carlyle, then only beginning to emerge from obscurity, and destined to remain yet, for a long time to come, totally unknown to a French public. He had particularly shocked M. Rio's sensitive conscience by the easy, off-hand way in which he absolves the crimes of the great Revolutionists. This feeling amounted to downright indignation on meeting with the following passage:—"It is impossible to name any period in the history of France when the nation, as a body, suffered less than during the

* The above words stand in English in the original.

period called the Reign of Terror": "an assumption so arbitrary and so insulting for the victims," adds our author, "had left in my mind an aversion which I should have deemed incurable, had I not met the man who made it."

Great, therefore, was his surprise when, instead of a ferocious Jacobin, he was brought face to face with a person of simple manners, his eyes beaming with kindness, and altogether showing a soul open to every tender emotion. On some of the most vital religious and political questions M. Rio found himself on common ground with Carlyle. Could this be the man who was represented as the friend and adviser of certain notorious revolutionists, such as Godefroi, Cavaignac, and Mazzini? Yes, indeed; so it was; for shortly after their new acquaintance, he invited him to dine with the two personages. Think of what must have been the inward feelings of the young offspring of the old Chouan! However, he got over it by degrees, especially on becoming more intimate with the author of "Heroes and Hero Worship." Besides, there was a certain latent originality, a certain fondness for the Ideal, which ever and anon burst forth in Carlyle's conversations; and we know how very congenial that turn of mind was always to that of our Frenchman; so we soon find him inserting in his diary the following lines:—

"April 8, 1839.—The four hours I have just been passing with Carlyle may reckon among the best I have known in London. We entered deeply into many great subjects, the Crusades, Dante, the French Revolution, the religious future of Europe, of which he takes a more sunny view than I do, on account of his faith in the progress of mankind and the durability of Christianity. My objections, grounded on the decline of the highest of Christian virtues—humility—embarrassed him a little, precisely because he highly appreciates that virtue, which he admits to have been both better understood and practised in the Middle Age than at present. He professes the highest admiration for the Crusades and for Peter the Hermit, whom he curiously compares with Demosthenes. The former, said he, used to labour over his speeches to such a degree that they were said to smell of lamp oil, and then he went to declaim them on the seashore with pebbles in his mouth, leaving to posterity as the grand rule for an orator: Action, action, action. The latter issues forth from his cloister without any other preparation but fasting and prayer; for the precept of the Athenian orator he substitutes another of far more power: Faith, faith, and faith. The first was doomed to see his eloquence vanquished and Philip lording it over Greece; the second upheaved Europe by the sound of his voice, and rushed on to the deliverance of the Holy Land.

"The short parallel he drew between Milton's Satan and Goethe's Mephistopheles was equally striking. Milton makes him a grand and interesting *figure*,—*the most* interesting, indeed, of all his heroes, a personage who would

excite admiration were he to come forth in public. In 'Faust,' on the contrary, he is what he ought to be, utterly repulsive."

And thus M. Rio goes on, showing us Carlyle as a man of feeling, as a poet, fond of conjuring up "the image of his native village and the sound of the bells which tinkled in his childish ears," and then again the story of his marriage,—a real bit of romance. We said in the beginning of the present article, that we have before us a true panoramic view of the most eminent Englishman of our times, not indeed on the public stage, but in close intimacy, by the home fire-side, for the young Breton seems to have won upon them all by his own enthusiasm for the Sublime and Beautiful, as well as by his talent for conversation, which is perhaps scarcely less remarkable, though of a less emphatic character, than that of Macaulay himself. We can however barely point out to the reader a most telling description of Samuel Rogers's character, of Mr. Gladstone's habits and mode of life at his father's house, where M. Rio soon found himself upon a footing of the closest friendship. It was at Mr. Gladstone's that he met for the first time Archdeacon Manning, with whom he entered upon a long discussion on various religious subjects. The principal question debated was that of authority in matters of faith. The sundry inconveniences arising out of private judgment when pushed to the extreme were such, that the arguments against it might have proved irrefutable, had not the impassible archdeacon blunted the weapon in his adversary's hands by his no less blunt and absolute denial. He constantly maintained that no power on earth would ever make him acknowledge that divine supremacy of the Pope, which Manzoni, on Mr. Gladstone's own admission, considered as indispensable for the birth and support of faith in the human soul. The discussion fell to the ground: the archdeacon and M. Rio parted, to meet again only fifteen years afterwards in very different circumstanecs.

I was in Rome during the Lent of 1854 (says the latter) at a time, when the native and foreign preachers seem to vie with each other for the conversion of souls, but more particularly for those estranged from faith by hereditary errors. All of a sudden I was informed that an English priest, Dr. Manning, lately arrived in Rome, whither the news of his conversion had preceded him, was to preach the next day before a mixed audience in the chapel of the Irish College. One may easily imagine that I was not the last to be there. What a matter of surprise, and what a thorough alteration not only in the features and in the costume and in the general aspect of his person, but also in the milder expression of his looks, and even in the very tone of his voice, which seemed to denote corresponding alterations of the inner man! But again imagine if you can the intensity of my emotion when, after a few preliminary observations, the speaker announced that he would show the *necessity* of a pontifical infallibility for the purpose of rendering possible the

action of the Holy Ghost within the Church; so that he was about to develop in a way totally novel to myself that identical dogma which he had declared to be downright inadmissible when I had endeavoured to demonstrate its necessity. Now that I was there one of his humble auditors, that necessity appeared to him still more evident than to myself; and, alone among the audience, I might have a right to claim a twofold share in the blessing by which he closed his speech. But indeed I did not feel this to be quite enough. He had scarcely left the pulpit when I hurried to a spot on his passage through the cloister, and I was enabled to satisfy the yearning I had felt for the last hour to press his hands within my own.

We have reserved for the last M. Rio's connection with the La Ferronnays family, around which we may say that his life pivoted for many years. When the Revolution of 1830 took place, the Count could of course no longer carry into execution those plans which he had formed in favour of his young compatriot; but he knew his man, and knew very well that he could reckon upon him as a friend. We have seen above how M. Rio first visited Rome, in company with the ambassador, in 1828; four years after, they both met again at Leghorn, where the Count formally offered him to act as tutor to Albert, whose premature ill health had left more than one lacuna in his education. Albert himself had often expressed the same wish, and seems to have been fondly attached to his father's former secretary. Between the youth and the future author of "Christian Art," a new tie had lately been formed by Albert's return to thorough religious observances. He had become so disgusted with a life of dissipation at Naples, that he cut asunder all his worldly connections,—resolving to seek for the health of his own soul in solitude and study. It was natural, therefore, that his first thoughts should have turned towards M. Rio, as a man on whom he could rely. He showed even so much ardour in his new aspirations, that his father feared, on his part, an excess of mysticism, which might prove a bar to his future prospects in the world, either as a diplomatist or a soldier.

But M. de la Ferronnays had himself undergone a similar change during a residence in Paris; he was no longer merely a noble character and an upright man in the worldly sense of those terms; but he was likewise an earnest, devout, practising Christian. Such were the circumstances under which the three friends met again. We cannot do better than allow M. Rio to describe the scene in his own pathetic language:—

> We were in the month of December, and we had not one single acquaintance in Leghorn, so that we had our whole evenings to ourselves, nobody dropping in to interrupt our mutual effusions. This time political matters played but a very subordinate part in our conversations. Those which M. *de la Ferronnays* had recently held in Paris, on a most important subject,

no longer thwarted by diplomatical considerations, had predisposed him to certain overflowings of faith and divine love, quite compatible with the degree of initiation he had undergone. We had no longer before us simply a narrator, but a preacher, ardently desirous of leaving in the minds of his two hearers an impression in bearing with their own reciprocal callings. He was so little sparing of his own self in his exhortations, that we were really astounded at his self-debasement; and at that moment, for the first time, shone forth in him, like a star long concealed behind the clouds, that most lovely, most rare, most adorable of all Christian virtues—HUMILITY.

The sudden manifestation of this new feature in a man who had been exposed to all the temptations of pride, gave rise within me to a sort of stupefaction, which reacted again on the speaker, and made him stammer out some other words, by which I was literally set beside myself. So rising suddenly, as the table was between us, I passed behind his chair, in order to let my tears drop on his venerable head, and to press it against my heart. That moment was moving beyond expression, and decisive of our future. We fell into each other's arms, and from that day began a friendship that lasted as long as his life, and was destined to realize a sort of ideal which I had hitherto never foreseen.

A scene like the above one must needs have made a deep impression on both, and henceforward they were bosom friends. There was nothing mournful in their separation, which took place a few days afterwards, and then began between them a correspondence, which we would fain quote from one end to the other. But we must leave to our readers the delight of going over it in the book itself.

A few short years run on, and the youth whom M. Rio loved so well had offered up to God his own life for the conversion of the woman whom he loved far more than life. Every one knows how on Albert's death-bed the young couple accomplished both their last and first communion. From that moment, the whole family seems to have been fired by a sort of practical and permanent heroism, in the sense of self-renouncement and Christian charity. Boury, the small Norman village where they lived, became an oasis, something like a picture of the first Christians, such as we read of in the primitive annals of the Church. It is a picture of faith, peace, friendship, virtue in every form, of resignation, and also of real, deep, happiness. We repeat it, even after the "Récit d'une Sœur," there is in many a page of Rio's new book details which complete the former: after reading it, you know Alexandrina better, you are constantly reminded of the Scriptural words often recurring to the author:—*Ascensiones in corde suo disposuit*,—or again Shelley's beautiful lines on the Sky-lark, "ever soaring higher still and higher." Here we become the invisible witnesses of the whole family's daily occupations, visits to the day-school, charitable *distributions* to the poor, even down to those little musical festi-

vities, which our author was so passionately fond of. It was a world of love, but likewise a world of intellect, wherein the most arduous problems were often discussed and solved; partly by the data of science, more frequently through the instincts of the heart.

At Boury the character of Count de la Ferronnays came out likewise in strong relief;—we know the man better and entertain for his intellectual and moral faculties a higher estimation than through the "Récit d'une Sœur." The premature death of his son, added to the downfall of the dynasty to whose fortunes he had devoted his whole existence; the sudden blasting of his political hopes as a statesman, and the forced inactivity to which he was thus condemned,—all these things contributed to make the Count another man, to transform him into a somewhat ideal character, influencing in a most striking manner the historian of Christian Art. It was a new opening into the world of æsthetics, and M. Rio is perfectly conscious of it.

> That influence (says he) at last made itself felt over all my faculties, but in a way which I should call most unequal, on account of the ever-increasing preference it gave to the progress of the soul to that of the intellect.

Absence could of course have no effect upon such feelings, for then their conversations were replaced by a most admirable correspondence:—

> "You know us too well, my dear Rio (writes the Count on one of those occasions), not to be assured that both my dear wife (*ma bonne femme*) and myself fall back upon our own hearts, and that we foresee without either regret or sadness the deep solitude which awaits us. But God remains with us, my dear friend, so we shall not be alone. He shows us His love by sending us in our old age a consolation far greater than we could have hoped for. Love, hope, prayer, and gratitude: ah! pray don't be anxious about us, for our life will be pleasant and lightsome. Our time is drawing to a close, evening coming on; we can already see the dawn of endless light."

But still this was not enough for the noble Count, who felt perhaps more than he would himself admit the absence of his friend; so during a visit of the latter to Boury, with his wife and young family, we find a plot laid down to change these casual visits into a more permanent and periodical abode. To establish an utter and complete intimacy between both families, to sit down at the same table, dwell under the same roof, pray in the same chapel, blend together all their hopes, joys, and trials; such was the plan formed in the mind of M. de la Ferronnays, but which it was a delicate matter to propose to M. Rio, for the La Ferronnays were by no means wealthy. So Alexandrine undertook *to sound him*, and of course met with a host of scruples,

then the Countess herself came to the rescue, and, lastly, her husband,—who recollected his former achievements at the Foreign Office, and won the victory. During the first years of their common life, M. Rio was to write the political memoirs of his patron and now bosom friend,—a design long entertained by both, and for which numerous papers and important documents had been collected. But the treaty once agreed to, there was another purpose or advantage, as M. Rio calls it, which the noble Count had in view, and which was to accrue from this much-desired reunion.

That advantage or profit (says he), far greater in his eyes than any intellectual benefit, was that of our souls; for he was convinced that by coalescing in one common nucleus our continuous aspirations towards the same ideal, we should obtain a result far superior to any resulting from our own individual efforts. Thus a sort of sacramental sanction was necessary for the treaty of offensive and defensive alliance we were about to conclude, and that sanction we had close by in the Holy Eucharist.

So we agreed to receive communion all together in the chapel of the *château*,—a communion to serve as an anticipated inauguration of the common work we had before us, and wherein every one of us was to concur, according to the measure of his own strength. It is almost needless to add that M. de la Ferronnays was the most ardent promoter of the ceremony. He was there quite in his own sphere, but it will create surprise, perhaps, in some to learn that he was likewise, in my eyes at least, the most eloquent preacher thereof, though his eloquence consisted merely of two or three words which he addressed me on leaving the holy table. We had remained the two last in the chapel, and I heard him praying with a sort of fervour that denoted contrition rather than thanksgiving. On turning round to look at him, his face was hidden within his hands, and when he rose to depart his eyes glistened with tears. I suspected that he had just given way to one of those violent fits of humility, which arose out of his strong feeling of personal unworthiness. It was, indeed, something of that kind, but with such a singular combination of extraordinary circumstances, that though I had a large yet involuntary share in his mental distraction, far from sharing in his repentance, I was disposed to consider it as commendable.

In fact, at the moment when he knelt down close at my side, at the foot of the altar, all of a sudden a vague remembrance came across his mind, of some quaint story of the Middle Age; or, perhaps, I should say that he regretted not to have followed the example of some knights of old, and asked of the priest to separate in two parts the Sacred Host, in order to give us each one half as a sacramental consecration of the friendship which, in that solemn moment, was to bind us more closely than ever.

It was the first time that I had ever heard of this chivalrous fancy, so I was quite unnerved by my feelings of gratitude and admiration; and I remained utterly speechless, helpless; but the dumb pressure of my hand *with which* the scene terminated,—a scene so highly moving in its most

minute details, told him far more than any words of mine, and no one will, doubtless, be astonished that this fond remembrance should have remained one of the most delightful, one of the most endurable, of my whole life.

But alas! the bright vision was not to be. The plan so fondly caressed by La Ferronnays, of a life in common between the two families, was first put off till the year 1842, and then fell to the ground in consequence of his death, which took place suddenly. This was followed shortly after by that of Eugénie, whom her sister Olga did not long survive. Alexandrine and the Countess de la Ferronnays were, therefore, left alone in 1848; but they likewise did not long sojourn in this lonely world, and joined those beings whom they loved so deeply, so devotedly, with such true Christian feeling. There remained, however, one relic of what we may call a sacred band of union, and she embalmed, in one lovely production, all the remnants of the past in what the world well knows under the appellation of "Récit d'une Sœur."

After all, M. Rio is perhaps the one most to be pitied, if we are to judge by the anguish which fell upon his soul after so many bereavements; and we can fully understand the feeling of regret which he experienced after the close of this bright portion of his life, "on having too often preferred the prosecution of his literary engagements to the affections of his soul, and even to the spiritual profit which he would have reaped by cultivating them more closely."

We must now take leave of this highly interesting book, and the reader will admit with us, we believe, that there are few works more teeming with graphic incidents, with moving scenes, and with artistic views of a higher nature. Our quotations have been numerous, and yet how many more would we have been fain to give had either time or space allowed it. However, we are confident that English readers will do to such a publication the same justice which is already awarded to it on the other side of the Channel.

Art. IX.—THE PRESENT ANGLICAN POSITION.

The "Damnatory Clauses" of the Athanasian Creed rationally explained. By Rev. Malcolm MacColl, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

English Church Defence Tracts, Nos. 1–4. London: Rivingtons.

Anglicanism and the Fathers. By W. E. Addis, of the Oratory. London: Burns & Oates.

The Divine Teacher. By William Humphrey, Oblate of S. Charles. London: Burns & Oates.

Protestant Ritualists. By W. Maskell, M.A. London: Toovey.

Catholicism or Ritualism? By Two Catholics. London: Longman.

A Letter to the Parishioners of S. Barnabas', Oxford. By C. H. Moore, M.A., late curate. London: Burns & Oates.

WE are always unwilling to enter into controversy with Dr. Pusey and his friends, for two reasons. On one hand their ecclesiastical position is so utterly unhistorical and baseless, that to argue against them seems a kind of solemn trifling. On the other hand, in these days, when the great majority of really powerful anti-Catholic thinkers are vigorously opposing Theism itself, it is painful to dwell on our variance with persons, who hold a large amount of vital truth in common with Catholics; and some of whom—e. g. Canon Liddon—defend that truth with great power and success. At the same time, it seems our business to indicate from time to time the view we take of their sayings and doings; and just now two movements are proceeding among them, in which our readers will take great interest. One of these is their struggle for the Athanasian Creed; the other, their renewed assault on the Roman Catholic Church. We will place before our readers then, with all attainable brevity, a general conspectus of these two movements; and that the rather, because various pamphlets (named at the head of our article) have been forwarded to us for notice, of which we can in no other way give so satisfactory an account, as by attempting this general conspectus.

In regard to the Athanasian Creed, we shall entirely abstain from the historical discussion as to its origin. We cannot *indeed* entirely agree with Mr. MacColl (p. 4), that those

Anglicans* "who uphold the present position of the Creed would not be," or at least ought not to be, "the least affected by the discovery, that every word was composed centuries after S. Athanasius had slept with his fathers." The vast majority of Anglican high churchmen consider, that the Church lost her infallibility when she became "broken" as they say "into fragments"; i. e. when the Photian schism was effected. To all these it is surely a matter of vital moment, whether the Creed obtained ecclesiastical authority before or after this period. Nevertheless we shall not discuss the historical question: because F. Jones has treated it very exhaustively in his admirable Essay, first published by the "Month" and afterwards reprinted with additions; and because we said our own say on the matter, in our July notice of that Essay (July, 1872, p. 208). Our present purpose is merely to consider the attitude assumed towards this Creed by various Anglican parties.

Putting aside then the various more or less able discussions of the *historical* argument, which Anglicans have published—Mr. MacColl is almost the sole exponent of high-churchism on the *doctrinal* questions involved. With whatever opponent Mr. MacColl has to deal, he writes in an uniformly Christian spirit, which demands our warm acknowledgment; and at a time when respectable writers, like those of the "English Church Defence Tracts," display such extraordinary intemperance and bitterness,† we value the more Mr. MacColl's exemplary gentleness and forbearance. As to his arguments, they seem to us of very unequal merit. In some cases he reasons clearly, powerfully and irrefragably; but in others he does not equally impress us. On some questions indeed of extreme moment—which however do but incidentally bear on his subject—he has chosen (we think) what may be called the unhappy mean; he neither passes them with a transient allusion, nor exhaustively discusses them: and on these moreover he now and then indicates opinions, with which (not to speak more definitely) we can by no means concur. For instance. "God is only indirectly the author of the sinner's torments, by having given him a constitution . . . . capable of being ruined." "Hell is rather a nature than a place" (pp. 66, 81). Again: "On man's disobedience" his "supernatural

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* In the present article we shall use this word to denote all members of the Established Communion; and the word "high-churchmen" to denote those who call themselves "Anglo-Catholics."

† F. Addis says with undeniable truth: "I know of no instance in which *authors of* respectable name have carried language of violence and calumny so *far*" (p. 4).

endowment was withdrawn; *not necessarily by way of punishment*, but *rather* perhaps because it would be hurtful to him in his fallen condition" (p. 131). Once more. "God Almighty, with reverence be it said, could not create a being who should be capable of virtue, without leaving him at the same time capable of sin: for virtue implies a free will, and a free will implies the power of choice." Yet on the other hand, "so long as the will is capable of vacillating between right and wrong, it is not really free" (pp. 69, 72).

Mr. MacColl's main theme comprises two questions, entirely distinct from each other. The first is—do the "damnatory clauses" of the Athanasian Creed speak truly, if understood in that sense which they legitimately bear? The second is—should Anglicans continue the obligatory public recital of that Creed in their service? Catholics, as is evident, are indefinitely more concerned with the *former* of these questions; and we will conclude our remarks on it, before entering at all upon the *latter*.

As a preliminary then we have to consider, what is the sense which these clauses legitimately bear? "Quicunque vult salvus esse, ante omnia opus est ut teneat Catholicam Fidem: quam nisi quisque integram inviolatamque servaverit, absque dubio in æternum peribit." "Hæc est Fides Catholica: quam nisi quisque fideliter firmiterque crediderit, salvus esse non poterit." What does the Catholic Church mean, when she makes these declarations? We will answer this inquiry as well as we can, submitting what we say in all respects to the judgment of persons more theologically competent.

A Catholic theologian, we believe, (whether he lived when the Creed was written or whether he lived now) would interpret these expressions as precisely meaning, that God has imposed on all men—and imposed under pain of mortal sin—the precept of believing a certain definite doctrine, concerning the Trinity and the Incarnation. We are briefly then to inquire, first what is meant by a precept binding under mortal sin; and secondly what is the particular precept with which we are here concerned. Suppose then a person commits some act, which God has forbidden to him under mortal sin. Does this circumstance necessarily involve the conclusion, that he has formally committed mortal sin? that in point of fact he has lost habitual grace, if he hitherto possessed it? that he has merited eternal punishment? By no means: because (1) he may not have committed the act with full deliberation; and because (2) he may be invincibly ignorant or inadvertent of the act's true *character*. Nor again, if he *has* formally committed mortal sin, *does it follow* that he will be eternally lost; because of course

he may, by God's grace, repent efficaciously before his death. When S. Paul therefore enumerates and denounces "works of the flesh" (Gal. v. 19–21), declaring that "those who do such things *shall not inherit the kingdom of God*," a Catholic theologian understands this statement with a threefold qualification, as regards any individual act of which the "materia" is "gravis." The act, however in its own nature detestable, does *not* exclude from the kingdom of Heaven, if (1) it were done without full deliberation; or (2) under invincible ignorance or inadvertence of its evil character; or (3) if it be duly repented before death. Suppose the theologian were asked what he *means* precisely by "*invincible*" ignorance or inadvertence, this would lead him into a very long and intricate discussion. Such a discussion however—even if it could possibly be admitted into such a paper as this—would not be strictly germane to our theme; because in this respect there is no distinction, between the precept of faith and precepts of the moral law.

Here again Mr. MacColl impresses us, as having pursued the unhappy mean; he has said enough to suggest difficulties, without saying enough to solve them. Indeed, if we rightly understand him, he speaks inconsistently with himself. In p. 52, the natural sense of his words is unduly strict. "By a deliberate rejection" of Catholic Truth, he says,—i. e. (as the context explains) such a rejection as involves mortal sin — "I mean a rejection, which might have been avoided if the man had made use of his opportunities." Surely my ignorance does not become mortally culpable, by the mere fact of my not having "made" all possible "use of my opportunities": it is not thus culpable even "in causâ," unless I have failed to take some definite step, which was cognisable by me as of grave obligation. On the other hand, in p. 43 Mr. MacColl seems to say, that eternal ruin is not certainly entailed by any one sin—however advertently and deliberately committed and however unrepented—but only by a *course* of sin. Here is the passage; and if we have failed rightly to understand it, the fault really lies in its obscurity. We italicize a few words.

> Man is a complex being, and we cannot be sure that *any specific offence against faith or morals* is a true index to his character *as a whole*. It is *the key in which the thoughts habitually move* that determine the condition of man as a responsible moral agent; and God alone, Who sees the heart, can know for certain what that key is. The sum total of man's capacities for everlasting life are not necessarily exhausted by *the few gross acts* incident to social relations or open to human valuation; but it is on such acts alone that human judgments can be passed, as well in the sphere of faith as in that of morals. (p. 43.)

So much as to what is meant by saying, that such or such a precept is binding under mortal sin: and now as to the *particular* precept declared in the Athanasian Creed. The Catholic explanation of this, as we understand the matter, proceeds on the following basis. God has revealed a certain definite doctrine on the Trinity and the Incarnation; and the statements of the Athanasian Creed, so far as they go, give the one true analysis of the doctrine. As Mr. MacColl admirably observes—

> There is not a single proposition in the Athanasian Creed, of which the rejection does not involve the rejection of Christianity. I make that assertion without the least hesitation, and I challenge all the gainsayers of the Creed to disprove it. Of course a person may from prejudice, or ignorance, or confusion of thought, or some other cause, be unable to embrace some of the propositions of the Creed, and yet remain all the while a good Christian. It is none the less true, however, that all the propositions of the Creed hang together, and that the rejection of any one of them would strike Christianity to the heart. (pp. 169, 170.)

In other words, no one can possibly hold in substance the revealed dogmata of the Trinity and Incarnation, while he rejects one single particle of the Athanasian exposition—except through intellectual inconsistency and inconsecutiveness. These dogmata may be apprehended by different Christians with a greater or less amount of definiteness and explicitness, according to the circumstances of each man's individual case: but they remain the same dogmata nevertheless. The rudest peasant *either* holds (truly however imperfectly) the very doctrine set forth in the Athanasian Creed, *or* does not hold *at all* the revealed dogmata of the Trinity and the Incarnation. God has imposed on every Christian (not here to speak of other men) the grave precept, of holding faithfully these two dogmata. He has commanded every Christian—affirmatively, to accept them, and from time to time elicit acts of faith in them;—negatively, never on any account to accept any tenet inconsistent with them.

One or two little explanations remain to be added. The Athanasian Creed (it seems to us) does not *primarily* speak of any except Catholics. Its direct purpose is, to be chanted in Catholic worship; and its true purport will therefore best be understood perhaps, by adding the word "nostrûm" after "quicunque." "Whoever" of us "wills to be saved, before all things," i. e. as the foundation of all else, "he must hold," retain, cleave to, "the Catholic Faith: which Faith unless *each one*" of us "shall have preserved, &c., &c." We have *here implied* our second explanation. "Ante omnia" is not

equivalent to "præ omnibus":* the Creed does not express any judgment one way or other, on the *comparative importance* of faith and morals respectively; it does but declare, that the former is the first step towards salvation, and the foundation on which the latter is built.† Lastly the Creed by no means either declares or implies, that belief in the Trinity and Incarnation is required "necessitate medii" (to use theological language), as well as "necessitate præcepti." The large majority, we think, of modern Catholic theologians consider, that faith in "Deus unus et remunerator" may lead to justification, where there is invincible ignorance of the Trinity and Incarnation: and those who think this, certainly find no difficulty on that account in the Athanasian Creed.

So much on what a Catholic theologian would understand by these "damnatory clauses"; and such, we take it, is substantially the doctrine, for which Mr. MacColl and Dr. Pusey are contending. The vast majority of Anglicans on the contrary *reject* that doctrine; and we will proceed to recount some of the different classes, into which these objectors may be divided.

The first class was more numerous some thirty years ago, than it is now; though it is still very widely extended. It consists of those who draw an emphatic distinction, between the *substance itself* of the two dogmata on one hand, and what they would call the scholastic and unscriptural subtleties of the Creed on the other. We doubt if any man of vigorous and clear mind adheres now to this most shallow view. As Mr. MacColl points out in a passage we have quoted,—to reject any one of these "subtleties," is virtually to reject the dogmata themselves. And in fact those who adopt this view do not in general really accept the revealed doctrine on the Trinity and Incarnation.

A second class of objectors will admit, that those who believe in the Trinity and the Incarnation, enjoy therein an inappreciable blessing. Nevertheless they demur to the "damnatory clauses." "The doctrinal precept imposed by God," such a thinker will say, "is to accept and study the *Scripture*. Those who cannot find these two dogmata in Scripture, are (I hold) gravely mistaken; just as there is many an interpretation of Thucydides such, that those who reject it are without doubt gravely mistaken. But if any man has studied Scripture, he has obeyed God's *precept;* and I

* This remark did not originate with ourselves, but we have not before seen it in print.

† "*Fides est humanæ salutis initium, fundamentum et radix omnis justificationis.*"—*Conc. Trid.*

cannot imply the reverse." We think this is the only view of the matter which can reasonably be accepted, by those who regard Scripture as the sole Rule of Faith. Or in other words, —as the Tractarian writers often pointed out in days of old,—to accept the Athanasian Creed, is by necessary consequence to deny that Scripture is the sole Rule of Faith.

A third class of objectors were comparatively few in the Establishment thirty years back, but now swarm through it like locusts in every direction. They deny that any one doctrine on the Trinity and Incarnation is really the doctrine of Scripture. Scripture, they say, was *intended* to be interpreted diversely by divers readers, according to the spiritual tastes and needs of each individual. These men of course detest the Athanasian Creed, with a hatred at once bitter and contemptuous; and among those who profess in any sense to accept Christianity, this is the only form of liberalism (we think) which possesses intellectual life. It is really important that Catholics shall from time to time contemplate and grapple with this subtle and most deadly error; while as to high-church Anglicanism on one side or other phases of Protestantism on the other, they may almost be left to sink under their own weight.*

We have recited then the chief doctrinal views prevalent among Anglicans, which in different ways contradict the Athanasian Creed; and we need hardly say that we wish Mr. MacColl and Dr. Pusey every possible success, in opposing those views. As to the character of the Creed, we cannot do better than avail ourselves of F. Newman's expressive language. "It is a psalm or hymn" he says "of praise and of confession and of profound self-prostrating homage, parallel to the canticles of the elect in the Apocalypse. It appeals to the imagination quite as much as to the intellect. It is the war-song of faith, with which we warn first ourselves, then each other, then all those who are within its hearing and the hearing of the Truth, who our God is, and how we must worship Him, and how vast our responsibility will be, if we know what to believe and yet believe not."† All this is beautifully and truly said: though few Catholics perhaps would go F. Newman's length — certainly we should not — in accounting the Athanasian Creed a more "devotional formulary," "even than the 'Veni Creator' and the 'Te Deum.'"

* When we say that high-churchism may almost be left to sink under its own weight, we refer of course to its characteristic tenets, not to the dogmata *which it holds* in common with the Catholic Church.

† *Grammar of Assent*, p. 129.

A further observation is very important. Those who are invincibly ignorant of the two Christian dogmata set forth in the Creed,—though they will not of course be *punished* for such ignorance—yet therein suffer a great calamity; and lose a help of unspeakable importance, towards growth in the love of God. Mr. MacColl has some very valuable and thoughtful remarks, from p. 90 to p. 124, on the intimate connection between faith and morals: though here also—if the subject were to be treated at all—we desiderate more expansion. The following paragraph impresses us as singularly complete and true. The author had set forth the hideous wickedness of even the most cultivated and intellectual heathenism; he then thus proceeds.

> But if mere intellectual cultivation could not recall men to the "ways of pleasantness" and the paths of peace, what else could? Speaking in the rough, it may be said that three things were necessary: a right object of love; a revelation of God's will and of the true relations between man and his Maker, with a teacher having authority to enforce it; and spiritual power to enable man to "work out his own salvation." These three desiderata Christianity professes to have supplied. (p. 97.)

Still more complete is Mr. MacColl's reply to Dean Stanley, on a very momentous Scriptural question. "Both our Lord Himself," he says, "and the inspired writers of the New Testament, insist on the necessity of a right faith, as strongly as they do on the necessity of moral rectitude" (p. 162). He thus quotes the Dean's words, denying this; and proceeds as follows. The vital importance of the question is our excuse for the length of our quotation. We italicize one or two sentences.

> "This is life eternal," says our Lord, "that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." Again; when the Jews asked Him, "What shall we do that we may work the works of God?" Jesus answered and said unto them, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent." And when He warns evil-doers of the doom that awaits them He tells them that "He will appoint them their portion with *the unbelievers*." Here our loving Saviour Himself puts immoral living and pertinacious unbelief on the same level, and *He even seems to intimate that unbelief is the more dangerous of the two.* The first condition of "doing the works of God" is a right belief as to the doctrine of the Incarnation: "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent." Hold that faith in sincerity, and "the works of God" will follow as a natural consequence.* Reject it with your eyes open, and you place yourself outside the pale of salvation. For "God so loved the world that He gave His only

* *This phrase* is liable to be misunderstood.—Ed. D. R.

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begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. He that believeth on Him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only-begotten Son of God." Nothing can be plainer than this. To forfeit "everlasting life," that is, to "perish," is here declared to be the lot of him who refuses to believe in the doctrine of the Incarnation. So far forth as a man rejects that doctrine he is "condemned already"—that is to say, he has, ipso facto, placed himself beyond the pale of salvation.

This is our Lord's teaching, and the whole scope of the New Testament confirms it. When the Philippian jailer asked Paul and Silas, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" the Apostle replied immediately, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." John the Baptist certainly enjoined "works meet for repentance" on those who flocked to consult him by the banks of Jordan; but he also said, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." "The disciple whom Jesus loved" is equally urgent as to the necessity of a true faith. "Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father." And again; "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son hath not life." Not to have life is to "perish," and therefore perdition is declared by S. John to be the inevitable doom of those who reject the doctrine of the Incarnation. And he deemed this truth so paramount, that it was the principle motive of his writing his Epistle. "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God." Again: "Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is of God. But every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is not of God." Again: "Many deceivers are entered into the world, who confess not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh: this is a deceiver and an antichrist." Once more: "Look to yourselves, that ye lose not those things which ye have wrought; but that ye receive a full reward. Whoever transgresseth and abideth not in the doctrine of Christ, hath not God. He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son." To the same purport is S. Peter's denunciation of those "false teachers" "who privily shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction. And many shall follow their pernicious ways (ταῖς ἀπωλείαις); by reason of whom the way of truth shall be blasphemed." Here *the denial of the Incarnation is said to be a "damnable heresy"* (αἱρέσεις ἀπωλείας), *leading to "swift destruction."* And the same doctrine is taught by the Apostle as the direct inspiration of the Pentecostal gift. Immediately after the outpouring of Pentecost he told the Jews that in "the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth alone" was salvation to be found: "for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Will any one tell me the difference between this Apostolic doctrine and the much-abused proposition of the Athanasian Creed: "Which Faith except every one do *keep whole* and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly"? The *large-hearted* S. Paul, too, who was willing to be "accursed" for the sake of

his people, tells us that "all" are to be "damned, who believe not the truth, but have pleasure in unrighteousness"; that is to say, the deliberate rejection of the truth is in itself unrighteousness. There could not be a stronger assertion of the immorality of unbelief. And, as I have noticed above, "the unbelievers" are reckoned by S. John among those who shall "have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the Second Death." "Antichrists," "liars," "false prophets," "deceivers," "seducers," "grievous wolves,"—such are the terms in which heretics are described by our Lord and His Apostles; one of whom—he who is emphatically called "the disciple whom Jesus loved"—does not hesitate to say that the sacred rites of hospitality ought religiously to be denied to him who impugns the doctrine of the Incarnation. "If there come any unto you," he says, "and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God-speed; for he that biddeth him God-speed is partaker of his evil deeds."

To my mind these passages—and I have by no means exhausted all that might be quoted in the same strain—are absolutely identical in meaning with the "damnatory clauses" of the Athanasian Creed. They must all alike be understood with the qualifications which common sense suggests, and on which I have dilated to some extent already; or they must all alike be condemned and abolished. There is no other alternative. And therefore let the assailants of the Athanasian Creed look to it. (pp. 164–8.)

The statement also of that eminent and greatly respected Unitarian minister Rev. J. Martineau, adduced by Mr. MacColl, is very remarkable. We quote the passage as it stands; without intending of course to imply any sympathy whatever with Calvin, or Whitby, or Charles Wesley.

"I am constrained to say that neither my intellectual nor my moral admiration goes heartily with the Unitarian heroes, sects, or productions of any age. Ebionites, Arians, Socinians, all seem to me to contrast unfavourably with their opponents, and to exhibit a type of thought and character far less worthy, on the whole, of the true genius of Christianity. *I am conscious that my deepest obligations, as a learner from others, are in almost every department to writers not of my own Creed.* In philosophy I had to unlearn most that I had imbibed from my early text-books and the authors in chief favour with them. In Biblical Interpretation I derive from Calvin and Whitby the help that fails me in Crell and Belsham. In Devotional Literature and Religious Thought I find nothing of ours that does not pale before Augustine, Tauler, and Pascal. And in the poetry of the Church it is the Latin or the German hymns, or the lines of Charles Wesley, or of Keble, that fasten on my memory and heart, and make all else seem poor and cold. I cannot help this. I can only say, I am sure it is no perversity; and I believe the preference is founded in reason and nature, and is already widely spread amongst us. A man's 'Church' must be the home of whatever he most deeply loves, trusts, admires, and reveres, — of whatever most divinely expresses the *essential meaning* of the Christian faith and life: and to be torn away from

the great company I have named, and transferred to the ranks which command a far fainter allegiance, is an unnatural, and for me an inadmissible fate." (pp. 172–3.)

So far then we warmly sympathize with Mr. MacColl and his friends: we think that the cause of religious truth is importantly advanced, in proportion as a larger number of Anglicans agree with Mr. MacColl and contend against his opponents.* But it is quite a different question, how far Mr. MacColl acts reasonably in this or that way of *promoting* his desired end. Now he is not content with holding Athanasian doctrine; he is urgent for retaining in his communion the compulsory recital of the Athanasian Creed: and we cannot see how he is here to be defended. The clergy, it is true, have to sign the eighth article; but far the chief strength of those who oppose the Athanasian Creed lies with the laity, who do not sign the Thirty-nine Articles directly or indirectly. The case then is this. The enormous majority of Anglican laymen hold doctrines inconsistent with the Athanasian Creed;† and they are *aware* that they constitute the enormous majority. It does seem a reasonable inference from this fact, that they shall not be compelled to recite a formulary which anathematizes their cherished doctrines. Let Mr. MacColl take active measures for procuring the expulsion from his communion of such misbelievers—and we entirely understand his proceeding: or rather such a movement is his only legitimate course, so long as he accounts that communion part of the Catholic Church. But he has no thought of doing this; he is quite content to remain

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* Mr. Maskell, whose admirable pamphlet we notice a little later on in the text, thus speaks in p. 9. "The ritualists must bear to be publicly told, whether they like it or not, that Catholics do not . . . . believe that they really teach all truth, more than their neighbours in adjoining parishes, who preach perhaps Socinianism, or perhaps the Lutheran idea of justification, or perhaps adherence to the nine articles of Lambeth." Certainly no Catholic thinks that high-churchmen "teach *all* Catholic truth": but surely they teach much *more* of it, than do preachers of Socinianism, Lutheranism, Calvinism.

† "Mere Protestants *have seldom any real perception* of the doctrine of God and man in one Person. They speak *in a dreamy shadowy way* of Christ's divinity; but *when their meaning is sifted*, you will find them very slow to commit themselves to any statement sufficient to express the Catholic dogma. . . . When they comment on the Gospels, they will speak of Christ not simply and consistently as God, but as *a being made out of God and man* . . . . or as *a man inhabited by the Divine Presence*. . . . . Such is the ordinary character of the Protestant notions among us on the divinity of Christ, whether *among members of the Anglican communion* or dissenters *from it*, excepting *a small remnant* of them." —F. Newman "To Mixed Congregations," fourth edition, pp. 346–7.

in full communion with a swarm of persons, whom he must himself account heretics. All he desires is, that he may force violently upon those heretics the external recital of a formulary, which at heart they abhor. We do not see how it is possible for a Catholic to sympathize with so singular an agitation.

Meanwhile Mr. Mac Coll retorts on Catholics as to *their own* supposed defects in the matter. He thinks they would be more satisfactorily circumstanced (p. 14), if they chanted the Athanasian Creed (in Latin?) at "the office of Benediction." He regrets (ib.) that a certain "good English" Catholic "tradition" has been "encroached upon by *foreign* devotions of a *less masculine* type"; and that the Athanasian Creed "has been elbowed out by devotions of a *more emotional* character." He thinks (ib.) that Catholics "suffer a great loss, by seldom or never hearing the Creed in congregational worship." He considers that there has been a movement among English Catholics against any prominent exhibition of the Athanasian Creed, which is in fact a movement against "the *sober* Catholicism of their Church" (ib.) in favour of "Ultramontanism" (ib., *note*). He thinks (p. 168) that Italian liberals might be perhaps less shaky in their Catholicity, if they had oftener heard the Athanasian Creed (in the vernacular?) in congregational worship. All this is to us very surprising; but we should be carried too far if we refuted it in detail.

Dr. Pusey has announced, that if the authorities of his communion "tamper" with the Athanasian Creed, he shall no longer account it the same communion, and will seek safety elsewhere. Mr. MacColl, in a letter to the "Guardian" of September 18th, says that "if the Church of England with her own hands alters the Athanasian Creed or the rubric which prescribes its use, a secession is certain": and he knows from letters he has received, that in such secession Dr. Pusey and Canon Liddon "would have a considerable following." Considering the patristic professions of Dr. Pusey's school, we had hitherto regarded their ecclesiastic position itself as so amazing, that nothing fresh they did could possibly be more so; but this last step certainly *is* a surprise. That they should regard as a branch of the Catholic Church, a communion, so saturated with omnigenous heresy,—so incapable of teaching (we will not say the Catholic Faith, but) any one doctrine whatsoever *—this is one astounding fact. But that their faith in its divine authority, after having been proof against all these crushingly adverse notes, should succumb to the mere disuse of one for-

* *In a later part of* our article we dwell on these characteristics of the *Established* Communion.

mulary—this is an even greater bewilderment. It is as though some passenger firmly believed in his ship's security, while the sea was rushing in on every side and rapidly sinking her; but his confidence should suddenly collapse, on observing that dinner-time had arrived and the bell had not rung. Certainly high churchmen are blinded by pen-and-ink theories to the plainest facts, in a degree utterly unapproached by any other Christian sect on record.

However the two Anglican Archbishops, in answering Lord Shaftesbury's memorial, have indicated their intention of "tampering" with the Athanasian Creed, if they possibly can; and Dr. Pusey with his friends must therefore account his communion as on the verge of formal apostasy. Under these circumstances, we should have thought they had enough within their own pale to engage their attention; and we are a little surprised, that two of them should have chosen such a moment for an assault on the Roman Catholic Church. Such however is the fact. They call their pamphlets indeed "Church of England Defence Tracts"; but we pointed out in our last number (p. 204)—and F. Addis (p. 41) repeats the remark—that they do not contain one syllable in defence of the Anglican communion; that if their historical allegations were tenable, it would follow—not at all that the said communion is part of the Catholic Church—but that the Catholic Church has ceased to exist (p. 206).

The second indeed of these Tracts contains a defence of Anglican ordinations, and so far does attempt something positive. But, as we further observed (pp. 204, 5), if its whole argument were conceded, the only inference would be, that the English Establishment possesses one characteristic, which every high-churchman admits to be possessed by various bodies denounced by him as heretical. We shall not here enter on the question; because Canon Estcourt has advertised a volume dealing with it expressly, which is sure to be filled with valuable matter, and which will be the obvious occasion for any remarks of our own. Here therefore we will only quote some most admirable observations made by F. Humphrey, in the valuable work which we have named at the head of our article.

> I need scarcely encumber my letter by any remarks upon the subject of "Anglican orders," as, if you have followed my argument, you will agree with me, that it has but little bearing on the real issue; it is a matter which may be interesting to antiquarians, but, as a practical question, it is valueless.
>
> If the ministers of the Church of England have valid orders, and are really *priests, their* position is worse, than we, who believe them to be amiable and *cultured laymen*, at present regard it. It would still remain that they are

schismatics; and, in that case, they would simply be schismatic priests, instead of schismatic laymen. The guilt and danger of their position would be intensified. They talk of apostolic succession, as if that would make them an integral part of the Catholic Church. What avails it that the dead branch was once part of the living and fruitful tree, or that the amputated limb was once part of a living man? (pp. 48, 49.)

They claim some sort of an occult connection with the Catholic and Roman Church, and it is necessary to their position; but if their orders are really valid, then that Church has been for three hundred years practising a systematic course of sacrilege— for both Confirmation and Orders are Sacraments which can be conferred but once, and to reiterate them is a sacrilege. Either, then, the Catholic and Roman Church is not sacrilegious— and in that case "Anglican orders" are invalid, and Anglican ministers are laymen; or they are really priests, in which case she is sacrilegious; and the sacrilege is not confined to the subjects of the Archbishop of Westminster, but extends to the whole body diffused throughout the world. And yet our friends form societies to promote their corporate reunion with a Church, which their assertion of the validity of their orders necessarily affirms to be sacrilegious. (p. 52.)

It is to me, my dear friend, the greatest consolation that [Anglican ordinations] are absolutely invalid; and for this reason—were they valid, England would be probably at this moment under a curse. It would be red with the Blood of our Divine Lord. The guilt of sacrilege would rest upon her, and upon her children. Were they valid, the ministers of the Church of England would be schismatic indeed, but still true priests. In that case, if they said the words of consecration with due intention, they would have the Blessed Sacrament; they would have the Body and Blood of the Divine Victim at their mercy. Now, reflect what—before the recent High-Church movement —was, not the isolated and occasional, but the usual and ordinary practice, in disposing of what remained of the bread and wine in the Lord's Supper of the Anglican Church. A record of details I spare you; and it is needless— you know them as well as I do.

We, who are certain of the fact that your ministers are laymen, and therefore their "consecrated elements" but bread and wine, hear of their destination with a smile; did we agree with the High Churchmen, we should think of it with a shudder. But, thanks be to God! England has been saved the guilt and the punishment of such a sin; and the Church of England has never banished the Incarnate Word from her temples, for He has never, since she possessed them, been within their walls. (pp. 56, 57.)

The remaining Tracts purport to show, by an appeal to history, that the power now claimed by the Holy See was not given her by God. And firstly, a word must be said on this appeal itself to history. Anglican high-churchmen have got hold of the notion, that a Catholic, in arguing against them, is more or less embarrassed by history; that he tries to avoid facing the historical argument, and to divert the controversy *into other channels*. Never was there a profounder mistake.

High-churchmen, we consider, are thoroughly beaten on whichever side they assail the Church: but if there be one battle-field more than another on which their defeat is utterly ignominious, it is this ground of history. Never was there a calumny more absurd as well as shameless, than that which ascribes to Catholics in general, or to the Archbishop of Westminster in particular, an opinion, that the Definition of Papal infallibility was a "triumph over history." F. Humphrey treats this outrageous falsehood excellently and with richly deserved indignation, in his Preface (pp. xvi., xvii.)

What can be—we will not say its foundation, for it *has* no foundation—but what can be its origin? We can think of no other, except that the Archbishop has more than once protested against the view, that history is the divinely appointed source, from which individual Christians are to learn revealed dogma. God has instituted an infallible Church, as the one authoritative teacher of dogma; and the Church's authority is made known to the mass of men, not by their personal study of history, but by notes manifest and apparent to all. "Were the Church," says F. Humphrey,

> to be discoverable and known only in this way, by means of long, learned, and laborious investigation, salvation would be for the few, and not for all. All men have not brains, or learning, or leisure for such an inquiry; nay, more than half the human race cannot even read. Faith, then, is not to be got from books. "Faith cometh by hearing." Yes, it must be by signs and notes which are apparent to all; to the poor as to the rich; to the illiterate and the rude, as well as to the clever and the learned; to the apple-woman at the street-corner, guileless of culture and learning, as well as to the king in his palace, and to the philosopher in his study. She has a soul to be saved as well as they; for her, the Incarnate Word laid down His Life, and shed His Blood, as much as for them; and she has, equally with them, a right to know where is the Divine Teacher who will guide her into all truth. (p. 23.)

But if ever there were in the world a theory grotesquely unhistorical,—a theory which treats the records of past time as a mere almanack—a theory utterly revolting to every historically cultured mind—it is that of Anglican high-churchmen. This is what has been repeatedly pressed by Catholic controversialists; and it is as coolly ignored in these Tracts, as though (which however is impossible) their writers had never heard the allegation. Once more then we must endeavour to urge on their attention, what has been so persistently put forth against them in Catholic controversy for *so many* centuries; small as may be our hope, that they will *fulfil the* most rudimentary of controversial obligations, by *giving* some *little* heed at least to what is said by their *opponents*.

The historical controversy between Catholics and high-churchmen turns fundamentally on the Church's divinely given constitution. And the foundation of the Catholic historical argument is this; that whatever doctrine on this subject was unanimously held by the Fathers as divinely revealed, beyond doubt was *really* so revealed.* To hear high-churchmen talk, you would think that they hold this with fullest acceptance: nay, with astounding infatuation, they sometimes persuade themselves, that Catholics hold it less rootedly than they do. Now it is manifest on the very surface of history, that a certain very definite doctrine concerning the Church's constitution was held unanimously by the Fathers; and one would suppose accordingly that the controversy is at an end. The Church was universally regarded as being, by divine irrevocable appointment, one corporate body, governed by the united Episcopate. It was further universally held, that this united Episcopate has received from God the gift, of securely preserving Catholic dogma against all heretical corruption; insomuch that the Church's unity of faith is ever as visible and unmistakeable a fact, as her unity of organization. All the Fathers held, moreover, that a certain precedency was conferred by Christ on S. Peter's See before all others, whatever the exact *nature* of that precedency. Lastly the doctrine was no less universal, that the Church thus constituted has received from Christ an irrevocable promise, of being preserved safely in all her essential attributes until His second coming. These verities no doubt lead necessarily to one or two further inquiries: as e. g. particularly, what is the true nature of the precedency accorded to S. Peter's See? and further, what is the principle of episcopal unity; what is that divinely appointed ordinance, which indefectibly secures the unity of episcopal action? It is not equally manifest on the surface of history, how these two questions would have been answered by the Fathers, or whether indeed all would have given the *same* answer. Let these points therefore for the moment be reserved; and let us look at those remaining features of the picture, on which no one can doubt that the Fathers were unanimous.

The controversy then, as we have said, would seem really to be at an end. The high-churchman starts with professing, that whatever doctrine on this subject was unanimously held by the Fathers as divinely revealed, was *really* so revealed. Catholics, really *holding* what high-churchmen only *profess*,

* We by no means say, of course, that every revealed doctrine has been *unanimously held* as such by the Fathers; we only express the converse proposition.

accept the preceding picture in all its minutest details. On the other hand high-churchmen utterly reject it in every particular. They *deny* that the Church is, by divine irrevocable appointment, one corporate body; and they *deny* that the Catholic Episcopate has received from God the irrevocable gift of securely preserving Catholic dogma. They have themselves chosen their battle-field; and *on* that battle-field they are utterly routed and put to flight.

We have mentioned two fundamental high-church theses, as manifestly and flagrantly contradictory to the unanimous teaching of the Fathers. The first of these theses is, that the Church is not, by divine irrevocable appointment, one corporate body: and that high-churchmen maintain this thesis, is a matter of eye-sight and admits no denial. The second fundamental high-church thesis is, that the Catholic Episcopate has not received from God the irrevocable privilege, of securely preserving Catholic dogma. This thesis they certainly disclaim: but the utter hopelessness of their disclaimer does but put in clearer light the ignominiousness of their historical defeat.

The high-churchman then does not *deny*—so he assures the world—that the Catholic Episcopate has received from God the irrevocable privilege, of securely preserving Catholic dogma. On the contrary, he declares that those three societies, which he regards as jointly constituting the Catholic Church, agree in prominently testifying the fundamental truths of Revelation. This or that branch, he admits, may have admitted subordinate errors; but he adds, that neither the Roman, nor Greek, nor Anglican Communion has ever been sullied by *heresy*. An amazing statement indeed! For consider. According to him, it is no matter of opinion but a revealed truth, that the Pope possesses no supremacy over the Episcopal body; it is no matter of opinion but a revealed truth, that the Pope is fallible when teaching ex cathedrâ. According to him, then, the whole Roman Church—by far the largest "branch" of the three—imposes on her children, as of grave obligation, the denial of revealed truth; or in other words, the belief and profession of heresy: and this moreover, on no subordinate matter, but on the very Rule of Faith.*

Such, then, is that theory of the Catholic Church, which a high-churchman has the nerve to propose as patristic: a theory which affirms, that the large majority of Catholic bishops, co-

* It may be worth mentioning that, with the vast majority of high-churchmen, the dogma of the Immaculate Conception must be a heresy: *because they* consider it a *revealed* truth, that every person, born of human *parents*, *has* contracted original sin.

operating with S. Peter's See, can be permitted by Christ to enforce heresy, as of Catholic Faith and as a condition of communion.

Doubtless,—since the Anglican high-churchman thinks that a true portion of the Catholic Church can be so degraded and apostate,—there is a certain unhappy consistency, in his accounting *his own communion* also a portion of the Catholic Church. Still, with all his extraordinary power of making himself believe what he wishes, he cannot possibly acquiesce in such a conclusion, without resolutely blinding himself to those facts which most closely and unintermittingly surround him. Accordingly, Dr. Pusey, in the "Eirenicon" (p. 10), with characteristic undauntedness, asserted that, within the Church of England, "the great body of the Faith is infallibly fixed"; that she is "a continual unchanging teacher of the Truth which Christ revealed." We argued against this statement in January, 1866 (p. 220–229), so far as argument against it is possible; though there was of course real difficulty, in finding premises more undeniably self-evident, than is the very conclusion itself towards which those premises were directed. On the present occasion, we have no need to speak on this particular head; as several of the pamphlets named at the head of our article say, with fully sufficient vigour, all which has to be said. Foremost, in this respect, stands Mr. Maskell; whose main point, in fact, is the complete absence of dogmatic teaching among Anglicans. In all these quotations the *italics* will be our own.

Nothing can exceed the interest with which thoughtful men at this time must look upon the fortunes of the established Church. To the statesman who regards her as a kind of religious police and as a means, simply, of keeping people in order and obedient to the laws of the realm, the progress of disruption must be a cause of anxiety. So long as the system can be made to hold together, no other which the wit of man has ever invented can be conceived so suitable to the present day. It is more than Proteus-like. The protestant Church presents not merely any change of countenance which may happen to be wanted at the moment, so as so satisfy or deceive the discontented; but *puts on and flares before the world a dozen faces all at once.* There is scarcely any known form of nominal Christianity which may not suppose, and fairly suppose, that the Establishment reflects its own shape and features. Taking Christianity to mean nothing beyond the mere fact that Jesus Christ taught the world a true religion, *the formularies of the English Church invite the teaching of almost every known heresy.* If this statement be thought too extreme, it must be granted that they permit both *the assertion and the denial of* almost every great Christian doctrine.

There is no other religious body upon earth which can lay claim to so re-

markable a distinction. Speaking largely, Buddhists and Mahometans and even the worst forms of heathenism have some kind of teaching, be it more or less, which it is not lawful to dispute about or deny. Or, take the numerous sects which abound in this country. Presbyterians and Irvingites and Wesleyans and Quakers plainly teach or plainly condemn this or that particular doctrine. But the Establishment *has no deliberate or certain teaching.* She has thrown utterly away every pretence to the exercise of the prophetical office and *leaves her members to find out for themselves, if they can, what is true and what is false.* Acting like the heathen judge of old, the reformed Church of England is content (not to answer but) to ask "What is Truth?" (pp. 10, 11.)

The ritualists know well that the established Church teaches with certainty on scarcely a single Christian doctrine. They have never dared to bring an evangelical minister into court. Their utmost threatening has been that they will prosecute some distinguished opponent for disobedience to some ceremonial rubric. In such a case it is very likely (for the Judicial Committee must decide as lawyers) that they might succeed, and make all bishops wear copes and at confirmations lay hands singly on every candidate. But they dare not bring a low churchman before an ecclesiastical judge on any disputed point of doctrine; except, perhaps, for some denial of a part of the Athanasian Creed, so barefaced and so extravagant as to be nothing less than a denial of Christianity altogether. (pp. 15, 16.)

[In the Anglican Church] there is no certainty about any doctrine; perhaps the Bible is inspired, perhaps it is not; perhaps the sacraments convey grace, perhaps it is nonsense to suppose they do; perhaps the punishment of the wicked will be eternal, perhaps not; perhaps God the Son is co-eternal with the Father, perhaps not; perhaps all men "who will be saved" must think in one way only of the Trinity, perhaps not. And so on through the long list of the articles of the Christian Faith. (pp. 21, 22.)

The ritualists are in fact ultra-protestants.

The great characteristics of protestantism are, first, abuse of Roman doctrine and of Roman Catholics; and, secondly, a claim to the unlimited right of private judgment. Both of these characteristics are eminently shown by writers of the school commonly called ritualist; who are in fact ultra-protestant. (p. 20.)

Mr. Maskell draws an important distinction, between the tractarians of thirty years ago and the present ritualists.

In considering the position occupied by ritualists in the established Church, one characteristic is to be remarked by which that party is distinguished from the earlier school of tractarians of about thirty years ago. The tractarians endeavoured to prove that the doctrines which they taught were *the* doctrines of the reformed Church. They were not satisfied to be merely *allowed to teach* them, but declared all who held opposite opinions to be not *truly members of* the Church. They did not merely assert (for example) *that episcopal* ordination is of necessity, or that all children are regenerated

in the sacrament of baptism, but they further said that nothing more was required to prove this than to bring to the test of a formal trial the contradiction of either of these great truths by a beneficed clergyman.

The first case which occurred involved the doctrine of baptism: and Englishmen generally were amazed to find that, in spite of the apparently strong language of the Common Prayer-book and the authority of a long tradition, the formularies of the English Church permit both the denial and the assertion of regeneration in baptism. So it has been since laid down with regard to other doctrines: and the ritualists have been compelled to take a position altogether different from and far lower in principle than that which the tractarians endeavoured to defend.

In fact, the two positions scarcely admit of comparison, so widely are they separated. Tractarians could not admit the idea of a Church which did not teach: and by teaching they understood the positive rejection of heresy equally with the acceptance of Christian truth. Ritualists, on the other hand, are content to be suffered to hold their peculiar opinions: they are content to claim no higher authority for what they speak to their people than that which sends their next-door neighbour into his pulpit to contradict them in every possible way: they are content to be allowed to put on copes and chasubles and make "high celebrations" upon the strength of an old rubric which refers to the second year of Edward VI., although they well know that the vast majority of English ministers are no less borne out when they wear unseemly surplices and say the office of communion with every mark of carelessness, and with full intention to show, practically, the absurdity of fancying that there can be any Real Presence in the Eucharist or any character of Sacrifice except of thanksgiving.

The old tractarians when the knowledge was forced upon them that the reformed Church has no dogmatic teaching felt the ground upon which they had stood, and tried to fight the battle of the Establishment, cut away from beneath their feet. Some saw at once and clearly the logical consequence of a result so unlooked for, so fatal to all claims upon a reasonable obedience, and became converts to the Catholic Faith. Some fell back into what is called the high and dry school, and having once resisted the grace of conversion were soon falsely satisfied with their new resting-place, and retained small feeling about anything except anger against those who, by leaving the Establishment, condemned the seeming dishonesty of others who remained. Some, again, seeing plainly that the old tractarian arguments had been proved to be incorrect, gave up the whole notion as untrue and joined the winning party of the low church and evangelicals. (pp. 12, 13.)

F. Humphrey draws out a similar view, with less brilliancy perhaps, but on the other hand with even greater fulness and breadth of thought. We are sure our readers will not regret the length of our quotation. He begins by contrasting high-churchmen with "Bible Christians."

I have a great affection, and in a manner a reverence, for those Bible *Christians, as they* are called; and for this reason. True, they worship they

know not what; it is an irrational worship,—it is, if you please, something akin to Fetish worship, or to the worship by the Ephesians of their goddess Diana, who fell down to them out of heaven from Jupiter; but with all those drawbacks, *it is the nearest approach to an act of faith which is or can be made out of the Catholic and Roman Church.* There is *a submission* of reason and will *to something divine, as divine.*

They are hopelessly at sea as to *why* it is divine, and why it possesses a divine and so supreme authority over their consciences: and even in their worship there is a large alloy of private judgment; for what they submit to is, the Scriptures not simply as objectively true, but as subjectively true to them, that is, as interpreted by them. Yet still there is a submission to an authority, and so at least a shadow of an act of faith. They are irrational, but they are religious; they are puzzle-headed more than proud. They assert and act on the principle of Infallibility, although they are wrong as to its subject; transferring to an inanimate object that which is the property of a living Body—the Church of God, and its visible Head, the Roman Pontiff.

Now as to our High-Church friends, what is the ground of their faith? To what authority do they submit their reason? They answer—"To the Church." But *what Church?* Certainly not the Catholic and Roman Church, for they lie under her excommunication. Certainly not the schismatic Greek Church; for even separated as it is from the Catholic Church, it will not ally itself with Protestant sects. What remains? The Church of England. But *do they submit their reason to it, as to a divine and infallible authority?* Read their organs, and the articles full of abuse and ridicule they contain against the ecclesiastical authorities of that Church, and the accusations of heresy they bring against its heads, including the Archbishop of Canterbury, and say whether they submit their reason to its teaching and authority, to its mind and will.

Certainly they are right in this, that given the divine truth of the doctrines they hold in common with the Catholic and Roman Church, their archbishop is a heretic. But does this help their position? Nay, what does it entail upon them as a necessary consequence? *It is an acknowledged principle, that those who are in communion with heretics are partakers thereby in their sins, they are heretics also. But they accuse their archbishop and the majority of his colleagues of heresy, and yet they are in communion with them;* therefore they are themselves heretics on their own showing. They must take their choice of one or other term of the dilemma. If their archbishop is right, they are necessarily heretics; if they are right, he is a heretic, and they, being in communion with him, share his heresy.

Now, can you imagine me, for instance, writing in the *Tablet* of the Archbishop of Westminster as they, week after week, write of their bishops? What would be the consequence in my case, if I did? You cannot doubt but that I should be immediately suspended. There would be an exercise of authority on the part of my ecclesiastical superior; and on my part, if I wished to remain in his communion, there would be a necessary act of submission.

If, on the contrary, I persevered in my contumacy, I should be excommunicated; and if any of my brethren in the priesthood or of my people adhered to me, they would share my excommunication.

True, I might be in the right, and he in the wrong; and were I persuaded of this, I might appeal to him who is superior to both of us—to the Supreme Pontiff. He is the Bishop of my Archbishop as well as mine; and my Diocesan is as much subject to the jurisdiction and authority of the one Father of the One Family, the one King of One Kingdom, as I am. And were the Holy Father to sustain my appeal, and decide that I was in the right, and my Archbishop in the wrong; he would submit to his superior, acknowledge his fault, and repair his error. In my appeal there would be no insubordination, and in his submission there would be no indignity.

But were he to resist the judgment of his superior, the Holy Father, his excommunication would follow in due course, and thereupon his subjects would renounce their allegiance to him. If they adhered to him, from personal affection, for worldly advantages, or from private judgment, they would simply share his excommunication, and be, like him, members severed from the one Living Body—branches broken from the one Mystic Vine.

Here you have authority in action; and submission its correlative. (pp. 37–40.)

The pamphlet by "two Catholics" has been occasioned by a ritualistic criticism of Mgr. Capel's recent lectures. We are very glad to hear that these lectures are likely to be published; for they have already done excellent service, and cannot fail to be even more influential when more widely circulated. Mgr. Capel is daily assuming a more important position among English Catholics, and we hail with much pleasure his promised appearance as an author. The pamphlet before us is written in the best spirit, and displays throughout great force of reasoning. The writers are evidently much more recent converts than Mr. Maskell, and have far more direct acquaintance than he with the modern exhibitions of ritualism. We extract one telling passage. The ritualist whom they are answering had said, that he would rather remain an Anglican, than, "for love of excitement, music, or" Mgr. Capel, "run off on Sundays to places of worship." The "two Catholics" reply:

There is undoubtedly a large element of sensationalism and excitement in the services of the Ritualistic churches which cannot exist in the services of the Catholic Church, because they are always the same in ritual and ceremonies as the different festivals come round. There is also wholly absent a feeling that *a pang would go through the heart of the bishop of the diocese*, which rather *enhances the excitement*, if not the enjoyment, of a Ritualistic function; nor are Catholics on their great festivals in a state of excitement as to whether their parish priest will have "got a little further, and have another light or two, or a banner, or a crucifix, or possibly clothe himself in a cope." Nor do we suppose a Catholic has ever been heard to say that *he cannot go to* his parish church because it is so disturbing to devotion,

"always something new," and yet you must know how often this has been urged even by High Churchmen. (p. 23.)

We can also heartily recommend the whole letter of Mr. Harington Moore, addressed to his late parishioners. It takes up a position, which is very familiar to Catholics, but which very few Anglicans will even *attempt* to apprehend. Real service then is done, when a certain number of them are addressed by one whom they already know, and who may hope therefore with more success than another to engage their attention. We subjoin a few extracts.

If the Church of England is in disunion with the Catholic Church and the Greek Church, it is also in the most utter state of disunion within its own pale. The possibility of the High-Church, Low-Church, and Broad-Church parties all finding their place in it, all recognised by authority, ought in itself to make thinking men very careful to inquire whether such an unparalleled state of affairs can be possible in any religious body possessing a vestige of truth. In no dissenting sect is so much variety of doctrine to be found. (p. 6.)

What does the Church of England teach? Just what each individual clergyman pleases. The Church of England is no teacher at all. The High Churchman and the Low Churchman each asserts his own to be the teaching of the Prayer-book; but there is no living voice of authority to decide for the inanimate Prayer-book which is right. (p. 7.)

You know, too, that you are taught to regard dissenters with holy horror, and yet the Established Church was clearly the first dissenter, inasmuch as it severed itself from the Catholic Church 300 years ago, which Church was then, as Anglican theology itself teaches, the true Church of God on earth. But then, perhaps, you will say a reformation was necessary, and that the Established Church merely corrected errors which had sprung up in the Catholic Church. I reply, How do you know they were errors? Who gave the Reformers the gift of infallibility, that they should presume to know better what was error and truth than the Church of Christ did, which had the Holy Ghost with it to keep it in all truth? By accepting the religion of the Reformation you are accepting the infallibility of fallible men, in preference to the infallibility of the Catholic Church. And if you want to satisfy yourself as to the characters of the Fathers of the Anglican Establishment, who set up as teachers of Christ's Church, I refer you to a pamphlet *written by a High Churchman*, and entitled "Innovations." (p. 12.)

Each Ritualistic clergyman seems to me to comprise within himself the respective powers of Pope, Bishop, and Priest, if not of a General Council. I know not what authority he submits to. Certainly not his bishop, because his bishop may be Low Church, and may order him to abstain from some doctrine or practice, which he pleases to call Catholic, without a chance of meeting with obedience from him. Certainly not the Privy Council; and yet this is the court of final appeal recognised by the whole episcopate of the *Established* Church, and one of the two archbishops always appends his signature to its judgments. When the Church of England cast off the author-

rity of the Pope, it substituted instead, as a court of final appeal, the Sovereign in council. Surely, then, this ought to be obeyed. But, if it had been, Ritualism would exist no longer, for it has in no uncertain way condemned High-Church doctrine and practice. In doctrine it has left Baptismal Regeneration, Eternal Punishment, the Real Presence, all open questions, and distinctly condemned, by the Bennett judgment, the Eucharistic Sacrifice as held by Ritualists. In ritual it has forbidden vestments, lights, incense, the eastward position of the celebrant; in a word, all a Ritualist holds dear. In fact, it has endeavoured by its judgments to support the Protestant religion, which the sovereigns at their coronation swear to uphold.

What authority, then, does the Ritualist clergyman acknowledge? He replies: The authority of the Church. But what does that mean? Where is this living voice to be found? In the Prayer-book? It is capable of several interpretations. In the Catholic and Roman Church? But this the Established Church has repudiated, saying, it has erred. In antiquity? But this merely means "private judgment," for it ends in being what the individual pleases to believe was taught in the early ages of Christianity, or in what he pleases to denominate Catholic. (pp. 16–18.)

Yet there are controversialists, claiming forsooth to be specially "patristic" and "historical," who gravely maintain that such a communion as this is part of the Church Catholic: of that Church, which—as the Fathers unanimously declare—was founded by Christ to teach the nations one definite body of truth!

We have already dwelt on the fact that, according to the Fathers' unanimous testimony, the Church is, by Christ's irrevocable institution, one corporate body governed by the united Episcopate. This statement Dr. Pusey is absolutely compelled by his position to deny. What then is the counter-doctrine which he alleges as patristic? We quote the ipsissima verba of Tract XC.; with which Dr. Pusey, on occasion of republishing it, identified his own position.

> Bishop is superior to bishop only in rank and not in power. . . . . The portions of the Church need not otherwise have been united together *for their essential completeness*, than as being *descended from one original*. They are *like a number of colonies* sent out from a mother country. *Each church is independent of all the rest.*

And this is "history" and "the Fathers"! It is not too much to say, that there is no one historical fact, and no one patristic utterance, which has so much as the superficial appearance of sanctioning so wild a doctrine. If there is one class of facts more obtrusive than any other on the whole surface of Church history, they are facts which prove, that *individual bishops* were *not* independent, but on the contrary *were subject to* a superior authority. We will not appeal to

Catholic writers on this head; because no one can read Dr. Pusey's own work on Councils,* without seeing, not only that the fact is as we have stated, but that Dr. Pusey when he wrote his volume had for the moment no other idea. We will content ourselves with one quotation. It refers to the Nicene Council.

> All [its canons] were everywhere received; and all provincial Councils held themselves *bound* to do nothing against any canon of the Council of Nice. *The whole Church obeyed whatever it bade or forbade.*
>
> But beyond all questions of detail, which were thus *ruled for the Universal Church*, the half-yearly synods of bishops were then, *by virtue of an authority acknowledged everywhere as supreme*, appointed for the whole Church. The especial object of their meeting was the protection of all under the bishop laity, and clergy, *against any private wrong feeling of an individual bishop.* But the protection lay in *an appeal to the bishops of the province collectively.*" (pp. 112, 13.)

The individual bishop then was so far from being "independent," that an appeal was always open against him to his comprovincials; and neither again were *they* collectively "independent," because the "authority" of an Ecumenical Council was "acknowledged everywhere as supreme."

We stated some pages back, that an acceptance of this universally received patristic doctrine, on the supreme authority of the united Episcopate, leads necessarily to one or two further inquiries. Particularly, we said, it compels us to inquire, —what is the *principle* of episcopal unity; or in other words, what is that divinely-appointed ordinance, which indefectibly secures the unity of episcopal action? The answer, given by Roman Catholics to this inquiry, is notorious; and we may call it "the Papal doctrine." We are next then to consider, how this "Papal doctrine" stands, in reference to history and the Fathers. Three positions on this matter are imaginable; and we will consider them successively.

(1.) It is imaginable, that history directly contradicts this doctrine. Or in other words it is imaginable, that some fact or facts, ascertained as historically certain, are incompatible with the supposition, that this Papal doctrine was in any shape imparted by the Apostles to the Church as divinely revealed.

This is the thesis, which the "Church of England Defence Tracts" labour to establish. Let us suppose that their success had been as signal, as in fact has been their failure. What would follow from that thesis? It would follow, that the Catholic Church has ceased to exist; that there is no corporate

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* "The Councils of the Church, A. D. 51—381." 1857.

society now to be found, which corresponds with that picture of the Catholic Church, which was universally accepted by the Fathers. What these Anglican controversialists hold, comes (we have seen) to this; that the large majority of Catholic Bishops co-operate with S. Peter's See, in enforcing heresy as a condition of communion. But nothing can by possibility be more undeniably anti-historical and anti-patristic, than the doctrine, that Christ, consistently with His promises, could *allow* the large majority of Catholic Bishops to co-operate with S. Peter's See in thus enforcing heresy. The only conclusion then which could legitimately result from this high-church thesis would be, that the Catholic Church, as recognized by the Fathers, has ceased to exist. And moreover,—since the Fathers unanimously held as a revealed truth that the Catholic Church will *always* exist,—this thesis leads to the further conclusion, that patristic consent is no true test of revealed truth. The Editors of these Tracts begin by heralding themselves with sound of trumpet, as the special advocates of ecclesiastical *history*: they end, by subverting (so far as in them lies) the whole authority of ecclesiastical history from its very foundation.

(2.) Secondly it is imaginable, that history is *neutral* on the Papal doctrine: that there are no ascertained facts, sufficient by themselves to establish its apostolic origin; but that neither are there facts, sufficient to *disprove* that origin. On such a supposition, the historical evidence of Roman Catholicity would remain altogether unshaken. On a former occasion we thus briefly expressed the historical evidence, to which we here refer.

> The Apostolic Church was constituted by Christ as one corporate and hierarchical society: claiming to teach with infallible authority the truths committed by Him to her charge; and inculcating them on all her members, through her various living organs and representatives. Moreover, the Apostles' death was not, by God's appointment, to make any change whatever in her organization. On the contrary, Christ and His Apostles had expressly declared that she was to remain on earth until His second coming. Correlatively with this broad fact on the one hand, there stands forth in history a broad fact on the other hand. From that time to the present, there has always been one, and (speaking generally) there has never been more than one society, precisely answering to the description which we have given. This society, therefore, in every age has been the One Catholic Apostolic Church. There have been rare and exceptional periods, we admit—specially the period of that schism which terminated at the Council of Constance—when there were two rival claimants of Apostolic privilege. But the fact *that at rare intervals* there have been rival claims, does not tend ever so *remotely to* cause doubt in ordinary times, when there is no such rivalry. The

Apostolic Church, such as we have described it, was to last till the end of the world. In the time of S. Irenæus, there was one, and one only, such society. In the time of Constantine, there was one, and one only, such society. In the time of S. Gregory—in the Middle Ages—at the time of the Reformation—there was one, and one only, such society. At the present moment there is one, and one only, such society. Hence she is the One Catholic Apostolic Church: and her teaching, whatever it may be, is infallibly true; simply because it *is* her teaching. (Jan. 1867, pp. 116, 17.)

We need not appeal then to history at all, as *immediately* attesting the Papal doctrine. Facts, manifest on the very surface of history, incontestably establish, that the Church in communion with Rome is the one infallible Church. But it is a notorious fact, denied by no one, that this Church teaches the Papal doctrine as a divinely revealed truth; and we may thus, without further appeal to historical details, irrefragably infer, that the Papal doctrine is a truth revealed by God.

(3.) For our own part however, we are firmly convinced, that the preceding alternative is an entirely mistaken hypothesis; that historical facts, if duly considered, suffice by themselves to establish directly the apostolic origin of Papal doctrine. Following the stream of Catholic writers, we gave our reasons for this opinion in July, 1867 (pp. 21–34). Here therefore we will do no more, than refer to what we there wrote.

This is the proposition, which F. Addis vindicates against the "Church of England Defence Tracts." These do not indeed attempt to deal with the broad facts and features of ecclesiastical history, but confine themselves to individual and isolated facts. Since therefore F. Addis is obliged of course to follow their path, it is simply impossible that any general analysis can be given of the controversy; and we must refer our readers to the Oratorian's very able pamphlet. We said in July (p. 206) that he is a writer, from whom we expect signal services to the Church; and his second pamphlet is in every respect worthy of his first. We can only however give one or two specimens, of the singular excellence by which it is distinguished.

Speaking of his former pamphlet, we said that "we are not acquainted with any other controversialist whomsoever, to whom we could refer for so fair complete and lucid an exposition" as F. Addis's, of S. Irenæus's well-known passage on the "potentior principalitas." Fortunately for the cause of truth, his opponent has specially replied to this part of his argument; and has thus given F. Addis the opportunity, of which he has amply availed himself, to vindicate still more *irrefragably* the only interpretation, which, with any show of *reason, can* be affixed to S. Irenæus's words (pp. 5–13).

The following is excellent on the Council of Ephesus.

It is always rather hard to know what is meant in the two tracts by "misquotation." It is "misquotation," apparently, to adduce the lofty language used by the legates of the Pope at Ephesus, without adding that the Council did not regard the Pope's condemnation of Nestorius as final. On the other hand, it is, it seems, no "misquotation" to be silent about the fact that Cyril asked the Holy See whether he was or was not to hold communion with Nestorius, and this because he did not dare to decide on his own authority. "It was very natural," we are now told, "that Cyril should write to Pope Celestine in deferential language as to the line to be taken towards Nestorius." No doubt it was very natural that he should ask from the Pope instructions for himself and the bishops of the East on a matter which involved a judgment on the orthodoxy of another patriarch, *if he acknowledged in the Pope the supreme head of the Church, divinely appointed to guard her doctrine.* But that he should have acted thus *is inexplicable,* as far as we can see, *on any other theory.*

To Catholics there is nothing in the history of the Council which offers any serious difficulty. The Emperor was strongly inclined to favour Nestorius, and a spirit of heresy was widely spread in the East, particularly in the patriarchate of Antioch. It is not surprising, therefore, that it was deemed most prudent to give the Pope's decision effect by means of a General Council, and to treat Nestorius in form as if his heresy were still uncondemned.

But this, it may be said, is to assume that the words of the Council, in passing sentence on Nestorius, "compelled and constrained thereto by the sacred canons, and by the letter of our father and fellow-minister Celestine," have the sense I gave them. They need not mean more than that "the canons and the letter of the first of bishops brought home to them their duty." To this I answer: (1.) We can see what authority the Pope claimed from his instructions to his legates. He expressly forbade his legates to enter the arena with the other bishops. *They were simply to see the Pope's instructions carried out; and to act, not as disputants, but as judges* (Const. Ep. Cel. 17). (2.) The bishops practically *recognized the authority which the Pope claimed.* Thus, in the second action, Firmus of Cæsarea in Cappadocia declared, that the letter of Celestine "had prescribed the sentence and the rule" (ψῆφον καὶ νόμον ἔπεσχε) which the Council was to follow. (3.) The bishops certainly felt themselves obliged to obey the canons, and yet *they put the canons and the letter of the Pope on the same level.* (pp. 27–29.)

A favourite argument of high-churchmen, urged again of course in these Tracts, has been founded on the fact, that at Chalcedon the bishops re-examined S. Leo's Dogmatic Letter. Father Addis replies:

It is true the bishops accepted Leo's tome, because they found it consonant to the creeds; but the question is, did the majority regard this consonance as *uncertain till* the Council had solemnly approved it? It is possible to

bring the matter to a very practical issue. The acts of the sixth Œcumenical Council were sent by Leo II. to the Spanish bishops. In the year 684 (that is, three years after the date of the sixth Council) its decrees were examined by the Spanish bishops at the sixteenth synod of Toledo. The bishops lay down as a principle, that the decrees of the sixth Council were "*to be received, so far as they do not diverge from those of previous Councils*"; they compare them with the creeds, "approve and confirm them," and then announce them to the faithful as the law of their belief. (Mansi, xi. 1086, seq.) Now, here we have an examination *precisely and minutely parallel to that of Leo's tome at Chalcedon;* and yet the Spanish bishops cannot have imagined that they had "liberty to dissent" from the decrees of an Œcumenical Council. If their examination had ended otherwise, and they had come to the conclusion that the acts of the sixth Council were not consonant to the creeds, they would have cut themselves off from the unity of the Church, as the Egyptian bishops did by rejecting the definitions of Chalcedon. (pp. 30, 31.)

If the re-examination held at Chalcedon is supposed to show, that infallibility was not then ascribed to a Pope speaking ex cathedrâ;—then the re-examination in Spain must be admitted equally to show, that infallibility was not in that case ascribed to an *Œcumenical Council*. And this, in argument with these tract-writers, is a "reductio ad absurdum."

In truth the dogma of infallibility, just like every other revealed dogma, was only by slow degrees definitely and fully apprehended, in its practical applications and bearings. As regards patristic objections to the dogma of Papal infallibility—F. Humphrey excellently observes (p. xiii) that "one could easily follow suit with a *better* catena of authorities from the Fathers, against *the Divinity of our Blessed Lord*."

F. Addis treats, with a thoroughly satisfactory result (pp. 35-39) the whole question of the False Decretals. It is sometimes maintained, that the mere fact of those forgeries having for so long a period received universal credit, is an argument against the Church's divine authority. F. Addis replies with singular felicity, that *high-churchmen* at all events cannot advocate such a principle.

A multitude of apocryphal writings are to be met with from the earliest times, and obtained not unfrequently universal currency in the Church. The Fathers, as well as the Schoolmen, appeal to spurious documents. Look, for example, at the great Lateran Synod in 649. In the fifth session the Council gives the patristic testimonies against the doctrine of the Monothelites. The most ancient authorities quoted are Dionysius the Areopagite and Justin Martyr. The works of the former, constantly appealed to in the controversy, are of course absolutely unauthentic. From Justin the Fathers of the Council quote four passages. Three are from works which Justin

never wrote; the fourth resembles something in a book falsely ascribed to him, but the quotation is inaccurate. Yet this Synod had great influence in deciding the fate of Monothelism. About a case like this, I suppose, the writer of the tract would speak much as we should. He would allow that it was not possible to replace the passages from Dionysius and Justin by others of the same, or anything like the same, antiquity; but he would plead that the Monothelite heresy might be refuted by solid arguments from tradition, and that, in spite of human error, Divine Providence watched over the dogmatic decisions of the Church. Why should he be astonished if Catholics take the same line of defence about the primacy, and refuse to believe that a forgery defeated the promises of Christ? (pp. 38, 39.)

The extracts we have given are but good average specimens, of the extraordinary completeness and success with which F. Addis has accomplished his work. We rejoice to think that he has (to all appearance) so many years before him, for serving the Church in a way which just now she peculiarly needs.

Whatever else however may be in God's counsels, we may securely prophesy that Anglican high-churchism has no future to expect. At the same time it does not therefore follow, that no advantage is gained by such discussions as that with which we have been engaged. In proportion as they produce any effect, they will of course be personally serviceable to those directly addressed; for high-churchmen, remaining such, incur the certainty of grievous spiritual loss, and the peril of eternal ruin. But further. There are two forms of misbelief, which at the present moment are far more threatening and dangerous than any others; viz. liberalism within the Christian pale and antitheism without it. Now these desolating errors cannot be combated with complete effect, except by Catholics. It is really important therefore, that as many as possible of those who are otherwise qualified to engage in such conflicts—and Canon Liddon for one is *eminently* qualified—should be in submission to the full teaching of the Catholic Church.

Notices of Books.

The History of the Sacred Passion. From the Spanish of F. Luis de la Palma, S.J.; the Translation revised and edited by Henry James Coleridge, S.J. London: Burns & Oates.

THIS is the most wonderful work upon the Passion that we have ever read. Not only step by step that our Lord took up to the cross,—the throne of His victory over death and sin,—has the author of this work followed Him also step by step: he has done far more than this. He has brought out the fulness of the meaning of the Gospel narrative of the Passion, with illustrations from other parts of Holy Scripture, in a way which can only have come from intense meditation upon every word of what we read in the Gospels about the Passion, and of all that was said about our Lord in the Law and the Prophets.

"Father Luis de la Palma, the author of the following pages," says the Editor, "was a Spanish member of the Society of Jesus in the first century of its existence." "Everything that he has written is of the most sterling value"; and, judging from the work before us, we can well believe it.

To us the charm of the work lies in this, that it is entirely theological. It is said that this work is made use of largely, by those who give the exercises of S. Ignatius. It is, as it were, the flesh upon the skeleton of the Exercises.

What can be more beautiful than the chapter of the "More Secret Causes of our Saviour's Sorrow"? or the "Ascending the Cross, with His face turned from Jerusalem towards the West—towards Rome"? or again, "Giving up the Ghost"?

Take the following extract as to our dear Lady when waiting for the Resurrection of her Son (p. 408):—

"She thought on the Apostles who had taken flight, and were hidden; on the other disciples who had believed in Him, and were now scandalized; and on the mystical body of her Son, not less wounded and lacerated than His natural body. And she, as the mother of one as well as the other, desired life and health for both, and to gather them together and shelter them, and revive them with the warmth of her own loving heart."

Never has the Passion been meditated upon so before: nor is there any *subject* so worthy of meditation; for, as the holy author writes (allowing that

there are many subjects fit for meditation): "All this is true; and yet with all this, the history of the Sacred Passion and death of our Saviour contains excellences and advantages of its own, above all other subjects on which we can exercise ourselves in meditation."

We can only say, in conclusion, that if any one wishes to understand the Passion of our dear Lord in its fulness, let him procure this book.

And if the "Quarterly Series" continue to contain such works as these, it will be impossible to exaggerate the gratitude due from Catholics to the Editors of the "Month," under whose superintendence the series is produced.

The "Civiltà Cattolica" on F. Faber's Spiritual Works. Translated by permission. London: Burns & Oates.

EVERY man may be said to lead two lives. We do not speak, of course, of the life eternal, although the life eternal must necessarily influence the life to which we refer; but the second life of which we speak is that in which "Defunctus adhuc loquitur,"—for evil or for good.

Sometimes the first life is a failure, and the second a success; at other times the first is a success, and the second a failure. Some men fail in their lifetime, and succeed after death; others succeed in their lifetime, and leave no memory behind them.

But of F. Faber we think we may say, that he succeeded in his first life, and that his second will be still more glorious. Should we have any doubt of this, we need only cast a glance at the little pamphlet, lately translated from the "Civiltà Cattolica." There we shall find what F. Faber is *now* doing for Italy, long after he has gone to his rest. "Defunctus adhuc loquitur."

As for what he is doing, and has done, in America, the past pages of this REVIEW will show.* In France, he is regarded as one of the greatest spiritual writers of the present day. The review of the "Civiltà" is simply admirable, and it must be remembered that it is the most authoritative organ of the illustrious Society of Jesus.

We have no room for long quotations; but as there has been lately in England a tendency to depreciate the great spiritual master's works, our readers may perhaps be glad to know what is thought about him by this semi-official organ.

"It is indeed marvellous to note the ease in which he moves in the invisible world of grace, as if it were the tangible world of nature, and makes us realize the value of the least interior act of the love of God, each of which, as he remarks, 'is a more finished thing than a statue of Phidias or Praxiteles. It is more firm than the foundation of the Alps. It is more enduring than the round world, which God has made so firm.' Wonderful as he is, when he dwells on God's hidden ways with His saints, he is more

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* See e. g. our number for January, 1870, pp. 105–107.

wonderful still when he displays the abundance of grace and merit to be found in the commonest life." . . .

All F. Faber's works lead upwards. It was not always, as many think, the "easy ways of Divine Love," although he tried to make every way easy. Throughout all his works there is a gradual climbing upwards to the mountains of God. Let those who doubt, try to put in practice the teaching of his later works.

"M. Louis Veuillot" (says the "Civiltà"), "speaking of F. Faber's 'Spiritual Conferences,' in his 'Historiettes et Fantaisies,' calls it 'livre ascétique, livre anglais, livre traduit,' and yet he is charmed with it, and says, 'Véritablement le Docteur Faber est un maître homme. . . . Ce P. Faber est un maître écorcheur, et il a des pinces étranges pour saisir les fibres les plus ténues et les plus cachées sous le peau, qu'il enlève dextrement.'"

S. Alfonso says (we quote from the "Civiltà")—"That he liked those preachers whose words did not pass directly from the head to the tongue, but descended first into the heart, to be enkindled by its fire before rising again to its lips." Such was F. Faber. We may be allowed to quote the words of the venerable Abbot of Solesmes, Don Guéranger, "*that since the 'devout life' of S. Francis of Sales it would be difficult to find other works like his.*"

Yet one approbation more, and it comes from the Vicar of the King of kings :—

"July 31, 1872.

"I highly approve of the publication in Italian of the excellent F. Faber's works. I give my blessing to the translator and the publisher, engaging the latter to continue the publication of good and sound works.

"Pius PP. IX."

What was the secret of F. Faber's success, both in life and after death ?

1st. *The Science of Faith*, "which influences the heart, as well as enlightens the understanding" (p. 15); hence the success of all his sermons and all his works, because they were so theological.

2nd. Love, which is greater than faith or hope.

3rd. The Science of the Saints, nearly all of whom he had studied (notwithstanding great bodily pain), almost one by one.

4th. Because "he was," as the "Civiltà" says, "*very, very* Roman." These are F. Faber's own words, even before becoming a Catholic.

We conclude with this extract :—

"We believe that to his beautiful soul this praise, 'Roman,' would have been more grateful than any other ; it alone would have sufficed him."

Memoir of Count de Montalembert, Peer of France : a Chapter of recent French History. By Mrs. Oliphant. Edinburgh and London : William Blackwood & Sons.

THE name of "Montalembert" used to be a household word amongst all Catholics. The author of "S. Elizabeth" and of the "Monks of the

West" can never be forgotten. But there were words spoken by him towards the end of his life, which for love for him we will not repeat, but which caused the heart of good Catholics to grieve. However, it will gladden all our readers to know for certain that Montalembert died true to the Church and to the Holy Father.

This is the most important point of all, and therefore we put it first.

"One of his visitors put a direct question to Montalembert: 'If the Infallibility is proclaimed, what will you do?' 'I will struggle against it as long as I can,' he said; but when the question was repeated, the sufferer raised himself quickly in his chair, with something of his old animation . . . . . 'What should I do?' he said. 'We are always told the Pope is a Father—Eh bien! There are many fathers who demand our adherence to things very far from our inclination, and contrary to our ideas. In such a case the son struggles while he can; he tries hard to persuade his father—discusses and talks the matter over with him; but when all is done, *when he sees no possibility of succeeding*, but receives a distinct refusal, he submits. *I shall do the same.*'

"'You will submit so far as form goes?' said the visitor.

"Still more distinctly he replied,—

"'I will simply submit my will as has to be done in respect to all the other questions of the faith. I am not a theologian; it is not my part to decide on such matters—and God does not ask me to understand. *He asks me to submit my will and intelligence, and I will do so.*'"

Here is the true spirit of a loyal Catholic.

Charles Forbes René de Montalembert was born in London, 15th May, 1810. Entrusted to the care of his grandfather, owing to the emigration, at the early age of fifteen months, he was brought up for some time in England. Mrs. Oliphant gives us some touching letters from the grandfather to the little boy.

Take the following extract:—

"A few months later a second prefatory letter, written as people wrote when life was long, and time ample, with a care and clearness unknown to this hasty generation [this is one of the charms of Mrs. Oliphant's style, that she conveys sly hints while passing on], describes 'the pleasure which I have enjoyed in proceeding thus far for my beloved grandchild.' . . . . . .

"And on Charles's first birthday this tender enthusiam burst forth still more warmly. '*Ut ameris amabilis esto*' is the motto which the fond grandfather placed below the portrait which he then made of his darling." (p. 13, vol. i.)

Of his youth we have simply to notice one thing, the contract which he made with M. Cornudet, who is still alive, and who will give us more valuable matter about Montalembert before long.

The two boys bound themselves together by a solemn contract to support through life "God and Freedom." Montalembert wanted to sign it with his blood, but his more sensible companion persuaded him to the contrary.

"God and Liberty," he writes, at the age of seventeen; "these are the two principal motive powers of my existence. To reconcile these two perfections shall be the aim of my life."

During his youth he was more given to God than boys generally are, and more than ordinarily studious. Let the reader turn to page 40, and see what *the young boy did.*

There are few Catholics who do not love Ireland, and we need not be astonished when we learn that young Montalembert's heart turned towards Ireland. Happy boy to visit such a happy land,—not happy in this world's happiness, but happy in the grace of God.

Young Montalembert went through Kerry upon horseback with a witty Irish boy for his guide. And here we must be pardoned for observing, that the ignorance of the Irish peasantry is a myth. Put an English bricklayer or ploughman and an Irish peasant face to face, and see whether the Irish does not surpass the English; we will not only say in manners, shrewdness, and intelligence, for this is commonly admitted, but in extent of knowledge.

His visit to Kerry was to see O'Connell. His first visit to a country Irish chapel will be found most interesting.

"I had taken only a few steps on my way when my attention was attracted by the appearance of a man who knelt at the foot of one of the firs; several others became visible in succession in the same attitude, and the higher I ascended, the larger became the number of these kneeling peasants.

He left Ireland, we are told, after spending "two of the happiest months of his life."

"He had seen a worshipping nation, and his imagination had been inspired by the sight, and all his resolutions had burst into flower." (p. 110, vol. i.)

The history of "L'Avenir" is too well known to require any treatment here. How Montalembert struggled in company with Lacordaire for liberty of instruction,—how the leader of the movement, F. Lamennais, fell away,—is known to all. Still, we cannot look back on what they fondly hoped would be the future, without feeling how entirely they forgot the past, and the lessons which it teaches; for, although "radicalism" was one of their party words, "liberalism," one of the monstrous births of modern society, gave the tone to their words and works.

No doubt it was a noble aspiration, "God and Liberty"; but "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," and there is no liberty where the Spirit of the Lord is not, and the Spirit of the Lord has not been with modern Liberalism. It has done more harm to the Church, we do not hesitate to say, than open heresy. Like Jansenism, it has eaten like a canker into the hearts of Christ's faithful. Yet, looking back upon the history of the Church of France since the days of "L'Avenir," it is a matter of great consolation for us to know that the evil has almost died out. The little noble band of searchers after "God and Liberty"—and with all their faults they were truly noble—have almost died away. One or two only remain. Montalembert has gone, and Lacordaire has gone, and M. Cochin has gone (we do not add the name of Père Gratry, for he belonged to quite another school of thought), and, as far as we can see, "liberalism" is well nigh extinct in the Church of France. To God be the thanks.

Yet we must not be unfair: Montalembert and his companions did immense service to the Church in their day, both by their public lives and writings, *by their open* witness to the faith of Christ, especially before the public tribunals, by their holy living, by their works of charity, by their ministrations

to the poor. And we all know that any one who remembers the poor is never forgotten by our Lord.

Of the life of S. Elizabeth, let us hear Mrs. Oliphant.

"The work itself is one of which no critic of the present day needs to speak. Of all the saintly studies that have followed it, and they have been many, none has successfully emulated the grace and beauty, the harmonious charm of this beautiful book." (p. 328, vol. i.)

Of the "Monks of the West," we need not also speak, except to call attention to the fact, that that beautiful work was the means of turning his own daughter's heart towards the courts of God.

As an orator, he was probably unsurpassed in France, and one of the secrets of his success, no doubt, lay in this, that he always spoke from the heart.

The one great cause of his shortcomings was (to our mind) his want of reverence towards the clergy—towards the constituted authorities of Christ's Church. As a boy of seventeen, we find him saying that the clergy did not understand the position of affairs; and at the end of his life, we find him calling the Infallible Vicar of Christ an "idol." No doubt he submitted whenever he was condemned; no doubt he would have accepted all the Church of God required of him; but his failure lay in this, that he never fully recognized the truth of that saying of our Lord, addressed to his Apostles:—"He who receiveth *you*, receiveth *Me*." From first to last, if we may trust Mrs. Oliphant's beautiful book,—and from other sources indeed we derive the same impression,—he set himself up to be a critic of the priesthood of God. And the end of these things we know. But God was merciful to one who had worked so nobly for Him, although not faultlessly; and the name of "Montalembert" shall go down to our children's children in honourable and grateful remembrance.

Before concluding, we have a word to say on Mrs. Oliphant—no unkind word.

To us, it seems like Edward Irving,—whose life she has written as if she were a moth fluttering round the light, the Light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world. She has written the life of F. Francis of Assisi, and seems utterly fascinated by the beauty of Catholicity. She makes, however, a distinction between the heart and the reason. If the heart leads her one way, the reason condemns.

But Mrs. Oliphant is singularly fair. Take this from the Preface.

"Lest her (Madame de Montalembert's) great kindness should entangle her in a supposed assent to any of my political or religious opinions, I feel it my duty to state most distinctly that this has not been the case."

This is what she says about the Definition of Papal Infallibility.

"Certainly it is difficult to understand wherein the Papal Infallibility, which *we have all our lives* understood to be an article of Roman Catholic belief, differs from the Papal Infallibility proclaimed by the Council of Rome *in 1870*."

All through the book there are traces that the heart of the writer is leading her toward the Catholic Church, although her reason may be pointing the other way. Let us hope and pray her reason also may in due time be convinced; and that she who has written the life of F. Francis of Assisi, may be welcomed into the true Church by the "poor little one of Jesus Christ." With one ast extract we will conclude:—

"The tears are scarcely dry yet that fell on his grave, and his vacant place will be hard to fill up in his country. But at least there is one thing at which all who know him will rejoice—that God took him mercifully from the evil to come, and that he did not see the lowest humiliation, or the most bitter sufferings of his beloved France."

Contemporary Review, 1872, art. I.: *Is God unknowable?* By Rev. Father Dalgairns. London: Strahan & Co.

WE cannot within the compass of a notice express any sufficient appreciation of this singularly able and thoughtful article; but we hope to do it justice, when the course of our own philosophical articles shall have brought us to the vital question herein treated. We will at once, however, express the bias of our own humble opinion that F. Dalgairns treats Mr. Herbert Spencer's scepticism with much greater respect than it deserves. We will add a very brief account of the position which F. Dalgairns himself takes up.

He agrees with FF. Newman and Kleutgen, in assigning a primary place, among the arguments for God's Existence, to that derivable from the phenomena of man's "moral conscience." But the way of treating this argument is peculiarly his own. In his hands it assumes the shape of a "cumulative process" (p. 622). "On the one hand my analysis of moral law throws me upon a Personal Being in whom it lives; on the other, I experience a sensible pain which is a direct consequence of the same moral law. Here is a combination of intuition and experience, which is Kant's condition of knowledge."

The following criticism of the "agnostic" school is admirably true and admirably expressed:—

"This system of course has great polemical advantages . . . . Its authors reap the profit at once of both knowledge and ignorance. To them *ignorance is a harbour of refuge, from which they may issue on piratical expeditions into the realm of knowledge.* Its enormous and incurable weakness is, that it excludes from the circle of knowledge what the common sense of mankind will never consent to give up to ignorance." (p. 617.)

Even an atheist, urges our author, feels a pang of conscience when he commits sin. This emotion is "the passionate cry of the Father, come to claim the child who denies that He exists." (p. 625.)

Several thinkers are led, by the existence of evil, to "the hypothesis of a *good being* limited in power." But this, adds F. Dalgairns with profound *truth*, "is to misread the phenomena of the Universe. It does not wear the

aspect of *weak benevolence:* it wears the sad look of yearning unrequited love." (p. 629.)

We believe F. Dalgairns was out of England when his article went through the press: certainly the misprints are deplorable. "First Cause" is throughout printed "First *Canon*." In p. 625, line 8, "cry of recall" stands absurdly as "cry of *wrath*." In p. 629—"We need not assume the existence of a *double* Creator, of a Demiurge or an Ahriman"—the word "knowable" is substituted for "double"; as though F. Dalgairns were himself an agnostic. Manifold are the inconveniences—the present writer speaks with keen fellow-feeling—of writing an illegible hand.

The Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers related by Themselves. First Series. Edited by JOHN MORRIS, Priest of the Society of Jesus. Burns & Oates. 1872.

THE readers of Father Morris's last work will eagerly welcome another volume from his hands. The present book contains nine separate papers of varied and deep interest; and although none of them are equal in length and continuity of narrative to Father Gerard's account, several of them will be found to throw so much light upon the English religious foundations, the habits of the time, and the relentless persecutions—not only external—and cruelties to which they were exposed, that each of these papers has a distinct value of its own. Mother Margaret Clement, whose life is first on the list, was the daughter of Margaret Giggs (married to Thomas Clement), who was brought up as a daughter in the household of the great Chancellor and martyr Sir Thomas More. Margaret Clement, the younger daughter, was for thirty-eight years Prioress of the Augustinianesses of S. Ursula's at Louvain, and afterwards helped to found the colony-house of S. Monica's, in the same city. In Holbein's great picture of Sir Thomas More and his family, of which there is a duplicate or contemporary copy in the possession of his lineal descendant, Charles Eyston, Esq., of Hendred, in Berkshire, Margaret Giggs is placed beside the famous Margaret Roper, the Chancellor's daughter. It was to her that Sir Thomas in his last letter wrote, "I send now to my good daughter Clement her algorism-stone (for arithmetic), and send her and my godson (her husband), and all her's, God's blessing and mine.' Young Margaret was sent to school at S. Ursula's, at Louvain, where there was a famous English nun, Elizabeth Woodford, who had been driven out of this country when the convents were suppressed. She is represented as "a substantial woman, solid in sense and judgment, very exact herself, and severe," as they used in old time to be towards youth in England. This nun, who had no doubt had her own experience of women's love of power, and whose sagacious mind had stored it up to much profit, advised Margaret the younger if she should ever found convents in England, to admit of prioresses but no abbesses, *as she had seen* "great abuses enter into religion thereby." Mother

Margaret had no opportunity of carrying out this counsel in England, but when she died there were twenty-two English nuns at S. Ursula's. At S. Monica's, where, as we shall see, most of them migrated, there were many nuns whose family names will always occupy the first place in the lists of English sufferers for religion. The earliest mentioned are the two nieces, Helen and Mary, of Cardinal Allen; Bridget Wiseman, Margaret Garnet [sister of Father Garnet], and Dorothy Rookwood. Then come the names of Eleanor Garnet, Anne Cletherow [or Clitheroe ?], daughter of the martyr at York, and Elizabeth Shirley, who wrote Mother Margaret's life. Mrs. Clement, her mother, is well known as having fed the Charterhouse monks [Carthusians] imprisoned by Henry VIII. She had come disguised as a milkmaid with her pail filled with food, and afterwards had removed the tiling and fed the prisoners from the roof; but when the gaoler had been afraid, and refused her all means of admittance, these Fathers had slowly starved to death, bound hand and foot to posts or wooden pillars in the wretched prison. In the reign of Edward VI. the Clements migrated to the Low Countries, being the first to leave England to secure the practice of religion after its fall into schism. A beautiful custom is mentioned incidentally at Mechlin [Malines], where the Clements had removed from Bruges, of singing the anthem of Corpus Christi every Thursday in the cathedral, at which Mrs. Clement never failed to be present with her children. Just before her death she called her husband and told him that the martyred Charterhouse monks had come about her bed and had called her to come away with them; and the next day being Thursday, she bade her son make ready her apparel to go to the anthem in the cathedral. He soothed her, trying to put the idea out of her mind, but she still persisted that by God's grace she would be present at the anthem, which came to pass.

"And so it fell out, that she from that moment, drawing more and more to her end, as soon as the bell of S. Rumold's began to toll to the anthem of Corpus Christi, she gave up her happy soul into the hands of God, thereby showing to have foretold the hour of her death, and that she departed with that blessed company to Heaven, who had so long expected her, to be partaker of their glory, as no doubt but she is. Her body was buried in the Cathedral Church of S. Rumold, behind the high altar, before the memory of our Blessed Saviour lying in His grave, where also her husband was laid by her within two years after."

The minority in the community at S. Ursula's appealed against Mother Margaret's election to Rome, because she and Elizabeth Woodford were the only English nuns in the house; but the commissioners who were sent to inquire into the facts confirmed the election, and thus the youngest and least considered of Thomas Clement's eleven children became the superior of eighty persons. [In 1566.]

The first thing the new prioress did was to reform the house, which perhaps the minority had foreseen, for inclosure seems to have been very imperfectly kept. Mother Margaret's strictness was carried out to the letter of the rule, and to all; for she refused leave to Mrs. Allen to see her daughter when sick, even when the archbishop had given her a written permission or "licence." She assigned as her reason that the community was mixed of Flemish and English,

and as the Flemings had often been refused, it was not fair to break the inclosure now for an English nun. In spite of—or rather because of—her strictness, Mother Margaret was much beloved by her nuns, though they were of many nations and different classes in life, and certainly lived very hardly.

"The bread was of coarse rye, their beer exceeding small. Their ordinary fare was a mess of porridge made of herbs called warremus [?] sodden together with water only, and therewith they added at dinner a little piece of black beef about the greatness of two fingers, and at night for supper they had only a dish of some three or four little pieces of mutton sodden with broth, which was to pass a table of ten nuns, and to this was added bread and butter, and nothing else."

This tempting fare was exchanged in Lent for porridge and *half a herring* each nun, and peas dressed with lamp-oil. Once a week the mayor's wife gave them in charity a mess of salt fish with some salad oil, "which was accounted great cheer." Their collation was a piece of black [rye] bread, small beer, and once a week a piece of gingerbread. The Flemish nuns suffered in cheerful silence seeing their English sisters better fed with white bread and oatmeal porridge, for, with that characteristic weakness of digestion which seems allotted to our race through many ages, they could not eat the Flemish food, and would simply have starved upon it. The English ladies, however, were not a whit behind the rest in industry and cheerful obedience. They shared in the general wash, including the foreign mode of beating the linsey-woolsey habits, &c., till all their bones ached, steeped the linen in lye which took the skin off their hands, made up the heavy batches of rye bread, mended and kept the paved courts in order, and swept the convent. They also wove the coarse linen in clumsy looms, which even the nun historian says was "a man's work, and very hard for tender women." "The English nuns also, being young, helped the old Dutch religious in their cells to go to bed, and swept their cells with joy and humility for God's sake, such as might in the world have been their chamber-maids."

This insight into convent life of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries shows us how far harder and more painful it was, and what heroic courage the multitude of English women showed who were not only driven away from their beloved country, their own surroundings, and the very use of their language, but had also to suffer the additional hardships of new customs, habits, climate, food, and occupations. They had not even daily recreation, which is so great an outlet and assistance to heavily-tasked nature; but were allowed to talk two afternoons only in the week, and during the whole of Advent and Lent had no recreation at all. They had then also a much longer and more cumbrous office than the Roman rite, and got up at midnight for matins.

Although the English nuns were saved from religious persecution, they suffered many things in the Low Countries. During Mother Margaret's prioress-ship the town was several times assaulted, once by the Prince of Orange, and filled with soldiers. Their convent was once flooded to the altar, when the Blessed Sacrament had to be carried up into a garret, and they endured successively both pestilence and famine. In this last affliction the *community* was saved by English alms. The account of Mother Margaret's

jubilee, or 50th year of profession, is very curious, and is most quaintly and simply told. It was in the year 1606, and a general contribution was made, to be able to show as grand a function as possible; part of which—"a whole set of viols" played at mass—would have greatly disturbed the equanimity of some of the Bishops of our own day. The choir and church were all "hanged" with costly stuffs, green cords, and pretty devices. "After mass the crown was set upon the head of the nun of fifty years, and she was led into the choir by two of the 'ancients.'" The rejoicings were kept up all the week in various religious ways, and the townspeople were invited to the convent to pay "the old Mother" their respects. The Sub-prioress gave leave for all these preparations, which if Mother Margaret had known she would have "letted." The various religious houses of Mechlin played their part by sending their choristers in turn each day to sing, "and so the whole week was brought about with great jubilation."

The foundation of S. Monica's, the offshoot of S. Ursula's, seems to have sprung entirely from the presence of the English nuns; and although Mother Margaret had then been blind for six years, she willingly offered herself for "the naked house, which had nothing but the bare walls." First, there was a chapter, and the nuns about to leave humbly acknowledged their faults in the usual manner, "the old mother" leading the way, "and with such fervour desired pardon for whatever might in the time of her government have given them cause of offence, that she made them almost all to weep." Then the Dutch mother followed, and asked pardon for whatever might have disgusted the English nuns. After this there was a *Messa cantata* and Communion, and a general leave-taking. They went through the streets two and two, in *hukes* (cloaks), and "the people ran out of their houses to look at them, and said, 'Oh! they knew the old mother of S. Ursula's,' who came last, led by the Reverend Father Fen on the one side, and Mr. Worthington on the other." Mr. Worthington carried them in triumph to his own house, where he had prepared, unknown to them, a great dinner for these simple, good women; and the Jesuit Father Talbot, Rector of the English College, met them there, and brought with him "two great tarts, the one of minced meat made costly, the other of fruit very good." Mr. Allen had these "tarts" sent on to the convent, where they served the sisters for a whole week. After they had gone on to the new convent and dressed the altar, and Father Fen had blessed some holy water, the nuns arranged their beds and furniture, and the rooms for Father Fen and the male servant Roger. They had laid in a barrel of beer and a batch of bread, but when the supper-time came, and each nun sat down to her one egg and bread and butter, they found that there was not even salt in the house, to eat with the eggs.

The eighth nun was Frances Herbert, the daughter of Sir Edward Herbert, the ancestor of the Powys family, and later on the Bishop sent eight more from S. Ursula's, after which the convent was established in its usages, and began to flourish. "The old mother," after welcoming her two great-nieces—Copleys of Gatton in Surrey—to the convent [1610], was taken ill one day *in choir*, when, carrying out her courageous endurance to the last, she would *not move* till the office was ended, and died four days afterwards in great peace.

Those among our readers—and they are many—in whose ears the name of "Mother Margaret" is a pleasant household word, will be deeply interested in every detail of this former "valiant woman," whose sound English Catholic stock was also, like hers of our own time, fed and strengthened by examples of Flemish virtue and self-denial.

Father Morris has further done us excellent service by his clear summaries, introducing each paper.

It is not possible to give even the slightest account of the remaining contents of Father Morris's volume, though the chronicle of S. Monica's convent alone would well occupy many pages, and the short extracts from Sir Henry Tichborne's manuscript writings will be read with the deepest interest by all.

Looking back to the splendid achievements of the English Catholic families, so filled with heroic virtue, chivalrous daring, and storied names, a certain sadness creeps upon us as we hesitatingly ask ourselves whether our present and future prospects are likely to equal the annals of the past? Whether this faith, loyalty, and self-denial, or powers of "enduring hardness" in our growing members are as conspicuous as in their forefathers? It is well at times to measure our progress and growth by some high standard, and Father Morris has performed a singularly opportune work by bringing the English Catholic body face to face with the splendid deeds of their forefathers of a troubled generation.

Sequel to the Conversion of the Teutonic Race. S. Boniface and the Conversion of Germany. By Mrs. Hope, author of "Early Martyrs," &c. With a Preface by the Rev. John Bernard Dalgairns, &c. Washbourne. 1872.

IN our April notice of the first portion of this work, "The Conversion of the Franks and the English," we adverted to its special value as showing the Divine vitality and abidance of the Church as put forth in her history, and her identity—though manifold in circumstance—with herself in all ages. In his admirable Preface to the "Sequel," Father Dalgairns touches upon the same point, and goes on to urge that history must be told as a whole, and not with a view to "edification." We rejoice that such a voice has been raised against a certain one-sidedness of narration, which has before now done some mischief. If history had always been studied and written in full, whether "edifying" or not, what we may now call Döllingerism could never have triumphantly pointed to its "discoveries" of historical truth.

"The origin of this book," Father Dalgairns says, "lay in a deep conviction on the part of both author and editor that the great proof of the Divine origin of the Church is its history. I believe that the more the grand story of the Catholic Church is known, the more it will be certain that the Christian *revelation lies* historically in the Church in communion with Rome; that

that has ever been the centre of its life, and that all bodies out of it are visibly sects in a state of dissolution and death. . . . . History is often written as if its end were edification. It must be remembered, however, that in the long run truth is always edifying, though isolated facts may often be scandalous and startling. . . . . To slur over scandals is to omit the enemy in the story of a fight. On the whole, the career of the Church has been one of most marvellous victory, and it only requires to be told courageously as a whole in order to make this clear."

The story of the gain and loss of the Church, again, which it is so marvellous to follow in its ebb and flow of grace, is touched upon in this preface in one or two masterly pages, which we much wish had been prolonged. Of the "Sequel" itself we shall not now speak at length, as we intend to refer to it more at large in connection with the preceding volume. It opens with the first English missions of the Northumbrian converts, who spread over Ireland, and were there received most generously and supplied with "food, books, and teachers, free of all cost." One of these pilgrims was the famous Bishop of Lichfield, S. Chad. Another, Egbert, who had intended going to convert the Frisians, but was ordered in a vision to give it up, went to Iona [716], and persuaded the Celtic monks to give up their obstinate adherence to their way of keeping Easter, and observing the peculiar tonsure which was called the "tonsure of Simon Magus." S. Willibrord took up Egbert's work with the Frisians, but went afterwards to the Court of France, where Pepin Heristal was then Mayor of the Palace. S. Willibrord was eventually a bishop, and died in 744, leaving his work to Winfred, a Devonshire man [Crediton], who is better known as S. Boniface, and who had been given to the Benedictine Abbey of Exminster, near Exeter, when he was six years old. This extraordinary man combined the chief best qualities of an Englishman. Brave and fearless as a lion, exceedingly modest and unpretentious, silent until called upon to preach or instruct, and then urging Christian truths with a power of nervous eloquence and a force of illustration which brought crowds to his teaching. Winfred was soon known as the most famous expounder of the Scriptures in England. A train of monks and abbesses eagerly sought his expositions of the Divine teaching, and to the common people he explained the parables of our Lord with singular force and practical application. In this way Winfred lived as a simple monk not in holy orders till he was two-and-thirty, when his superiors besought him to be ordained priest. Consenting with reluctant humility, he reverently confined himself to one mass daily, though many priests were accustomed, till the eleventh century, to say three or more. In 716 Winfred embarked on his missionary work in Friesland and in Germany, where the account of his labours is beautifully told by Mrs. Hope. Throughout his three years' travels and labours in Friesland, Winfred seems to have looked upon it as a merely temporary resting-place, and to have been continually urged and guided by Divine suggestions, as a true Apostle, to extend his labours to the whole German people, and especially to the "Old Saxons," in whom our English race has its source. The tone of Winfred's mind may be best discerned by a letter written to a young man called Nidhard, to inspire him with a great love and reverence for studying the Holy Scriptures.

"For what, Christian brother, is more worthy of pursuit by the young? Or what is more valuable to be possessed by the old than the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, which, guiding the ship of our souls without shipwreck through perils and storms, will land us on the beautiful shores of Paradise, amid the unending joys of the angels? Wherefore, if Almighty God will, whenever on my way I return to those parts, as I purpose to do, I promise to be a faithful friend to thee in all things, and a devoted help, as far as my powers go, in the study of the Holy Scriptures."

On his second visit to Rome S. Boniface was ordained Bishop by Pope Gregory II., who gave him a special association with Rome. The account of his interview with the Pope, his oath on S. Peter's relics, and Gregory's prophetic words [chapter vii], must be read at length to be fully enjoyed. In 732 A.D., S. Boniface received the Archbishop's pallium from Pope Gregory III., and on his third visit to Rome met with a crowd of English pilgrims: Ina, who was founding his school, the English College, the Abbess S. Eadburga, and, above all, first S. Winibald, and then his brother, the pure, gentle, and most loving S. Willibald, the nephews of S. Boniface, who gave themselves up to their uncle, and both eventually laboured with and under him in Germany.

Every one knows the story of S. Boniface's martyrdom, when he was past his seventieth year, by the pagan Frisians, but every one has not heard it so stirringly set forth as in her twenty-second chapter by Mrs. Hope, of which we cannot attempt even a brief account. As he drew his daily strength and spirit of love from the Holy Scriptures,—so he died with the book of the Gospels in his hands,—and, lifting them up Heavenward as his last gesture, the Book was nearly severed in two by the blow which released him to receive his crown.

More than his missionary work had been done, for S. Boniface had prepared the way for Charlemagne and his strong Christian empire; and when it broke up, at the great emperor's death, it did not, as Mrs. Hope admirably observes, fall back into anarchy and Paganism, because of the spiritual unity the apostle of Germany had breathed into it.

While following the beautiful and life-like narrative of his labours, we are keenly aroused to invoke the martyred apostle that his spirit may finally awaken the Teutonic race of our own day to the vital need of loyal love to the Church. With this keystone secured, the future greatness of Germany can scarcely be measured, while, failing this, its newly-built empire will break up and perish, as the race of Merovingian kings crumbled and decayed, and its place was found no more.

Historical Sketches. By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. London: Pickering.

THIS is the last volume which has appeared of F. Newman's reprinted works. Its chief content is a collection of essays, published in 1838, *on the "Office and Work of Universities,"* but now called more appropriately

"Rise and Progress of Universities." The Catholic reading world is thoroughly well acquainted with them, and we need not speak of their interest and importance.

They are succeeded by two magnificent essays on "the Northmen and Normans in England and Ireland," which appeared in the two numbers of the "Rambler" edited by F. Newman. They are probably much less familiar to Catholic readers, than those last mentioned; but we think them on the whole even superior. They lead us keenly to regret the fact, that the series was never completed.

The volume closes with two dissertations of very inferior interest, first published when the author was a Protestant.

Directorium Asceticum; or, Guide to the Spiritual Life. By JOHN BAPTIST SCARAMELLI, S. J. Translated and edited at S. Beuno's College. Vol. IV. Dublin: Kelly. 1871.

ALTHOUGH we have once or twice already drawn attention to the excellent English edition of Scaramelli's most useful manual of asceticism, we have great satisfaction in noticing its concluding volume. The first three parts or treatises of the original work, with which correspond the first three volumes of the English translation, are taken up, as we need scarcely remind the reader, with what may be called the preliminaries of Christian perfection. The consideration of the moral virtues, of the vices and the passions of human nature, and of the various means of acquiring the former and getting rid of the latter—in a word, of all that belongs to what the scholastics would call the *material* side of perfection—is merely introductory to the treatment of the theological virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity. These are the Christian virtues properly so called; in which essential perfection is found. This concluding volume, therefore, has a lofty theme; and, although the author treats it in his usual practical and catechetical way, it does not fail to impress the attentive reader with its grandeur. If we wished to name a portion of the volume in which he is eminently successful, we should point to the treatise on the Love of Conformity. This noble and fundamental aspect of charity is treated with a fulness and clearness such as we expect from F. Scaramelli, and at the same time with an eloquence and unction which he does not so uniformly exhibit.

We are bound to say that in this volume there are slips and errors, which seem to show that both translator and editor have been somewhat remiss in their work. We do not refer to mere clerical mistakes, although there are one or two of these that make nonsense of the passages in which they occur: as, for instance, the substitution of "seriously" for "curiously" in page 39; and the omission by which it is said that a person who falls into mortal sin *has* grace and charity, instead of "has *lost*" grace, &c. (p. 142). And perhaps, *in times like* these, when Church history is so carefully canvassed, the translator should have declined to follow his author in canonizing Eusebius of

Cæsarea (p. 96). But the following sentence has suffered a derangement which can hardly be the result of a slip of the pen: ". . . . it is one and the self-same good which *charity possesses by union with hope*, although hope aspires to the good sought for, but as yet from afar" (p. 94). What the author really says is this: ". . . . it is one and the same good that *charity possesses by union*, and *that hope aspires to* afar off." The sentence immediately following is even more hopelessly distorted; and a sentence a few lines higher up, about Fénélon's error in the matter of disinterested love, is not English, or even sense.

The volume contains a very complete series of skeletons of sermons, such as was given in the second volume. These, and the copious index at the end, will add very much to the usefulness of an admirable manual.

Pax: Monastic Gleanings. No. I. *The Rule of Our Most Holy Father S. Benedict, &c.* Translated by a Monk of S. Augustine's Monastery, Ramsgate. Burns & Oates. 1872.

EVERYTHING that can stimulate research about the varieties of religious life, or increase the sense of its value, should be welcomed among us. And this, not only for our own advantage, but for the sake of those outside the Church who are just now striving and toiling at many kinds of imitative monastic establishments, and making sacrifices by doing so which must win them a reward. It has often been observed that S. Benedict's Rule would suffice to govern a kingdom, and the vast armies of his children might indeed have formed no inconsiderable state. "Like another Moses," says S. Oddo, "God chose him to lay down the statutes of the Monastic Rule," and every one of these statutes is marked by wisdom and a special largeness which distinguishes the Benedictine Rule with a majestic benignity peculiar to itself.

"We intend, therefore," says the Prologue, "to establish a school for God's service, wherein we trust we shall set down nothing harsh or over-burthensome. But should anything be laid down with seeming harshness in accordance with the biddings of justice and reason, either for the keeping up of charity or for the rooting out of our vices, let not thy fear cause thee to fly at once from the path of salvation, whose beginning must needs be strait. But as we go onward in holiness and faith, we begin, with expanded hearts and an unspeakable sweetness of love, to run in the way of God's commandments; we forsake His guidance no more, but persevere till death in the monastery under His leadership, and so become partakers of His kingdom." (p. 9.)

"Concerning the old and the children," S. Benedict's distinctive largeness is very beautiful:—

"Their weakness *must at all times be taken into account*, neither must the strictness of the Rule be at all kept to as regardeth their food; but let a kind forethought be used with them, and let them take their meals earlier *than the regular hour*." (p. 93.)

With guests, who are to "be welcomed as Christ Himself," the Abbot is even to break his fast for their sakes, unless it be a solemn fasting day." (p. 123.)

It would have added to the interest of this valuable little translation, if a very short summary of S. Benedict's life had been given, with the dates, places, and chief leading points, and the greatest and present extent of the Benedictine foundations. A certain repetition of actual knowledge is always useful, for it is often either forgotten or has never been acquired.

Sancti Alphonsi Doctoris Officium Parvum: Novena and Little Office in honour of S. Alphonsus Liguori, &c. &c. Washbourne. 1872.

VERY little need be said by us as to the benefits of spreading a devotion to S. Alphonsus Liguori, and we ought therefore to be among the first to welcome the publication of a separate Office and Novena in his honour, to be used by those who have been accustomed for years to arouse or sustain their devotion by his *Visits to the Blessed Sacrament*, or *Way of Salvation*. The Novena will be particularly acceptable to all who frequent the churches, or have profited by the retreats of the Redemptorist Fathers, whose zeal and great experience of the habits, and temptations, and struggles of the poor, have earned them such eminent success in large towns.

There are several deficiencies in the volume which might be supplied in a second edition. We should have liked the Office printed in English as well as in Latin in a double column, especially as a little trouble would have given a pleasing translation of the popular and devotional hymns. It is a pity also to return to the defective and foreign "You" instead of "Thou" in invocation, and in at least one instance we find—what was often the case in former days of Catholic publications—the confusion of the two, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, love *You*,—never permit me to become an apostate from *Thee*." (p. 70.)

Equal carelessness is shown in correcting the press in the next page—

> "Hail! Christ's own chosen servant,
> Hail! rose of fairest hue,
> Sweet lily, pure and blameless,
> All bright with Heavenly *due*" (dew).

We feel the more inclined to be merciless on this point, because, as Mr. Washbourne spares no pains in the admirable type, paper, and general "get-up" of his books, he should deal severely with his writers and compositors, in order to secure the full co-operation he deserves.

Thoughts on some Passages of Holy Scripture, &c. &c. Edited by JOHN EDWARD BOWDEN, Priest of the Oratory of S. P. Neri. Burns & Oates. 1872.

ALTHOUGH a passing notice was given of this volume in our last number, we return to it to point out other of its merits, and first, that

it exactly answers to its name, and therefore fulfils its object. It neither preaches nor dogmatizes; it lays before the reader a number of *thoughts* leading to thoughtfulness, which are exceedingly fruitful and pleasant to take in hand one after another, and consider at leisure. We greet this little book with the more pleasure, seeing in it signs of hope for an increase of such studies among cultivated and reflecting laymen. There is an intense want of purely scriptural books of devotion among us, which, without ponderous learning, or a great array of the bones and skeletons, or what may be called, in brief, the anatomy of religion, should clothe scriptural story, characters, and types in affectionate, simple language, and raise up a deeper and wider taste among us for studying and making them our own. Newton continually put a thought before him to work out *and see what became of it*, in this way sounding the depths of some great scientific truth which in his day had never been approached; and if such a course has been found of essential service in intellectual knowledge, what might we not hope from a more widely-spread habit of taking some "word of the Word of Life" and bringing out of it for ourselves some of the riches it contains? "The Good Shepherd" and "the Prodigal Son" are good instances of what might occur to many good, thoughtful Christians in this simple kind of meditation. "See My Hands and My Feet," again, though less fully carried out, suggests food for the meditation of many weeks. There is no doubt whatever that these "Thoughts,' which Father Bowden has done well in giving to the public, may be a means of teaching many people to meditate who would never to the end of their lives be able to make the preludes, and points, and other additions of S. Ignatius's method. We are a little sorry that Father Bowden has not carried his editorship to the length of changing some of the foreign wording of this excellent little book: "*adorable* goodness" might surely have been better rendered (not translated) by "marvellous" or "unspeakable"; "*Paradise* anticipated" by "a foretaste of Heaven"; "God *deigns* to offer us" by "vouchsafes to offer us"; "Christ our *Model*" by "Christ our Pattern," &c. We sincerely hope that many books of this kind may be spread among us.

Great Truths in Little Words. By the Rev. Father Rawes, O. S. C. Third edition. Burns & Oates.

PROBABLY many people have often been reminded of Father Faber's books while listening to Father Rawes: and there is much in these little lectures, or instructions, which brings Father Faber before us. There are the orderliness and method in distributing the subject, the rapid, vivid sketch of multiplied detail, and the exceeding clearness with which the given truth is set out, going to a certain depth and not beyond, which makes any of the subjects handled attractive and popular, while they are full of instruction and interest. Take, for instance, the opening passage of "Mortal Sin," which is an excellent example of his style:—

"The Kingdom of Grace is the city of God, which is set amidst the darkness; and the Kingdom of Glory is the city of God, which is set above the darkness for evermore. In a very true sense these two cities of God are one; and both are Jerusalem, the city of His love; both are the abode of His Angels, His Saints, His servants; both are flooded and filled with the brightness of His throne.

"Blessed are they who keep His commandments and do His will: blessed are they who always in purity and innocence of heart tread the courts of His house with His Saints and Angels . . . . . No words can express the utter desolation of souls that are lost in mortal sin. For them the sun shines not; the flowers grow not; the rain falls not. They listen neither to the voice of creation nor the whispers of grace; spring and summer, autumn and winter, come and go, but these souls hear not their message; what is far worse, Advent and Lent, Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, pass by unheeded; they are clothed in their darkness, wrapt in their grave-clothes, fettered with chains far stronger than steel." (pp. 13-14.)

Or again:—

"Protestantism is the dethroning of Jesus, and the denial of the revelation of God. It is the rising up of the human will against the Divine will; and it is caused by the pride of man's natural heart rebelling against the humbling doctrines of the Gospel." (p. 31.)

Or again, in this beautiful passage from "the Name of Jesus":—

"This is what He did for us, and how did He do it? Rama, and Egypt, and Gethsemane, and Calvary, and the Garden Tomb give the answer to the question. A lonely Wanderer, weary, and hungry, and thirsty, went up and down the world, seeking for the lost, gathering them into His love, carrying them in His Arms, bringing them into His House. A Face so venerable, so careworn, so full of love as His, had never been seen among men. A Presence so majestic and yet so tender had never before sent a thrill through human hearts. He seems to look into all faces with a wistful, pleading look, a look of Divine compassion, and Divine tenderness, and inexpressible love. And still He says to each, 'I am a houseless Wanderer in this great city, will you give Me a shelter for the night? The storm is breaking upon Me, and the darkness covers Me, and a burning agony dries My Heart up with thirst, will you be to Me a hiding-place from the storm? Will you be to Me as a river of water, as a covert from the whirlwind and the rain'? Thus pleadingly He speaks as He looks into each face, and goes on His weary way 'despised and rejected of men.'" (pp. 116-117.)

No one can deny that "great truths" treated in this way, instinct with love and devotion, clothed in the pure, genuine English of Father Rawes's style, must do good to every one who takes up the book, and we are delighted to see that a third edition of it has been called for.

Sermons by the Fathers of the Congregation of S. Paul the Apostle, New York. Vol. VI. The Catholic Publication House. 1871.

THIS sixth volume of the *Sermons of the Paulists* fully sustains the character of the other five. We are much in need of some such plain, *clear, practical* sermons in this country for spiritual reading among ordinary

people, and for the use of families and servants in the country and at a distance from any Catholic church, or employed in nursing sick persons and young children. At such times the total deprivation of the Word of God as preached is often very sensibly felt, and a certain hardness and barrenness is induced in the soul which paves the way in the uneducated for many temptations. The *Sermons of the Paulists* are printed in a clear bold type, which adds to their usefulness for families and lending-libraries, or for darkened rooms in sickness.

Some Elements of Religion: Lent Lectures, 1870. By H. P. Liddon, D.D. London: Rivingtons.

WE had hoped to give a careful notice of this truly admirable volume: but time forbids; and we may not improbably make it the theme of a short article in our next number. Canon Liddon writes in the best possible spirit and with signal ability. As we read, our wonder increases that the author should have condescended to sanction the "English Church Defence Tracts."

Reflections on the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. From the French. By a Religious of Loretto Convent, Navan. Burns, Oates, & Co. 1872.

THIS is an excellent everyday manual for Lent. There are a profusion of beautiful French books on the Passion for such as can profit by them; but there has been a singular scarcity of what may be called, without irreverence, *popular* books, not of devotion, but for reading and reflection—on the Passion of Our Lord. This volume of *Reflections*, entering, as they do, minutely into all the stages of the Great Sacrifice of the Cross, not only excite devotional feeling and contrition, but convey also a great body of scriptural knowledge, which is one chief foundation of devotion.

Wilfulness and its Consequences. A Tale extracted from the Diary of a Sister of Mercy. By Lady Herbert. Burns & Oates. 1872.

THIS prettily-told and useful story was written by Lady Herbert, on the occasion of the half-jubilee of the present Superior of Blandford Square Convent. It contains by way of introduction a clear sketch of Catherine McAuley, the eminent foundress of the Order of Mercy, and some excellent remarks by the writer on the predominant wilfulness of the present day. Like all Lady Herbert's stories, it is full of interest and pathos, and *fully to the point.*

Little Pierre, the Pedlar of Alsace; or, the Reward of Filial Piety. Translated from the French. By J. M. C., with twenty-seven illustrations. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. London: Burns, Oates, & Co.

A PLEASANT tale for children, with really good illustrations. The picture of the stork standing on one leg, on the highest point of an old ruin, with the spire of Strasburg in the distance, is worthy almost of Gustave Doré. The binding also is most attractive, with just enough of bright colour to attract a child's eye. Nor if the book be opened will disappointment follow, for although of the very simplest nature, the tale will go straight to a child's heart, by the description of Little Pierre's endeavours to set up in the world. There is one thing, however, in the little book, at which we venture to say children will not be pleased, and that is, that when Little Pierre loses his dog Fox, the dog remains lost for ever, and nothing more is said about him. Children are so fond of animals, that for them the total loss of Fox will cast a shade over all the rest of the tale, however happy the ending. Like everything connected with Alsace, the story breathes throughout the atmosphere of the Catholic religion, and the account of the origin as well as the description of the sanctuary of our Lady of Marienthal cannot fail to suggest feelings of devotion to her, whose blessed name cannot be too early on the lips of every child. We have no means of judging when the tale was originally written in French, but we may mention in connexion with the recent annexation of Alsace to Germany, that the German as well as the French element is represented in its pages. Thus the excellent M. Vincent had never felt satisfied with the union of Alsace to France; when he wrote the name of Rastadt, a deep sigh escaped his lips, and he said to Pierre, "It was in the château of Rastadt, my friend, that the agreement was ratified which gave France the possession of Alsace in 1713. This castle is to-day, thank God, nothing but a barrack." Perhaps the excellent M. Vincent would now somewhat modify his opinion, were he to see the whole of beautiful Alsace transformed, as it is at the present moment, into one vast barrack for Prussian soldiers. The translation is fair, although at times a little stiff. There is also a little confusion as to the position of towns on the German side of the Rhine. One does not pass by Heidelberg in going from Carlsruhe to Baden-Baden.

Aunt Margaret's Little Neighbours; or, Chats about the Rosary. By Skelton Yorke, &c. Washbourne. 1872.

THIS pretty book carries out a very good idea, much wanted, to impress upon people who do not read much, or upon those who cannot read at all, the vivid picture or story of each mystery of the Rosary. Well-educated

people would perhaps be much surprised, considering the immense number who use the Rosary as a daily devotion, how singularly few are those who know the mysteries upon which they are supposed to meditate. Long experience teaches that with the quite uneducated, pictures alone, without some story or vivid teaching which fixes them discriminately upon the mind, are of little use; while a story without pictures makes often an indelible impression. The writer of this charming little volume knows how to speak to the imagination, and her pure allegory, such as that in "Perseverance to the End," is better than her mixed tales. She would do well to write a volume of Catholic allegories in the fashion of Monro's "Vast Army" and "Dark River, so fascinating to children, and which would be to us all, especially to boys, a great boon.

The Lives of the Saints. By Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A. February. Hodges. 1872.

THE second volume of Mr. Baring-Gould's *Lives* is fully equal to his first. His research and painstaking industry may be somewhat judged of by the fact of his giving us separate notices of more than two hundred saints—exclusive in several cases of their companions in martyrdom—for the single month of February. Many of the lives are generally unknown. The narrative is original while perfectly clear, the legends wonderfully picturesque, and the tone and feeling deeply reverent. Such a book as this is eloquent of hope for the future.

Contemplations on the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar, &c. New edition. Washbourne. 1872.

THIS reprint, with the approbation of the venerable Bishop Milner, "Oscott, 1820," attached, is a welcome addition to our books of Scriptural devotion. It contains thirty-four excellent subjects of reflection before the Blessed Sacrament, or for making a spiritual visit to the Blessed Sacrament at home, or for the use of the sick. The contemplations are full of solid piety, and calculated to excite and increase true devotion to our Lord in the Tabernacle.

Dramas from the Lives of the Saints. Germaine Cousin, the Shepherdess of Pibrac. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Burns & Oates. 1872.

EVEN in the slightest production from her pen, Lady Georgiana Fullerton's grace of style and tender devotional feeling are to be recognized. Much demand has at times been made for suitable children's plays in convent and other Catholic schools; and we welcome any work of this kind, that is easily committed to memory and interesting, while also full of good feeling, and elevating in tone. We shall hope to see many more of *these little plays.*

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the DUBLIN REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I feel very grateful for the kind notice given in the DUBLIN REVIEW of my work on "The Vicar of Christ." I thank you from my heart for your kindness. As, however, the critic has misunderstood me upon a very important point, you will permit me to explain myself, without any intention, however, of attacking my kind reviewer.

My argument is this. A man cannot *logically* reject the evidences of the Catholic Church. By so doing, he tramples on the laws of reason and evidence. The natural consequence of such a course is the rejection of even natural religion, and the return to deism or paganism, *practically*, if not theoretically. I had no idea of even hinting, that natural religion does not stand on its own basis; as in other works of mine I have proved this, and even the first dogmatic definition of the Vatican Council affirms it.

Facts all around us prove the truth of my assertion: and if my language is strong, it is in view of these terrible facts.

Thanking you again for your kindness to me, and taking the opportunity to assure you of my respect and regard,

I am,
Your humble servant in Jesus Christ,
T. S. PRESTON.

Chancery Office, New York, August 24th, 1872.

[We have very great pleasure in inserting this letter. We much regret our unintentional injustice to Dr. Preston, and are heartily glad that he did not mean what we supposed. We can add nothing to what we said in July (p. 215), on the great value and excellence of Dr. Preston's volume.—ED. D. R.]

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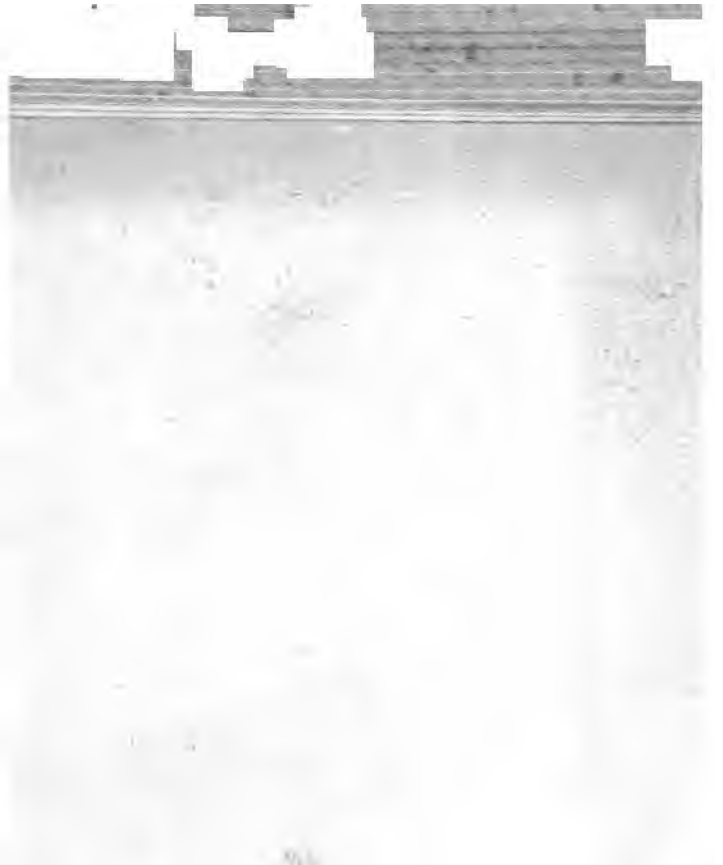

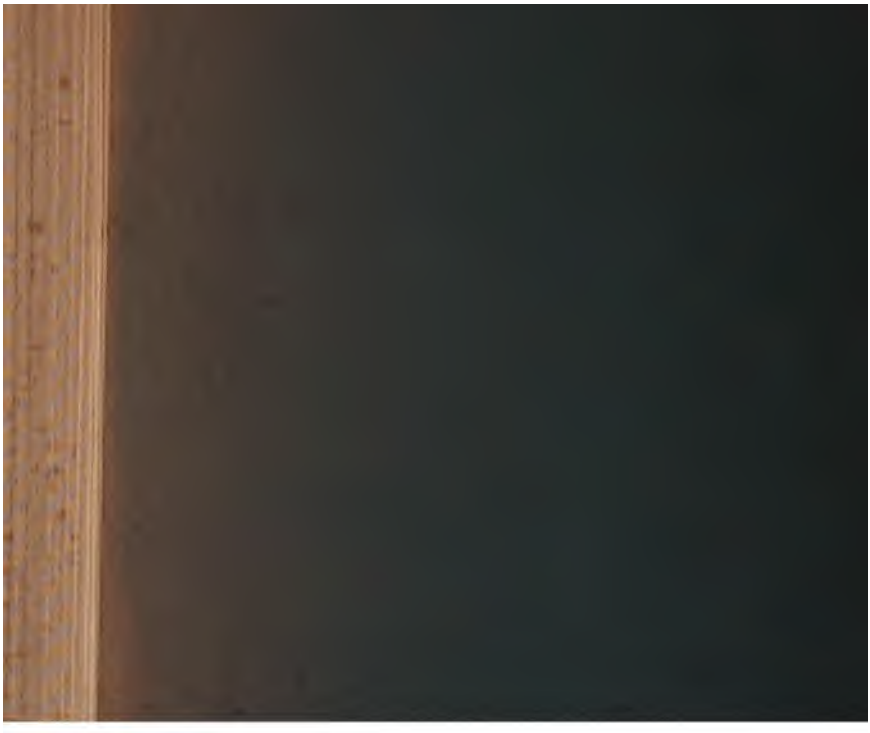

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